April 13, 1963

THE NEW YORKER

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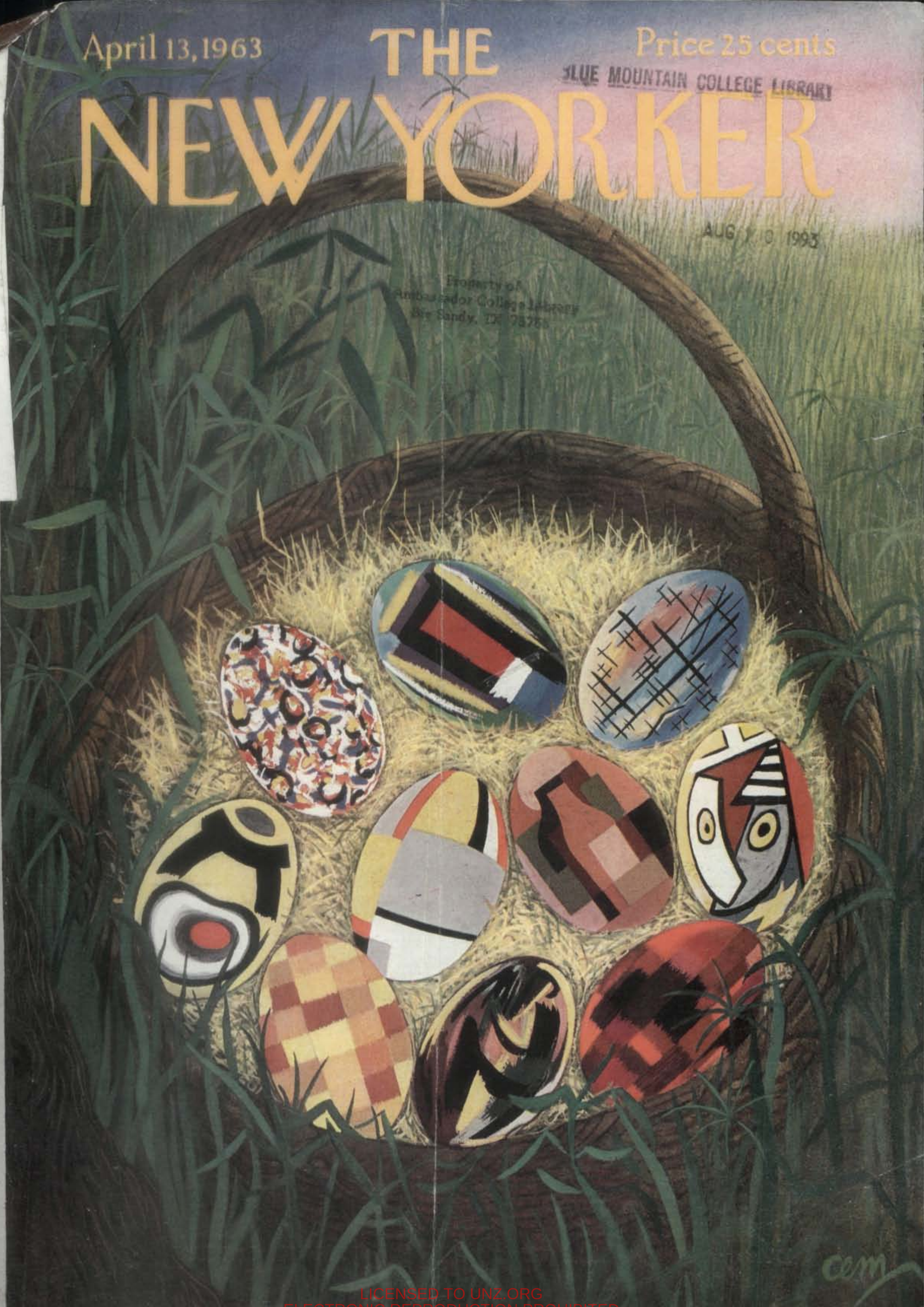

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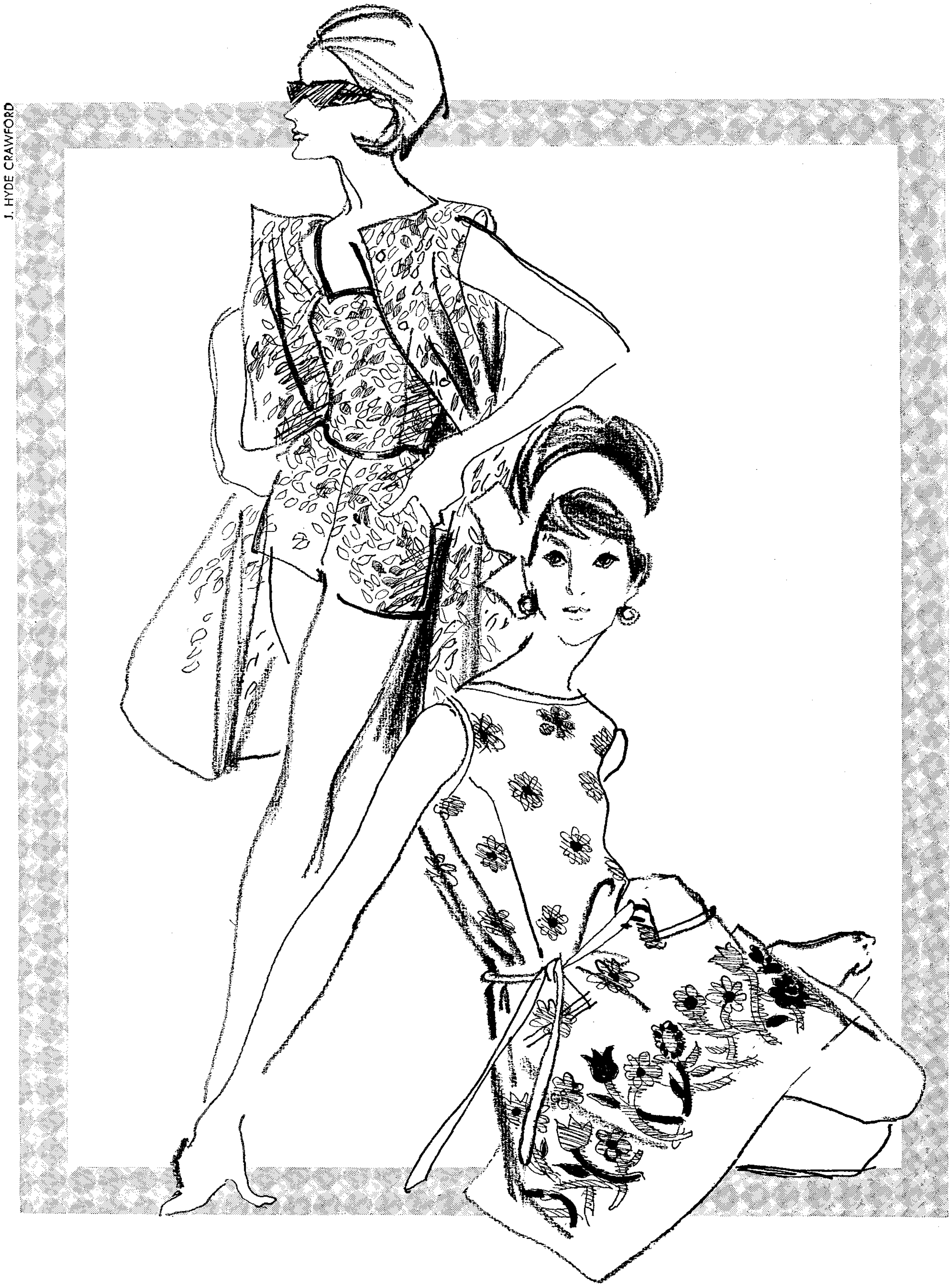

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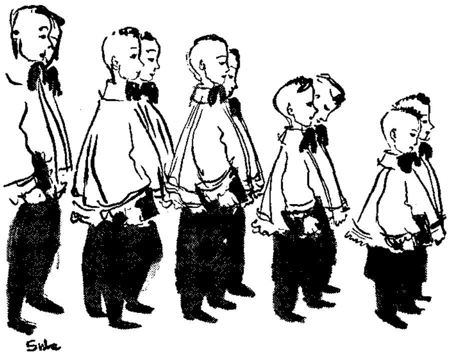
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Beyond the Fringe—Various aspects of modern life drolly and acutely surveyed by a quartet of Englishmen—Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook—who are just about the funniest men around. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3; special matinée Thursday, April 18, at 3.)

Calculated Risk—A cliff-hanger about the struggle for control of a New England woollen mill. As written by Joseph Hayes, it isn't long on suspense, and the actors (among them Joseph Cotten) don't seem to be very excited about the fate of the beleaguered corporation. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dear Me, the Sky Is Falling—A comedy by Leonard Spigelgass about a Jewish matron who keeps poking her nose into other people's affairs until a psychoanalyst persuades her to desist. Gertrude Berg is engaging as the matron, and Howard Da Silva, Jill Kraft, Tresa Hughes, and the others in the cast give her a lot of assistance. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Enter Laughing—This funny show by Joseph Stein, who adapted his play from a novel by Carl Reiner, concerns itself mostly with the adventures of a Jewish boy who wants to escape a machine shop and become an actor, despite his parents' determination to make a druggist out of him. Alan Arkin is very comical as the youth in question, and Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, Sylvia Sidney, Meg Myles, and Michael J. Pollard contribute further gaiety to the affair. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lord Pengo—S. N. Behrman's witty and perceptive study of an art dealer as influential as the late Lord Duveen. Charles Boyer's performance in the title role is flawless. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 20.)

Mother Courage and Her Children—One of Bertolt Brecht's exercises in epic or didactic theatre, which proves, through various ironic devices, none of them of particular originality, that war is a waste of time and also pretty hard on humanity. Eric Bentley's translation from the German has a lively colloquial swing, but the direction, by Jerome Robbins, isn't very ebullient. Anne Bancroft plays the Mother Courage of the drama—a sutler operating a canteen wagon during some seventeenth-century wars—and is, once in a while, convincing. She has the assistance of Zohra Lampert, Mike Kellin, Gene Wilder, Barbara Harris, and other military and camp-following types. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Never Too Late—A jolly comedy by Sumner Arthur Long that has to do with a man in his sixties who learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. (His other child is now a married woman.) Paul Ford is delightful as this disturbed character, and Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon, portraying his son-in-law, wife, and daughter, are all excellent. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Photo Finish—Peter Ustinov as an old-timer who, on his deathbed, finds the capacity to meet himself in various guises, from downy youth to old age. Intermittently amusing. Mr. Ustinov (who is also the author) is supported by Dennis King, Eileen Herlie, Paul Rogers, and Jessica Walter. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Riot Act—Another play about a dominant mother, this one an Irishwoman who is determined to keep her three stalwart sons, all policemen, tied to her apron strings. Written by Will Greene and directed by Jack Landau, the comedy isn't too substantial, but the cast, led by Dorothy Stickney, Ruth Donnelly, Mark Dawson, Sylvia Miles, and Adam Kennedy is, for the most part, first-rate. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 13.)

Seidman and Son—A lovable view of a lovable man in that lovable garment district on Seventh Avenue. Sam Levene is, as usual, diverting as the hero of this bland affair. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

Strange Interlude—A revival of the O'Neill drama, employing a stream-of-consciousness technique that is compelling even though it is almost unconscionably lengthy. Directed by José Quintero and produced by the Actors Studio Theatre, the play is fortunate in its cast, which includes Geraldine Page, Pat Hingle, Ben Gazzara, William Prince, and, in smaller roles, Betty Field, Franchot Tone, Richard Thomas, and Geoffrey Horne. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LT 1-9840. Nightly, except Sundays, at 6, with a dinner intermission from 8:30 to 9:30.)

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Tchin-Tchin—There isn't much substance in this drama about an English lady and an Italian-American construction boss who get together after their spouses have abandoned them, but Margaret Leighton and Anthony Quinn do themselves proud in the course of it. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Too True to Be Good—Shavian high jinks in a revival of a play first seen here in 1932. The comedy is only featherweight Shaw, but it is amusing for *all that, and the cast is highly* impressive, among its members being Robert Preston, David Wayne, Cyril Ritchard, Eileen Heckart, Glynis Johns, Lillian Gish, Ray Middleton, and Cedric Hardwicke. (*54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787.* Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—A quartet of unseemly characters have been assembled by Edward Albee to represent some denizens of a New England college. Everybody is soused most of the time, and the language is no contribution to the art of conversation. However, Mr. Albee now and then comes up with a galvanic scene. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Kate Reid, Shepperd Strudwick, *Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy* Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—a man for all seasons: A play (by Robert Bolt) concerning Sir Thomas More, the sixteenth-century martyr, now played by Emlyn Williams. Others in the cast include George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, and David J. Stewart. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **mary, mary:** An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Diana Lynn, Tom Poston, and Edward Mulhare are in Jean Kerr's comedy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **a thousand clowns:** *Dane Clark in a comedy by Herb* Gardner concerned with a television writer who has shaken the dust of Madison Avenue from his shoes and doesn't want to get them soiled again. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly at 8:30. *Matinée Saturday* at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 13.)

MUSICALS

Little Me—Sid Caesar plays all kinds of roles in this comedy adapted by Neil Simon from a book by Patrick Dennis. He represents the various lovers in the life of a lady called Belle Poitrine, who in the course of the play makes her way from the Middle West to Southampton. But, for all Mr. Caesar's efforts, the comedy is lukewarm, and the music, by Cy Coleman, and the lyrics, by Carolyn Leigh, are not at all memorable. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mr. President—Imaginary doings in the capital, which turn out to be not as lively as the real doings under the Kennedys. The play has its elementary charm, although the music, by Irving Berlin; the book, by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse; and the direction, by Joshua Logan, don't show this quartet off to best advantage. Robert Ryan, Nanette Fabray, Anita Gillette, and Jack Haskell are

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

conspicuously present. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oliver!—A loose-jointed adaptation of Dickens' "Oliver Twist" that eliminates most of the misery the novel is built on and settles instead on an assortment of production numbers, some of which are quite effective. Lionel Bart is responsible for the book, music, and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Clive Revill, who plays Fagin; Georgia Brown, who plays Bill Sikes's doxy; and David Jones, who plays the Artful Dodger. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stop the World—I Want to Get Off—Pantomime and other alleged diversions supplied by Anthony Newley in a revue that takes a man through seven ages, which seem like eons. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tovarich—No memorable songs, no original dances, and no particularly witty patter distinguish this musical version of the Jacques Deval-Robert E. Sherwood comedy—vintage early thirties—about lovers, Red and White, of old Mother Russia. But Vivien Leigh gives a fine performance as a grand duchess to the palace born. The play was directed by Peter Glenville, and Lee Pockriss and Anne Croswell are responsible respectively for the inconsequential music and the limp lyrics. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** Zero Mostel, David Burns, Jack Gilford, and John Carradine, among others, clowning about ancient Rome in a play based on the works of Plautus. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Robert Morse plays the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée plays his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NO STRINGS:** A Richard Rodgers show in which Diahann Carroll is a model for Paris *Vogue* and Richard Kiley an expatriate American novelist. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Rodgers and Hammerstein tell us all about the Austrian Trapp family. Now with Nancy Dussault and Donald Scott. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Children from Their Games—A comedy by Irwin Shaw, with Martin Gabel and Peggy Cass. Presented by Roger L. Stevens and Sam Wanamaker, who is also the director. Opens Thursday, April 11. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sophie—A musical based on the life of Sophie Tucker, with Libi Staiger, Art Lund, and Rosetta LeNoire. Phillip Pruneau wrote the book and Steve Allen the music and lyrics. The producers are Len Bedsow and Hal Grossman, and the director is Jack Sydow. Opens Monday, April 15. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Rattle of a Simple Man—Charles Dyer's three-character comedy, imported from London and starring Tammy Grimes and Edward Woodward. Directed by Donald McWhinnie and produced by David Merrick, in association with Michael Codron. Opens Thursday, April 18, at 2:30. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Hot Spot—Judy Holliday in a musical with a book by Jack Weinstock and Willie Gilbert, music by Mary Rodgers, and lyrics by Martin Charnin. Staged by Herbert Ross and produced by Robert Fryer and Lawrence Carr, with John Herman. Previews through Thursday, April 18. Opens officially on Friday, April 19. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40 for both previews and regular performances; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Best Foot Forward—A revival of the 1941 musical about a movie actress who comes to a prep-school dance. The songs still sound fine, and the attractive young cast makes up in high spirits what it lacks in professional finesse. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 5 and 8:40.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Call It Virtue—Pirandello's farce, translated by Edward Eager. Strident and tedious. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. YU 2-4240. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

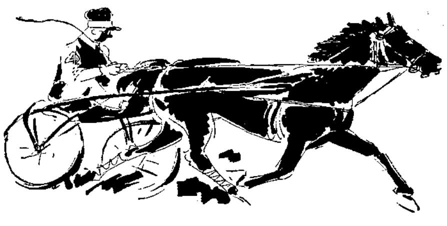
The Days and Nights of Beebee Fenstermaker—A feeble play by William Snyder. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Desire Under the Elms—George C. Scott plays the old New England farmer who takes a youngish wife, and Colleen Dewhurst plays the two-timing bride in this high-pitched but undeniably lively revival of the O'Neill melodrama. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Do You Know the Milky Way?—A revival of a poor play by Karl Wittlinger. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Dragon—A comedy by the late Russian playwright Eugene Schwarz, translated by Elizabeth Reynolds Hapgood. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:40 No performance Thursday, April 11.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



The Good Soldier Schweik—Irwin Corey in a comedy adapted by Robert Kalfin from Jaroslav Hasek's 1916 novel. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hey You, Light Man!—Madeleine Sherwood and Alfred Ryder (who is also the director) in a soggy piece by Oliver Hailey. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

The Importance of Being Earnest—A sprightly, stylish revival of Wilde's comedy of paradox and double identity. Michael Allinson plays Worthing, Joyce Worsley Lady Bracknell, and Melville Cooper Canon Chasuble. (Madison Avenue Playhouse, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 6-1431. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pinter Plays—A pair of dark comedies, one low and the other high, by the extraordinary English playwright Harold Pinter. They are very well acted by Dana Elcar, John C. Becher, Henderson Forsythe, James Patterson, and James Ray. Alan Schneider directed. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Riverwind—An appealing and tuneful musical comedy, with a score and lyrics by a new composer named John Jennings. The setting is a rustic motel in Indiana; the dramatis personae are the garrulous proprietress and three couples in various stages of attachment; and the performances by all hands are considerably more than adequate. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

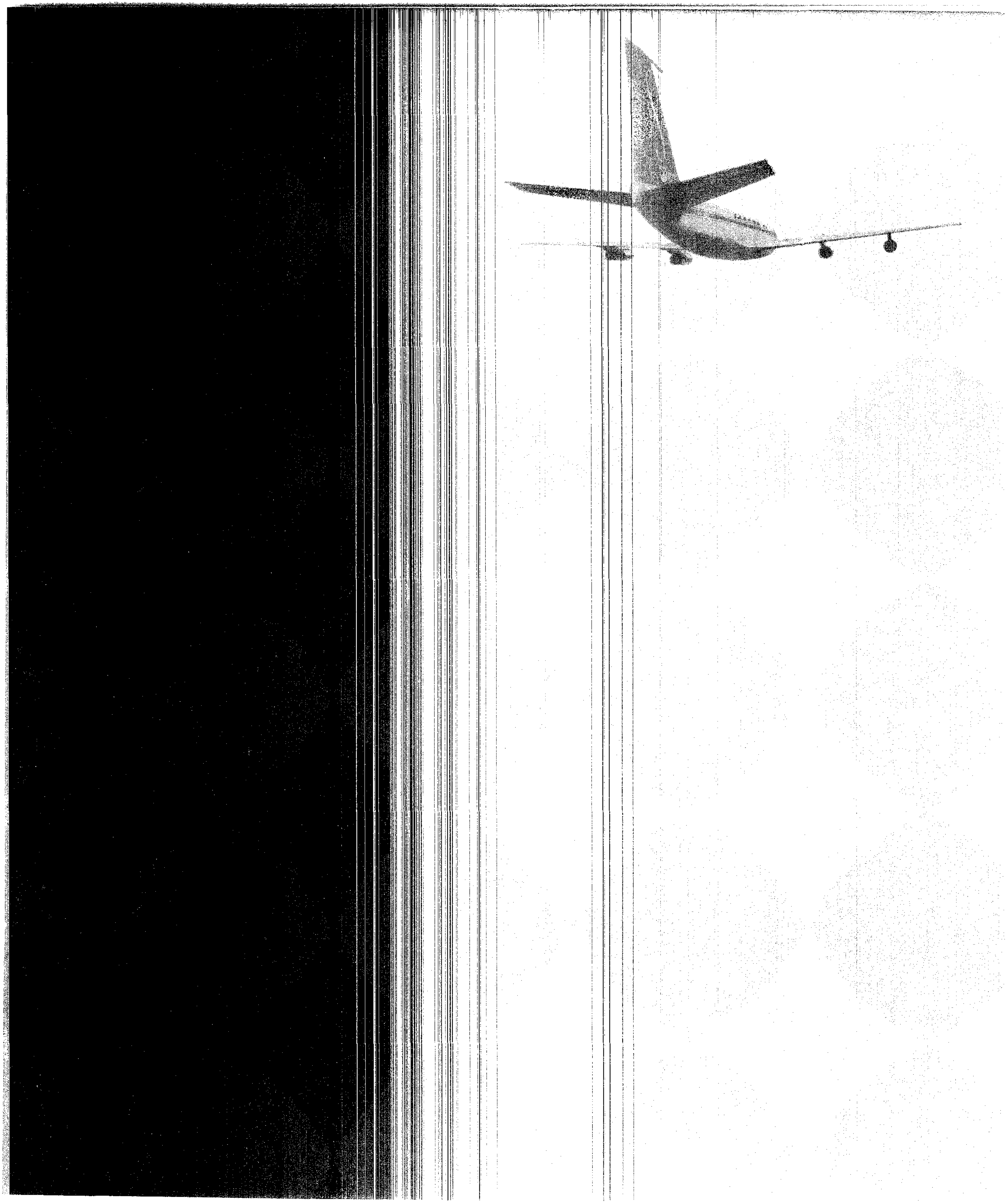
Six Characters in Search of an Author—A brisk and high-spirited production of Pirandello's tantalizing comedy about a group of stray characters who break in on a theatrical rehearsal. The translation, which sounds fine, is by Paul Avila Mayer. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. The girls are young, the routines are old, and the veteran comedians—Steve Mills, Charley Robinson, and Mac Dennison—are sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Typists and **The Tiger**—A couple of funny one-acters, each for two characters, give Eli Wallach a chance to display his first-rate talents as an actor and a comedian. Mr. Wallach is well supported by his wife, Anne Jackson. The promising dramatist is named Murray Schisgal. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, April 17, at 2:40.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, April 11: "Arcade," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Apollo." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 12, and Saturday through Monday, April 13-15, matinées and evenings: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, April 17: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 17: "Arcade," "Divertimento No. 15," and "Liebeslieder Walzer." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 18: "Agon," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Ivesiana," and "Episodes." . . . ¶ Friday eve-



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RICH'S
ATLANTA

ning, April 19: "Four Temperaments," "Bugaku," "Raymonda Variations," and "Tarantelle" (première). . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 20: "Concerto Barocco," "Pas de Deux," "Interplay," and "Gounod Symphony.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 20: "Prodigal Son," "Allegro Brillante," "La Valse," and another ballet to be announced. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, April 21.)

ROYAL BALLET—A five-week engagement that starts Wednesday, April 17, and will end on Sunday, May 19. "The Sleeping Beauty" will be performed through Sunday, April 21. (Metropolitan Opera House. OX 5-6157. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; evenings thereafter at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

JOHN GIELGUD—In a brief return engagement of "Ages of Man," his solo show taken from Shakespeare's sonnets and plays. Opens on Sunday, April 14, with a benefit performance for the Actors' Fund, and will run through Sunday, April 21. (Lyceum Theatre, 45th St. east of Broadway. JU 2-3897. Opening-night curtain at 8; nightly thereafter at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturday at 2:40.)

DANNY KAYE—Plus several other performers and a bunch of chimpanzees, in a four-and-a-half-week engagement. (Ziegfeld Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 7-5900. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

HAL HOLBROOK—In "Mark Twain Tonight!," his impersonation of the Missouri humorist. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, April 13, at 2:30.)

BLUE HILL TROUPE—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe." For the benefit of the Vocational Advisory Service. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday through Saturday, April 17-20, at 8:45, and a performance primarily for children on Saturday, April 20, at 2:30. For tickets, call RH 4-8563.)

THE CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's paean to spring. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées daily at 2; on Saturday, April 20, at 10:30 and 3. Through Sunday, May 12. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

BIL AND CORA BAIRD'S MARIONETTES—In a new musical, "Man in the Moon" (with songs by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick), followed by a number of puppet variety acts. Opens Thursday, April 11, and will run through Sunday, April 21. (Biltmore Theatre, 47th St. west of Broadway. JU 2-5340. Performances at 12:30 and 3:30.)

LES POUPÉES DE PARIS—A revue, for adults, of three-foot-tall puppets produced by Sid and Marty Krofft. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45 and 10:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at midnight.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Gabriel's trumpet, or what we earthlings know as Ella Fitzgerald, has awakened the vast Royal Box from its long slumbers. Miss F. sings plain and fancy at dinner and supper; Lester Lanin's first-string orchestra and Charlie Fisk's minute band play around all evening. Closed Sundays.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Unqualifiedly recommended to people who like life to be an open book—preferably one for hammock reading. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' dance orchestra perform for anyone who gets tired of extrovert literature. In the adjoining Champagne Room, Freddie Fassler, a New Yorker from way, way back, takes bow and fiddle in hand for people who just have things to talk about. Curfew for the whole place every Sunday.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Infra dig has no place in the Café Pierre. Stanley Worth's little band is for sedate dancing, and Renato Rossini's guitar is for more impassioned dreaming about the Côte d'Azur. Mondays, another band is the entire show.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—A grain of salt is the prescription for each of the exultant (and excellent) Eartha Kitt's I'm-glad-I'm-bad ditties, with which she greets the dinner and supper audiences in the Persian Room. Emil Coleman's heavy artillery and Mark Monte's light artillery are provided for the benefit of any dancers. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano, supported by a violin, starts the day in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and brings it to an end in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. Mondays are silent.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—To the manor house born is the music of Peter Duchin's band, which covers its beat in the Maisonette without ever being obvious about it. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The elegantly appointed chalet called La Boite, a perfect setting for an Edith Wharton novel, is actually the setting for baroque piano and violin, which ply their blissful trade from dinner until after the theatre. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Pitti Palace, blue lagoon, Forest of Arden, all combining to make the Columns a beautiful game refuge for anyone who likes to roam a dance floor. Ray Hartley, the house pianist, is the graceful soloist from seven to eight; after that, Payson Ré's band and Arturo Arturos's triad of Latin lovers share the podium. On Thursday, April 18, Chauncey Gray's orchestra replaces the Rés. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Mr. Hartley spends the cocktail hour and the rest of the evening after eight in the leisurely Savoy Room, where he turns out piano that, no matter how relaxed, is pièce de résistance. He's absent Sundays.

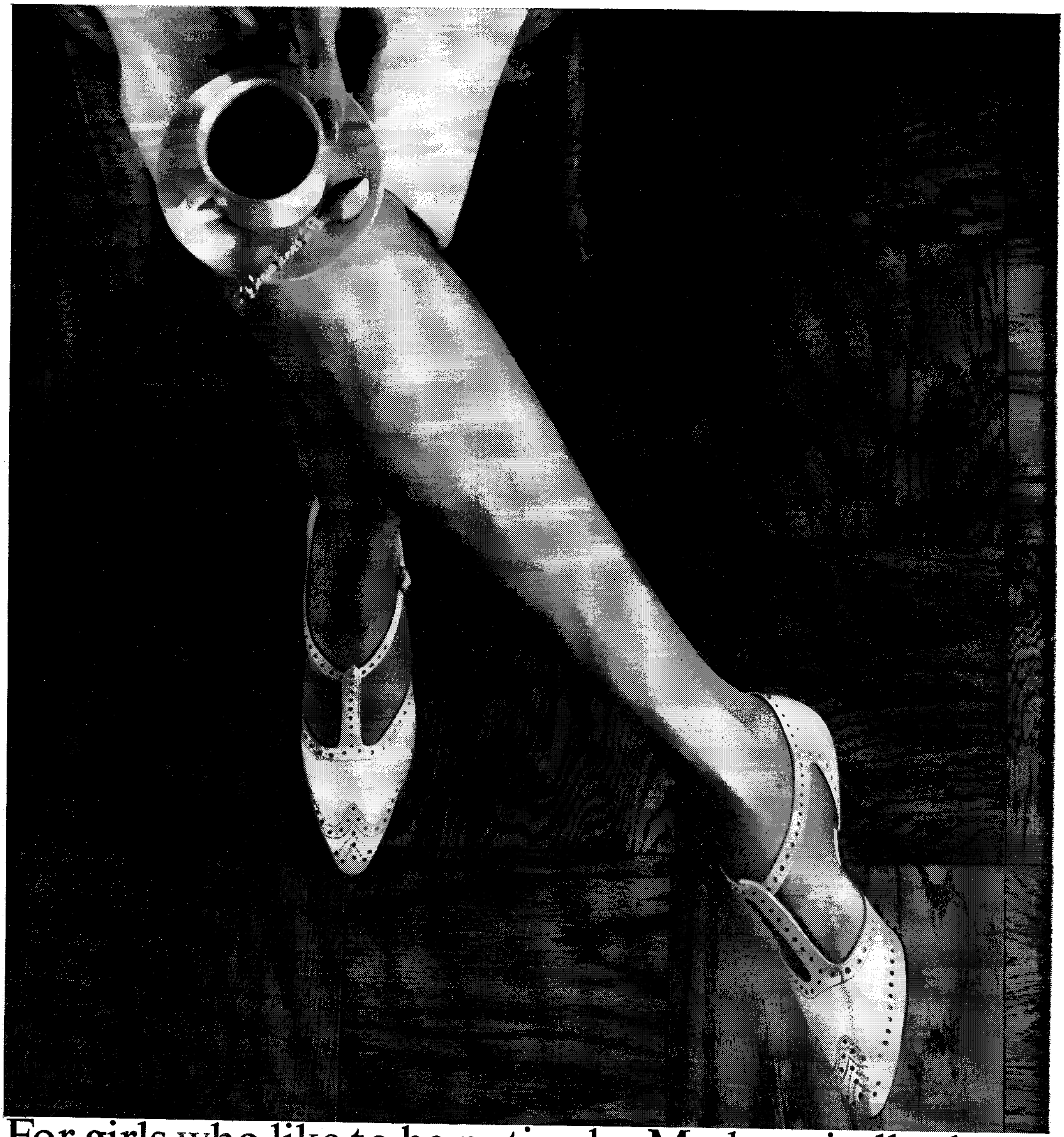
SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Two planets that never deviate from their calm, unhurried orbits are the Embassy Club and the Knight Box, the first of them sprinkled with the dance music of Gunnar Hansen's and Quintero's orchestras, the second with Jani Sarkozi's dream-world violin. Both operations are dormant Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room resumes its career on Monday, April 15, by importing Carol Channing, with her cowslip eyes and her baby-face voice, to sing about diamonds as big as the Ritz. Dinner and supper are her times onstage; the whole evening is the range of the two dance bands—Milt Shaw's reliable regiment and Sonny Kendis's rip-snorting quartet. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, Emile Petti dusts the piano at frequent intervals from five to one, and on Fridays and Saturdays he is transformed into a dance trio at eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): This could be the bar of a ski lodge the moment the tow shuts down for the night. The leading pro at the lodge is Goldie Hawkins himself, who does single piano during the evening and double piano, with Wayne Sanders, along about midnight; Mr. Sanders is around the whole evening, too, and Sam Hamilton patrols a piano from five-thirty to eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Puccini and the fast company he kept—Pinkerton, Cio-Cio-San, Rodolfo, Mimi—recalling in idyllic arias their petty misdemeanors. Aldo Bruschi—pianist, basso profundo, and commentator—is the mainstay of the sound department. From Thursday through Sunday, he also runs a junior-size dance band. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A castle keep that is Hans Christian Andersen and Walt Disney, but all its playful grandeur cannot suppress Norbert Faconi and his gay-Lothario Stradivarius. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): King Henri's other château, glittering like a



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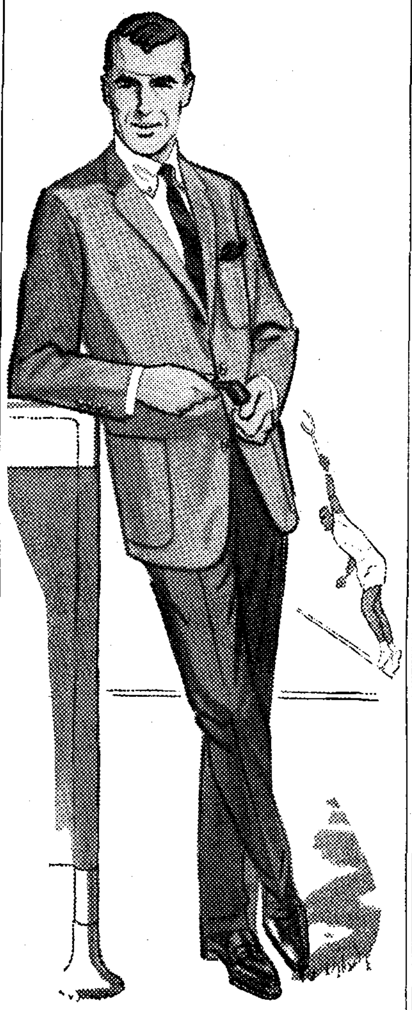

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

crazy Christmas tree. Through its delirious décor perambulates a violinist, accompanied by a piano. Music every evening but Sunday. . . . **RITZ BAR,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): In the board room of the Carlton House, Victor del Monte quietly addresses his piano at the cocktail hour and again from nine to one every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A Latin Olympics takes place in miniature onstage twice a night to keep the diners in touch with the world of flamenco. Dancing for the diners, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bubbly Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. No music on Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Moonlight over Rome, glimpsed from one of the Seven Hills. Strolling among the viands and *vini* are a group of street musicians who arrive at six and reluctantly go home at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Grand-manner is the attitude of the café over which Cy Walter presides. His pianoforte, which is lightning ever so loosely chained, operates from cocktails until one in the morning. Forrest Perrin sits in at the instrument panel on Sundays. . . . **MÉDITERRANÉE,** 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): Mare Nostrum in a glorious mood. On one shore sits the piano of Ralph Strain, prepared—at nearly any moment between six and one—to be poetic or philosophical or puckish. Sundays are his vacations. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Do or die for dear old Andalusia when guitar, piano, voice, and flamenco dancer get to work on Spanish fandangos. They can carry on far into the night. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): *Se habla español* in mien and menu. The small show that occasionally flutters this dovecote is a bouillabaisse of Latin, voodoo, and calypso; the rest of the time, a dance band is usually encouraging the diners to rise and shine. Rising and shining are also permissible on Sundays from two to seven. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A rage to live happily ever after pervades the cast (which ranges from zimbalons to sopranos, one of them Laureanne Lemay) of this homestead way down upon the Danube River. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The place seems always to be going around in social circles. The accompaniment, from cocktails until after the theatre, is piano—hand-crocheted by George Feyer, gentle and Viennese by Karl Inwald, who succeeds Mr. Feyer on Friday, April 19. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): *La dolce vita* in a fairly accurate paraphrase of the Via Veneto. Herman Honigsberg, prince of the realm, is also principal violinist in a floating island of musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The minute dining room becomes a minute music room when the chatelaine, Rita Dimitri, reprises (with a full panoply of Continental airs and graces) the songs she used to do in this musical comedy and that. Accordion and piano divide the remainder of the evening. After ten-thirty Mondays through Fridays, a trio turns out dance music beside a minute recreation area. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): A well-behaved casbah with American cuisine and, in among all the Moorish arches, soft-spoken American piano, from six to nine-thirty, by Conrad Monjoy. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): This reëstablishment of the Age of Ornamentation is the locale of the flamenco guitar wielded by a Spanish import named José Luis Franco, who's around from eight to one. No music Mondays. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar, Jules Kuti rambles along at his piano from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Merry Villagers pop up at intervals to deliver no-holds-barred snatches of opera at the diners (and sometimes horse, or at least horseplay, opera, too). Closed Mondays. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): The Palm Court, which is apt to be an off-campus activity from five to eight-thirty, offers—by amiable coincidence—the right sort of Martini piano by Joan Bishop during the same hours. She stays home Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, a world traveller whose notebook is eclectic yet hospitable, gets the run of the piano in the Casino-on-the-Park from cocktails until after the theatre every night but Sunday. . . . **WALLDORFKELLER,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): Third-man themes issue from the zither of Hans Hansberg from six to ten; the inner-man themes from the chef are Mitteleuropa for fair. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **ABSINTHE HOUSE,** 130 W. 48th St. (CO 5-6571): Herman Chittison, owner of one of the few dreadnought-size pianos that remain in night life, lets it resound easily but joyously in this chophouse dining room from eight to one-thirty every night but Sunday.

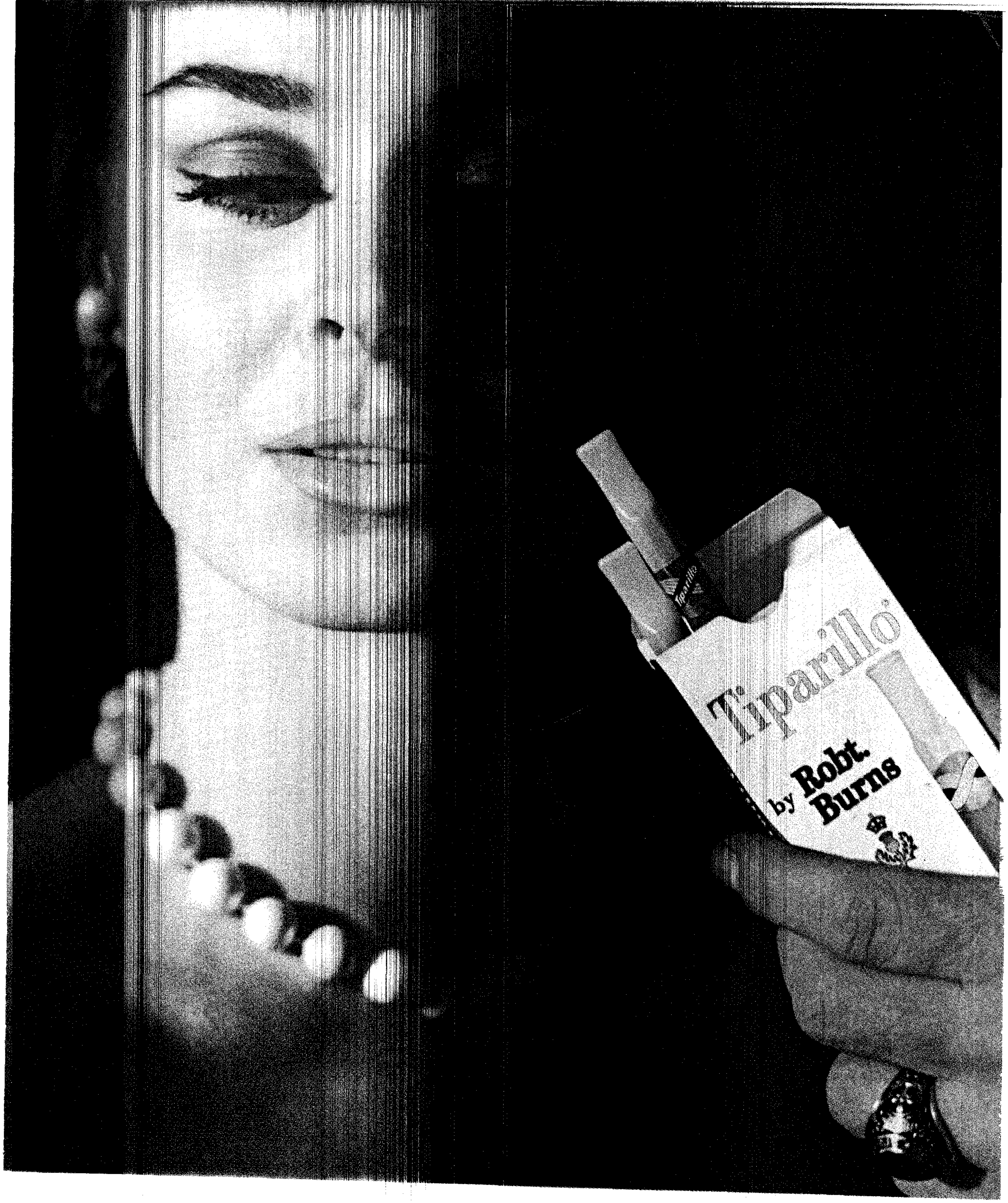
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): It takes all kinds of pretty girls to make a world, and the collection here contains the seven wonders of the modern one. There are other activities, too, such as the New Christy Minstrels (you've heard of TV?) and the Wazzan troupe of tumblers. On Wednesday, April 17, the Minstrels will be replaced by Nelson Eddy, Iron Duke of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Julius Monk's most recent and probably best revue, "Dime a Dozen," spares no rods, spoils no points, plays no favorites—even to show. The cast—Jack Fletcher (a Hall of Fame *farceur*), Lovelady Powell, Gerry Matthews, Fredricka Weber, Rex Robbins, and Susan Browning—is infallible, the music is lyric, the choreography is action suiting the words. The pit band is the concert grands of Carl Norman and Robert Colston; the hours are nine and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Felicia Sanders, a voice that can build up to a tremendous tension, departs on Monday, April 15, to be followed next evening by Wally Cox, whose observations of the speech patterns of nearly every Tom, Dick, and Harry have been a major enrichment of the language. Sunday, April 14 (the twentieth anniversary of this institution), will be a return-to-the-scene for a number of performers who spent their childhood here. Jackie Vernon, a wit who leads a life of quiet but entertaining desperation, and Don Francs, whose humor is deep in Surrealism, are staying on. . . . ¶ In the lounge, after the theatre and several times in the early morning, Bobby Short sings those songs that burn at both ends, and exhilarating is the light they shed. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his noble sidemen. All three are marked absent Sundays. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "To the Water Tower," the new emotional outlet of the Second City players, is a revue (the incidental music is Tom O'Horgan's harp) some of whose sketches are old friends and some of which (among them a playlet that is Kafka with a funnybone in his teeth) have just been hatched. Eugene Troobnick and the almost matchless Severn Darden disappear temporarily from the cast on Thursday, April 11, to be replaced next evening by Anthony Holland, a reliable graduate himself, and Bob Dishy, a leading light of the Chicago part of Second City. The amusement starts around eight-thirty during the week. Sundays, there's a matinée at three; Mondays and Tuesdays are the rest periods. . . . **THE PREMISE,** 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): The revue without music that has been inhabiting this combination theatre, coffee shop, and pastry shop for ever and ever will be reconstructed on Thursday, April 18, but the variation from the current mood of stick-out-the-tongue-at-everything will not be noticeable. Ted Flicker, inventor and mentor of the place, will keep on heading a cast of



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four. On the opening night, there'll be just one deal, at seven-thirty; the rest of the time, things go like this: Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty; Fridays at eight and ten-thirty; Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty; and Sundays at three and seven-thirty. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Juan Carlos Copes and his Argentine Ballet are engaged in what looks like hand-to-hand and foot-to-foot combat, but it's merely their special and awesome concept of the tango. They are turned loose at dinner and supper, leaving plenty of time for the customers to get on the floor and prance. Sundays, there's also a tea dance, which runs (and rampantly, too) until all hours. Emilio Reyes' band is the perfect stimulant for all this. . . . ¶ After ten, in a little den next door to the bar, the flamenco songs of José Moreno and the guitar of Pedro Cortes compare notes on the love life of Iberia. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Graham Crackers," Ronny Graham's revue-eyed view of life and the pursuit of happiness, sometimes gets bug-eyed, too, and sometimes misty-eyed. Of the six players who occupy the stage, Bill McCutcheon has the biggest and most amiable bug-eyes. They all set to at nine-fifteen and midnight; closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **DOWNSTAIRS,** which is open only on Fridays and Saturdays, Mr. Graham himself turns up at ten and twelve to sing, in a manner that defies analysis (even by the house psychiatrist), ditties of his own wayward contrivance. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): Five residents of The Establishment, a London *boîte* that is both a national institution and an international critique, are conducting, in the guise of a pungent revue, a campaign for the *dis*establishing of every institution known to man. Not for anyone on a bland diet. The estimable dynamiters are John Bird, John Fortune, Eleanor Bron, Jeremy Geidt, and Carole Simpson. They do dinner and supper shows during the week, and four-o'clock and dinner shows on Sundays; lights are out Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Roy Kral and Jackie Cain, whose sallies into vocal diatonics pay strict attention to rhyme and reason, will beg off on Sunday, April 14, and so will the trio of Mose Allison, whose algebraic equations are sometimes unsolvable, and the trio of Bola Sete, a Brazilian with a richly endowed guitar. The new arrivals due on Tuesday, April 16, will be the household of Jerry Stiller and Anne Meara, whose skits suggest that any walk of life is a dead-end street, as well as an instrumental group with the very explanatory name of Bossa Tres, and the Phoenix Singers, who are (inevitably) folk musicians. There are Sunday matinées from four-thirty to seven; closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The protagonists are Vic Damone (June and moon and swoon and croon) and Don Rickles (heckling is the lowest form of art). Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A pilgrimage here is often a form of serendipity, but it *is* possible that the Smothers Brothers are still making fun of the million pretenders to the throne of folk music and that Woody Allen is still on the direct wire to his gnomeman's land. From Thursday through Sunday, April 11-14, Gerry Mulligan's forthright foursome should also be on hand. One more thing: Mr. Allen will have Monday, April 15, all to himself. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Hails in this estimable coffeehouse are sometimes instantaneously followed by farewells, but—at a guess—you'll now get (along with your lemon peel) the Tarriers, four bundles of energy, as well as other folk singers, and even a random comedian. They are all off Tuesdays. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM,** 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): The jazz that came up the river to 52nd Street has come down to the Village. It's done by Wilbur de Paris and band, in which Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, Wilber Kirk, and Sonny White are apt to be embedded. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Sol Yaged's band, which has Dick Wellstood in tow, is keeping the memory of Dixie green. Closed Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Catalysis and cataclysm are the basic ingredients. The current supply issues from Woody Herman and his New Big Herd, which gives way on Friday, April 12, to Gene Krupa's hullabaloo. Sundays, other bands have the use of the hall. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Dizzy Gillespie is winding his horn into shapes and sounds on the borderland of fantasy. His band is spelled by Cal Tjader's quintet. Visiting days are Mondays, when the regulars are at rest. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Zoot Sims and Al Cohn are holding one more series of at-homes for listeners who like aberrations to be abstruse. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Edmond Hall, wielding a clarinet as pensive as the pipes of Pan, runs the small and traditional band. Closed Sundays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Variations on a theme—the one that goes "Subject to Change, etc."—are often performed by the management, not the cast, of this academy for the study of modern influences on music. Roland Hanna's trio and Ray Bryant's threesome are presumably on hand now, and may well be succeeded—on Thursday, April 18—by the quartet of Thelonious Monk. Mondays and Tuesdays, only one band takes the stand. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Ahmad Jamal's trio throws away its candy box on Sunday, April 14, and next evening Jonah Jones (blampety-blamp) will bring aboard a quartet and Harold Quinn will bring aboard a trio. Louis Metcalf (old New Orleans) has a threesome in action every Sunday. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Lee Evans' threesome makes music for sleepers to walk to. The cheery intermission piano comes from Howard Reynolds. No sounds of music on Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): College-extension seminars in early American history are held every weekend. Friday and Saturday, April 12-13, the faculty should include Wild Bill Davison, Buster Bailey, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Red Richards, Panama Francis, and Louis Metcalf's quartet. Dancing. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The celebrated 52nd Street hothouse, now transplanted, has piano during the week by Sammy Price, who is joined Fridays and Saturdays by Danny Barker's trio. Cliff Jackson is, by the way, succeeding Mr. Price on Monday, April 15. No music on Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Milet Andrejevic—Paintings; through Saturday, April 13. (Green, 15 W. 57th St.)

Franco Assetto—Abstract relief-like paintings by an Italian artist; through April 27. (Thibaut, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Max Bill—Sculptures and paintings by a Swiss artist. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, April 13. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Julius Bissier—Abstract oils, water colors, and drawings by a contemporary German artist; through Saturday, April 20. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

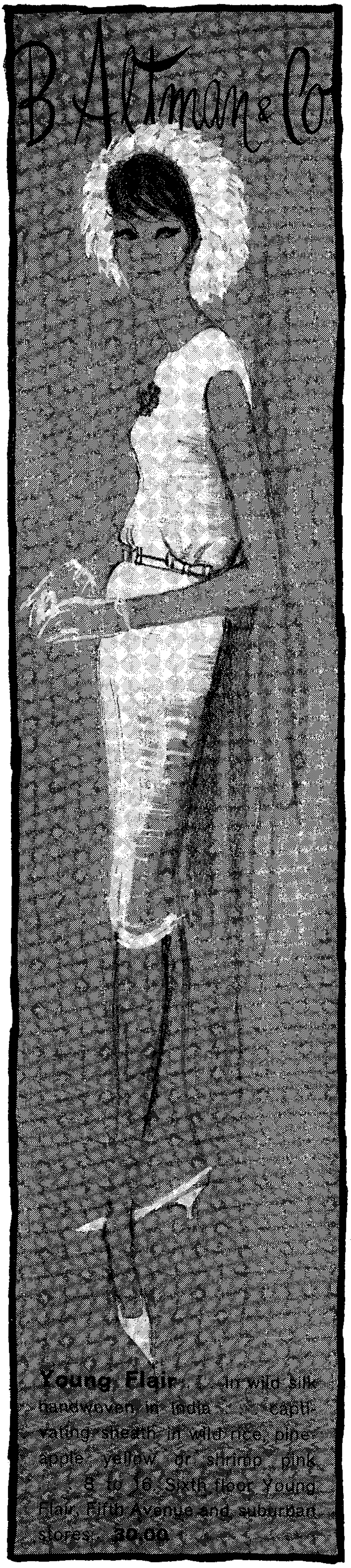
Warren Brandt—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through April 27. (Grippi, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

Richard Brodney—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Thursday, April 18. (Stryke, 86 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Alexander Calder—Stabiles, mobiles, and gouache paintings; through April 27. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Cézanne (1839-1906)—More than seventy water colors (still-lifes, figure studies, and landscapes) from private and public collections here and abroad. For the benefit of Columbia University's Scholarship Fund of the Department of Art History and Archaeology. Through Saturday, April 20. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Thomas W. Dewing (1851-1938)—A loan exhi-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bition of figure paintings; through Saturday, April 20. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Mark di Suvero—Sculptures by Mr. di Suvero, plus paintings by patients in a workshop he conducts at the Bird S. Coler Hospital, Welfare Island; through Saturday, April 20. (Fulton, 61 Fulton St., three blocks east of Broadway. Closes Saturdays at 3.)

Bernard Dufour—Works showing the transition from abstract to figure painting by this School of Paris artist; through May 4. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

Louis M. Eilshemius (1864-1941)—Oil paintings from the period 1886 to 1909; through May 4. (Lewison, 50 E. 76th St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ Drawings, water colors, and oils; through April 27. (Balin-Traube, 11 E. 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Lyonel Feininger—Water colors; through Saturday, April 13. (Van Diemen-Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57th St.)

Herbert Ferber—An exhibition of paintings and sculptures that coincides with his show at the Whitney Museum; through Saturday, April 20. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Perle Fine—Abstract geometric paintings; through Saturday, April 20. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hamilton Fraser—Semi-abstract landscapes and still-lifes by a young British painter; through May 4. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Elias Goldberg—Paintings, primarily scenes of New York City; through April 30. (Egan, 313 E. 79th St. Closed noon to 2.)

Robert Goodnough—Paintings, mostly figures in a boat, as well as five *tondi;* through Saturday, April 13. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

John Hultberg—Oils and lithographs of landscapes and cityscapes, with figures; through April 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gillian Jagger—Paintings by a young London-born New York artist; through Saturday, April 20. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

Dong Kingman—Water colors of Madrid, Hong Kong, New York, and San Francisco by the Chinese-American artist; through April 27. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Joseph Konzal—Abstract sculptures; through April 27. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Peter Lanyon, Robert Broderson, and Joseph Glasco—Drawings and water colors by one English and two American painters; through Saturday, April 20. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jacob Lawrence—Paintings dealing with recent events in the South; through Saturday, April 20. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Jack Levine—Figurative paintings; through April 27. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Boris Lovet-Lorski—Oils and water colors by a sculptor lately turned painter; through April 27. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

David Lund—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, April 13. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Fletcher Martin—Paintings; through Saturday, April 13. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

Maryan—Primitive images reflecting the horrors of contemporary life by a French artist now living here; through April 30. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Isamu Noguchi—New bronzes; through April 27. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Ortman—Painting-constructions and drawings; through April 27. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

William Pachner—Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, April 20. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Jesse Reichek—Abstractions; through Saturday, April 20. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Mel Roman—"Junk" sculptures; through April 21. (Gordon's Fifth Avenue Gallery, 68 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

Umberto Romano—An exhibition of Abstract Expressionist paintings entitled "Great Men—Time and Space;" through Saturday, April 13. (Gallery 63, 721 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.)

Pierre Soulages, Zao Wou-ki, and Kumi Sugaï—Abstract paintings by three Paris artists; through Saturday, April 13. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Teiji Takai—Paintings; through Saturday, April 20. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Yves Tanguy—Gouaches and drawings by the French-American Surrealist, who died in 1955; through Saturday, April 20. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Xceron—Abstract water colors; through May 1. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Zerbe—Ink-wash drawings; through Saturday, April 20. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

The Armory Show of 1913—Four shows inspired by the famous old upheaval are currently on view—**50TH ANNIVERSARY EXHIBITION:** A re-creation of the show itself, held at the same site. Of the thirteen hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings (mostly Post-Impressionist, Fauvist, and Cubist) originally shown, about four hundred have been rounded up for display. Among the artists represented are Duchamp, van Gogh, Picasso, Matisse, Cézanne, and Braque. For the benefit of the Creative Arts Program of the Henry Street Settlement. Through April 28. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . **THE DECADE OF THE ARMORY SHOW—NEW DIRECTIONS IN AMERICAN ART, 1910-20:** A loan exhibition of works by forty-eight artists, among them Marsden Hartley, Charles Burchfield, and William Zorach; through Sunday, April 14. (Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St. Daily, 1 to 5.) . . . **FORUM EXHIBITION OF 1916:** A re-creation of an exhibit of paintings by seventeen "very modern" (according to the catalogue) American artists, among them Ben Benn, Arthur G. Dove, and Charles Sheeler; through Saturday, April 13. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.) . . . **ELMER LIVINGSTON MACRAE:** Pastels and water colors by the treasurer of the original Armory Show; through Saturday, April 20. (Davis, 231 E. 60th St.)

American Watercolor Society—The ninety-sixth annual of water colors, gouaches, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States; through April 21. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **BIANCHINI**, 16 E. 78th St.: Present-day primitive paintings by (to mention a few) Lawrence Lebduska, Victor Duena, and Harry Lieberman; through Saturday, April 20. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Blakelock, Cassatt, Inness, and other turn-of-the-century artists; through May 15.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.: The first showing here by the Société des Peintres-Graveurs Français (Segonzac, Gromaire, Buffet, and others); through Saturday, April 20. . . . **FINDLAY**, 11 E. 57th St.: "100 Years of French Painting," an exhibit of works by such artists as Chagall, Rouault, and Brianchon; through Saturday, April 13. . . . **HUTTON**, 41 E. 57th St.: More than a hundred paintings done between 1908 and 1914 by members of Der Blaue Reiter school, including Kandinsky, Marc, Macke, and Delaunay. For the benefit of the Manhattan Chapter of the American Association for the United Nations. Through May 18. . . . **NIVEAU**, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: French masters—Utrillo, Picasso, Vlaminck, and others; through April 27. . . . **ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: French water colors, drawings, etchings, and lithographs by (for instance) Renoir, Pissarro, and van Gogh; through Friday, April 12.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"American Art from American Collections," comprising furniture (attributed to John

Townsend, Duncan Phyfe, and others), silver, glass, porcelain, miniatures, paintings (by Copley, Sully, and others), and prints, from the Colonial and Federal periods, lent by private collectors throughout the country; through April 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of oils, prints, and water colors, ranging from landscapes to religious paintings and mystic fantasies, by Emil Nolde, one of the founders and leaders of the German Expressionist movement; through April 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Twenty-second International Watercolor Biennial, made up of items by more than a hundred and thirty living artists from Sweden, Yugoslavia, and the United States; through April 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of paintings by French eighteenth-century masters, including Boucher, Robert, and Vigée-Lebrun; through May 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Five mural panels executed by Mark Rothko for Harvard University; through June 2. . . . ¶ "Six Painters and the Object," a display of "pop art" by Jim Dine, Robert Rauschenberg, Andy Warhol, Roy Lichtenstein, James Rosenquist, and Jasper Johns; through June 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A loan show of dry-brush and pencil drawings by Andrew Wyeth; through April 27. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Sculptures by Mark di Suvero, Peter Forakis, Sandra Beal, and five other artists between the ages of twenty-five and forty; through May 26. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective (1932-62) of sculptures and drawings by Herbert Ferber; through May 19. (Daily, 1 to 5.) A good complement to this exhibition is the Ferber showing at the Emmerich Gallery, 17 E. 64th St.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

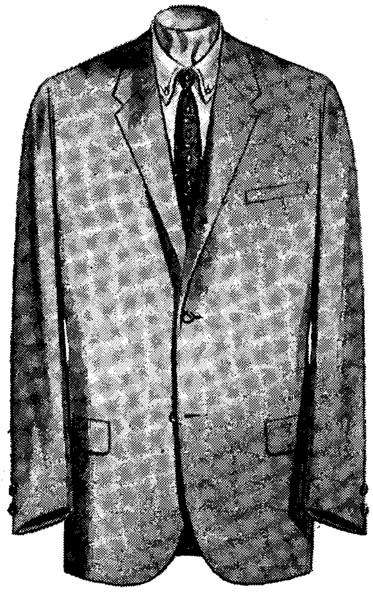
OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, April 11: "Boris Godunov" (in English), with Mignon Dunn, Giorgio Tozzi, Arturo Sergi, Jerome Hines, Paul Franke, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 12: "La Sonnambula," with Joan Sutherland, Jeanette Scovotti, Lili Chookasian, Nicolai Gedda, and Ezio Flagello. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 13: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Dorothy Kirsten, Roberta Peters, Jean Madeira, Dino Formichini, John Alexander, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 13: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, and William Wildermann. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center—Thomas Schippers directing and acting as organ soloist on Thursday, April 11, at 8:30; Friday, April 12, at 2:15; Saturday, April 13, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 14, at 3 (all with the Walter Baker Chorus, the Boys' Choir from the Little Church Around the Corner, and others). . . . ¶ Paul Hindemith directing a Hindemith-Bruckner program on Thursday, April 18, at 8:30; Friday, April 19, at 2:15; Saturday, April 20, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 21, at 3 (all with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Louise Parker, contralto; George London, bass-baritone; Bruce Prince-Joseph, organ; and the Schola Cantorum of New York).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy directing a Bach-Beethoven program, with Judith Raskin, soprano; Maureen Forrester,



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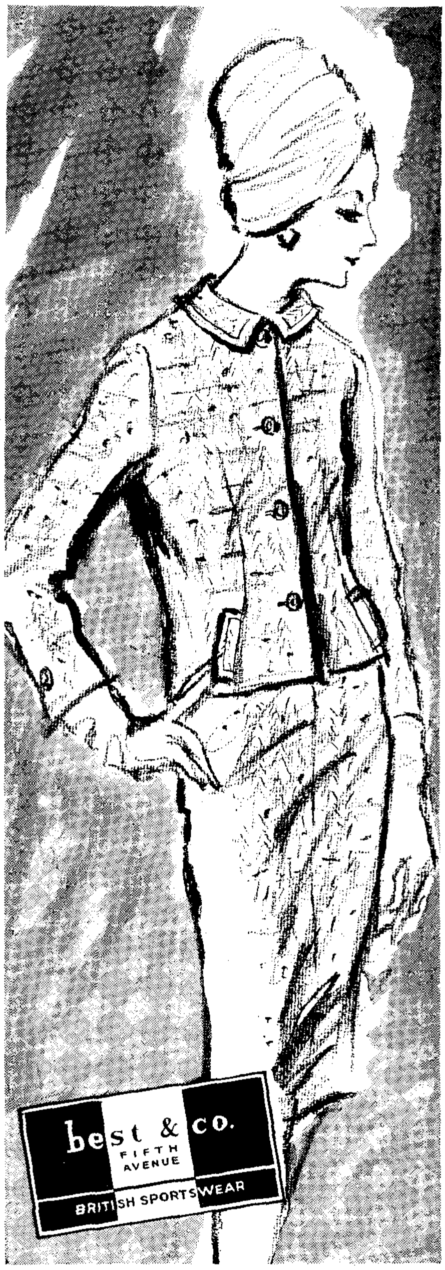

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

contralto; Richard Lewis, tenor; Herbert Beattie, baritone; and the Temple University Choirs. The final concert of the season here. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, April 16, at 8:30.)

SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—Alfred Wallenstein and Roberto LaMarchina conducting, with Van Cliburn, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 11, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Leopold Stokowski conducting the final concert of the season. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 15, at 8:40.)

AMERICAN OPERA SOCIETY—Richard Bonynge directing a performance of Bellini's "I Puritani" in concert form, with Joan Sutherland, soprano; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Ernest Blanc, baritone; and Ezio Flagello, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 16, at 8.)

TWENTIETH-CENTURY INNOVATIONS—Gunther Schuller conducting a chamber ensemble in the last in a series of concerts, this one devoted to the music of Mr. Schuller himself, André Hodeir, and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 18, at 8:30.)

MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—David Randolph directing a performance of Bach's "St. John Passion." (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, April 12, at 8:15.)

GLEE CLUB OF THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. Friday, April 19, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

LASALLE STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, April 11, at 8:30.)

CARLOS MONTOYA—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 13, at 8:30.)

JOSH WHITE—Folk singer. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, April 13, at 8:30.)

THE LIMELITERS—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 13, at 8:30.)

NICO CASTEL—Tenor. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Monday, April 15, at 8:30.)

DANIEL ABRAMS—In the third in a series of four concerts presenting the Mozart cycle of piano sonatas. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, April 17, at 8:30.)

HELGE ROSVAENGE—Tenor, with an orchestra made up of members of the Symphony of the Air conducted by Anthony Amato. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 17, at 8:30.)

PETER COOPER—Piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, April 17, at 8:30.)

JOHN WUMMER, DAVID SACKSON, AND JOSEPH WOLMAN—Flute, violin, and piano. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Wednesday, April 17, at 8:30.)

ANDRES SEGOVIA—Classic guitarist. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, April 19, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

EARL WRIGHTSON AND LOIS HUNT—Baritone and soprano, in a program of songs from musical comedies, with an orchestra and a chorus directed by Franz Allers. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 19, at 8:30.)

JOAN BAEZ—Folk singer. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, April 19, at 8:30.)

MARTHA SCHLAMME—Folk singer. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, April 20, at 8:30.)

MIRIAM MAKEBA—African singer. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 20, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Baltimore. Thursday, April 11, and Saturday and Sunday, April 13-14, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 16-17, at 2. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Mets vs. Milwaukee, Friday and Saturday, April 19-20, at 2.

HUNT RACING—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 13, and Saturday, April 20.) . . . ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 13.) . . . ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 20.)

INDOOR POLO—Two games (plus a spot of Rugby) every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, June 1. The Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 13, and the Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 20. . . . **LAUREL, Md.:** Weekdays, except Good Friday and Tuesday, April 16, at 1:30; through Wednesday, May 1. The Chesapeake, Saturday, April 13, and the Laurel Handicap, Saturday, April 20.

TRACK—Boston Marathon, starting in Hopkinton, Mass. (Friday, April 19.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:15; through Tuesday, May 21.

FOR CHILDREN

OPERETTA—The Blue Hill Troupe presenting a performance, primarily for children, of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe." For the benefit of the Vocational Advisory Service. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 20, at 2:30. For tickets, call RH 4-8563.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **CHILDREN'S FINE ARTS GUILD:** "Ching-ling and the Magic Peach." (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. CH 3-0153. Saturdays and Monday through Friday, April 15-19, at 1:30 and 3.) . . . **HARNICK-ADAMS PRODUCTIONS:** "Young Tom Edison," Saturday, April 13; Tuesday, April 16; and Friday, April 19. . . . ¶ "Young Abe Lincoln," Monday, April 15. . . . ¶ "Young Jefferson," Wednesday and Thursday, April 17-18, and Saturday, April 20. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Afternoons at 1 and 3.) . . . **HILLTOP PRODUCTIONS:** "Peter Rabbit." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturday, April 13, through Saturday, April 20, at 1, 2:15, and 3:30.) . . . **MERRI-MIMES:** "Sleeping Beauty." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4, and Thursday, April 11, at 9:45 and 11:15.) . . . ¶ "Pinocchio." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, April 20, at 11.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Little Red Riding Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30, and Monday through Friday, April 15-19, at 1:30.) . . . **MUSIC BOX THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Tom Sawyer," Saturdays and Monday through Friday, April 15-19, at 1:30. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Monday through Friday, April 15-19, at 3. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Group Soup." (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. AL 4-9520. Saturdays and Monday through Friday, April 15-19, at 1 and 3.) . . . **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays and Monday through Friday, April 15-19, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **PICKWICK PUPPET THEATRE:** "The Puppet Circus," Friday, April 12, at 2; Saturday, April 13, at 1:30 and 3; and Sunday, April 14, at 2. . . . ¶ "Just So Stories," Monday through Friday, April 15-19, at 2, and Saturday, April 20, at 1:30 and 3. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Enchanted Forest." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturday, April 13, through Saturday, April 20, at 1 and 3.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Tom Sawyer," Wednesday, April 17. . . . ¶ "Topsy Turvy Genii," Thursday, April 18. . . . ¶ "The Wizard of Oz," Friday, April 19. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Performances at 11 and 1.)

DANCE RECITAL—Mara and her dancers presenting "Land Beyond the Milky Way." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Wednesday through Friday, April 17-19, at 2:30.)

FOLK-SONG RECITAL—Josh White. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, April 14, at 2:30.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Stories in the Stars;" through April 29. (Special holiday schedule: Thursday, April

11, at 12, 1, 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Good Friday at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30; Saturday, April 13, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Easter at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Monday, April 15, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Tuesday through Friday, April 16-19, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30; and Saturday, April 20, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Children under five not admitted.)

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In CENTRAL PARK: Where the little ones may visit a pond inhabited by ducks, geese, and penguins; a Jonah's whale (with an aquarium inside); a storybook castle; and so on. There are also lambs, kids, deer, rabbits, and other animals to be petted and admired. (Daily 10 to 5. Except on Mondays, adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)... ¶ At the BRONX ZOO: Rembrandt the Rabbit, George the Crow, and several other old friends, plus some new spring arrivals, will be on hand to welcome the first small visitors of the season on Saturday, April 13. (Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, will be open (free, and weather permitting) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under for the last times this season on Good Friday and Saturday, April 13, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend sessions of the Economic and Social Council (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn Friday, April 19), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Thursday, April 11, at 6:30: John Logan reading from his own works.... ¶ Thursday, April 18, at 6:30: Thomas Kinsella reading from his own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400.)

INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE SHOW—The latest cars, including sports, luxury, and economy models, from the United States, England, France, Germany, Italy, Sweden, the Netherlands, Japan, Israel, and Czechoslovakia. In addition, there will be a collection of classic, antique, experimental, and racing cars. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturday, April 13, through Sunday, April 21. Weekdays, 11 to 11; Sundays, 1 to 8.)

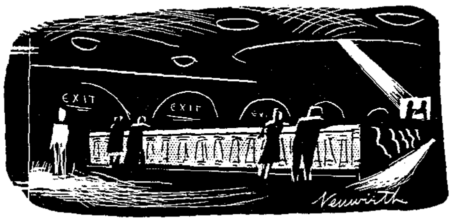
NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN, Bronx Park—Easter lilies and spring bulbs make up the annual Easter display in the conservatory. (Daily, 10 to 4; through April 26.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, April 11, at 1:45: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such modern artists as Buffet, Dufy, Matisse, and Aperghis; from several collectors, among them Leo L. Heaps.... ¶ Saturday, April 13, at 1:45: English and French furniture, Sèvres porcelain from the Prince de Rohan service, Bow and other old English porcelains, English silver, British eighteenth-century water colors and color prints, objects of art, and Oriental rugs; the property of Charles E. Dunlap.... ¶ Tuesday, April 16, at 1:45: Rare books, fine bindings, drawings, color plates, and press and illustrated books; from the collection of William Randolph Hearst and from other sources.... NOTE: Prior to its sale at Christie's, in London, on May 29th, Lord Brownlow's collection of silver bearing the royal arms of past kings and queens of England will be exhibited at Duveen Brothers, 18 E. 79th St. Among the items are a dinner service of a hundred pieces, each bearing the arms of George III; a huge wine cistern with its handles fashioned as a lion and a unicorn; and a set of four William and Mary sconces. For the benefit of the Shaker Community of Hancock, Mass. (Wednesday, April 17, through Tuesday, April 30. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30.)

Tiffany's
Easter Flower Show
in Vermeil on the 2nd floor
in china on the 3rd floor

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

The Balcony—A shocking picture, but one well worth being shocked by. Taken from the savage comedy by Jean Genet and admirably acted by Peter Falk, Shelley Winters, and Lee Grant. Joseph Strick directed and Ben Maddow wrote the screenplay. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

A Child Is Waiting—An honest, painful study of defective children, made all the more heartbreaking by the use of a number of children thus afflicted. Heading the professional actors are Burt Lancaster and Judy Garland. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting April 17.)

David and Lisa—A low-budget picture, arrestingly modest in scope and arrestingly well acted. David and Lisa are mentally sick teen-agers who help each other by falling in love unawares. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva have the leading roles. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Days of Wine and Roses—A sad movie about a pair of hapless young alcoholics and how they go from bad to worse. Forbidding as this sounds, the picture is worth seeing for the superb performances by Jack Lemmon, Lee Remick, and Charles Bickford. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through April 16, tentative. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; and Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting April 12, tentative. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting April 17.)

Divorce—Italian Style—A very funny, because ruthlessly reasonable, farce, in which it's demonstrated that if the only way out of an unhappy marriage is murder, then murder can't be *all* bad. The setting is Sicily, the star of an exceptionally able cast is Marcello Mastroianni, and the director is Pietro Germi. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Electra—The Greek director Michael Cacoyannis has filmed his version of the Euripides tragedy in an authentic locale and with an authentic solemn grandeur. Luckily, the heroine, Irene Papas, is fair to look upon, and so is the Greek landscape. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through April 16. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through April 16, tentative.)

The Four Days of Naples—A vivid re-creation of a gallant episode of the Second World War. The director is Nanni Loy, and the cast consists mostly of unnamed Neapolitans. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Freud—John Huston's conscientious attempt to tell us how young Dr. Freud came to develop the theory of psychoanalysis. The picture suffers from a certain patness and from Montgomery Clift's failure to embody the truly heroic central figure. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting April 17, tentative.)

Lawrence of Arabia—As beautiful a picture as you could hope to see, with much stirring desert combat and an honorable attempt to fathom a little man who was as odd as Dick's hatband. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, Anthony Quayle, and a dozen others, all wonderfully directed by David Lean. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Friday through Wednesday, April 12-17, at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Lazarillo—A charming comedy about a tough little boy in sixteenth-century Spain. Skillfully adapted from the famous old novel and filmed in stunning black and white. Cesar Ardavin was the writer and director and Marco Paoletti plays the title role. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—A fatally faithful replica of the Broadway original, with curious performances by Katharine Hepburn and Ralph Richardson, and a good performance by Jason Robards, Jr., who has been there before. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

The Longest Day—A dutiful but dreary recapitulation of D Day by Darryl Zanuck and several thousand able, or at any rate willing, assistants. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturday through Wednesday, April 13-17, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Monkey in Winter—Jean Gabin and Jean-Paul Belmondo having a high old alcoholic time in an understandably unfashionable French seaside resort. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through April 17, tentative.)

Mutiny on the Bounty—A big shipful of tried-and-true villainies and heroics, expertly filmed but always threatening to just keel over. A disastrous venture for Marlon Brando, who is by no means blameless. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Friday through Wednesday, April 12-17, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

7 Capital Sins—A large assortment of French writers, directors, and actors have created seven separate vignettes inside a single frame. At least three of the vignettes are very funny, and the rest are full of funny bits. Sin has much to be said for it, and the French are always saying it. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; April 11.)

Sundays and Cybèle—A touching French picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a pretty girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Trial—Orson Welles making a wild and woolly attempt to capture the Kafka novel, which is anything but wild and woolly. Abetting Mr. Welles are Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Suzanne Flon, Elsa Martinelli, and Romy Schneider. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

West Side Story—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances but inhumanly overproduced. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting April 12.)

The Wrong Arm of the Law—Hilarious hanky-panky in the London underworld, where Peter Sellers rules the roost and Lionel Jeffries proves a pitiably inept police scourge. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535.)

REVIVALS

Advise and Consent (1962)—A melodrama of intrigue in the United States Senate, with Walter Pidgeon, Charles Laughton, and Henry Fonda. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 17.)

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting April 17.)

L'Avventura (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting April 16.)

The Big Deal (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama, imported from Italy. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 16.)

Boy Meets Girl (1938)—James Cagney and Pat O'Brien in the film version of the play about Hollywood life and its surprises. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 14-15, last showing at 2:58.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love. A French picture, with Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting April 17, tentative.)

The Gay Divorcée (1934)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire singing and dancing to Cole Porter's "Night and Day." (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 17.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through April 16.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. An English picture. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 12-15.)

The Love Game (1960)—A pretty girl with her mind fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. In French, as you might have expected. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 12.)

The Mark (1961)—An account of the return to society of a man who has spent three years in prison for committing a crime against a child. Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 12.)

The Miracle Worker (1962)—Opening chapters in the inspiring life of Helen Keller, acted by Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; April 11.)

The Notorious Landlady (1962)—A comedy of murder in an English setting, with Fred Astaire and Jack Lemmon as a couple of diplomats at our London embassy. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting April 17.)

Paris Blues (1961)—Two couples—Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward, and Sidney Poitier and Diahann Carroll—are happy and sad at finding themselves in love in Paris. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; April 11.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting April 16.)

Room at the Top (1959)—The difficulties of a young man of lowly birth who is trying to make his way upstream against all the social pressures of small-town society. An English film, with Laurence Harvey and Simone Signoret. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; starting April 12, tentative.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (1961)—Alan Sillitoe's own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city. With Albert Finney. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; starting April 12, tentative.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—D. H. Lawrence's 1913 tale about the silver-cord tangle between a Nottingham miner's wife and her artistically gifted son. An English-American production, with Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, and Dean Stockwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 11.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—Lotte Lenya in a German interpretation of the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill musical. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 12.)

A View from the Bridge (1962)—Family troubles in Red Hook, as taken from Arthur Miller's play and acted by Raf Vallone, Maureen Stapleton, Raymond Pellegrin, and Carol Lawrence. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 11.)

Zazie (1961)—A wild romp through Paris, as seen through the eyes of an eleven-year-old child. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through April 16, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—April 11, at 8 P.M.: "Animation and Abstractions," the first in a series of three programs presented in association with Cinema 16. . . . ¶ Four programs (tentative schedule) in a series called "Television, U.S.A.: Thirteen Seasons," showings at 5:30; on Saturdays and Sundays at 3 also. April 11: "Art Carney Meets Peter and the Wolf" (1958); and "V.I.P." (1959). April 12-13: "Tonight with Belafonte" (1959). April 14-15: "The Fabulous Fifties" (1960). Starting April 16: Camera 3, "The Stamp of Steinberg" (1960); and C.B.S. Reports, "Biography of a Missile" (1959). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Nine Hours to Rama," Horst Buchholz, José Ferrer.

Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"How the West Was Won." (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Friday through Wednesday, April 12-17, at 2:30. Extra performances Monday through Wednesday, April 15-17, at 10:30 A.M. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.

De Mille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Lafayette," Jack Hawkins, Orson Welles.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Bye Bye Birdie," Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
7 CAPITAL SINS (in French).

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"The Birds," Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"My Six Loves," Debbie Reynolds, Cliff Robertson.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Ugly American," Marlon Brando, Eiji Okada.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Happiness of Us Alone" (in Japanese), Hideko Takamine.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Courtship of Eddie's Father," Glenn Ford, Shirley Jones.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE LONGEST DAY.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through April 16 (tentative): **ZAZIE** (in French), revival; and "The Elusive Corporal" (in French), Jean-Pierre Cassel, Claude Brasseur.
From April 17 (tentative): **FREUD.**

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through April 16: "The Apartment," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine; and "Picnic," revival, William Holden, Rosalind Russell. (Evening performances only on April 11-12.)
From April 17: **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS**, revival; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," revival, Jane Powell, Howard Keel.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through the afternoon of April 17: "Son of Flubber," Fred MacMurray, Nancy Olson; and "The Legend of Lobo," a full-length Walt Disney film.
From April 17, at about 6: "To Kill a Mockingbird," Gregory Peck, Mary Badham; and "Showdown," Audie Murphy, Kathleen Crowley.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 16: **ELECTRA** (in Greek); and **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**, revival.
From April 17: **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
April 11 (tentative): "Diamond Head," Charlton Heston, Yvette Mimieux.
From April 12 (tentative): **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES.**

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
April 11: **7 CAPITAL SINS** (in French).
From April 12 (tentative): **ROOM AT THE TOP**, revival; and **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING**, revival.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"My Six Loves," Debbie Reynolds, Cliff Robertson.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Birds," Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through April 13: "The Hook," Kirk Douglas, Nick Adams; and "Seven Seas of Calais," Rod Taylor, Keith Michell.
April 14 through the afternoon of April 17: "Son of Flubber," Fred MacMurray, Nancy Olson; and "The Legend of Lobo," a full-length Walt Disney film.
From April 17, at 5:55: "The Man from the Diners' Club," Danny Kaye, Martha Hyer; and "Carry On Teacher," Kenneth Connor.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Ugly American," Marlon Brando, Eiji Okada.

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14	15	16	17			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
DAVID AND LISA.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE BALCONY.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW.

Cinema I (PL 3-6022) and **Cinema II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
"Landru" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Charles Denner.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES (in Italian).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
April 11: Theatre closed.
From April 12: **WEST SIDE STORY.**

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
April 11 (tentative): "Sweet Bird of Youth," revival, Paul Newman, Geraldine Page; and "Light in the Piazza," revival, Olivia de Havilland, Rossano Brazzi.
From April 12 (tentative): **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES.**

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Nine Hours to Rama," Horst Buchholz, José Ferrer.

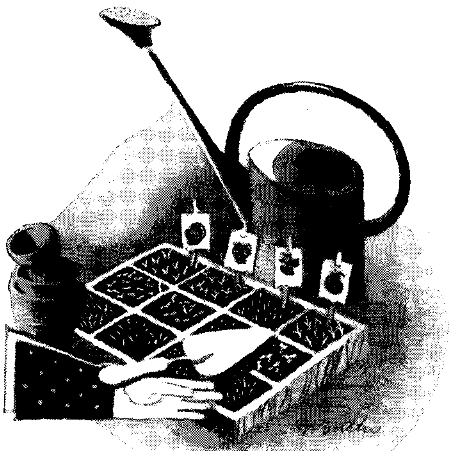
R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through the afternoon of April 17: "Son of Flubber," Fred MacMurray, Nancy Olson; and "The Legend of Lobo," a full-length Walt Disney film.
From April 17, at 6: "To Kill a Mockingbird," Gregory Peck, Mary Badham; and "Showdown," Audie Murphy, Kathleen Crowley.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through April 16: "The Hook," Kirk Douglas, Nick Adams; and "Seven Seas to Calais," Rod Taylor, Keith Michell.
From April 17: "The Man from the Diners' Club," Danny Kaye, Martha Hyer; and "Carry On Teacher," Kenneth Connor.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
April 11: Sergei Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible," Parts I and II (in Russian), revivals.
April 12-15: **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**, revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
From April 16: **POTEMKIN** (silent); and **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
April 11: **THE MIRACLE WORKER**, revival; and "Bird Man of Alcatraz," Burt Lancaster, Karl Malden.
From April 12: **WEST SIDE STORY.**



8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through April 16 (tentative): **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES.**
From April 17 (tentative): **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** (in French), revival; and "Oedipus Rex," revival, performed by the Stratford, Ontario, Shakespearean Festival players.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through April 17 (tentative): **MONKEY IN WINTER** (in French).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through April 16: "The Hook," Kirk Douglas, Nick Adams; and "Seven Seas to Calais," Rod Taylor, Keith Michell.
From April 17: "The Man from the Diners' Club," Danny Kaye, Martha Hyer; and "Carry On Teacher," Kenneth Connor.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through April 16 (tentative): **ELECTRA** (in Greek); and "Follow a Star," revival, Norman Wisdom.
From April 17: **A CHILD IS WAITING**; and **THE NOTORIOUS LANDLADY**, revival.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"Fiasco in Milan" (in Italian), Vittorio Gassman, Claudia Cardinale.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
THE TRIAL.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Playboy of the Western World," Siobhan McKenna, Gary Raymond.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
LAZARILLO (in Spanish).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Love and Larceny" (in Italian), Vittorio Gassman, Anna Maria Ferrero.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE (in Italian).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through April 16: "Escape from East Berlin," Don Murray, Christine Kaufmann; and "Sweet Bird of Youth," revival, Paul Newman, Geraldine Page.
From April 17: "The Man from the Diners' Club," Danny Kaye, Martha Hyer; and "Carry On Teacher," Kenneth Connor.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
April 11: "The Girl from 10th Ave.," revival, Bette Davis; and "The Hot Heiress," revival, Walter Pidgeon, Ona Munson.
April 12: **THE MARK**, revival; and **THE LOVE GAME** (in French), revival.
April 13: "Cabin in the Cotton," revival, Bette Davis, Richard Barthelmess; and "The Rich Are Always with Us," revival, Bette Davis, Ruth Chatterton.
April 14-15 (last showing at 2:58): **BOY MEETS GIRL**, revival; and "The Bride Came C.O.D.," revival, Bette Davis, James Cagney.
April 15, at 7 and 9:30: "Variety" (silent), Emil Jannings; and "The General" (silent), Buster Keaton.
April 16: **THE BIG DEAL** (in Italian), revival; and "20,000 Years in Sing Sing," revival, Bette Davis, Spencer Tracy.
April 17: **ADVISE AND CONSENT**, revival; and **THE GAY DIVORCÉE**, revival.

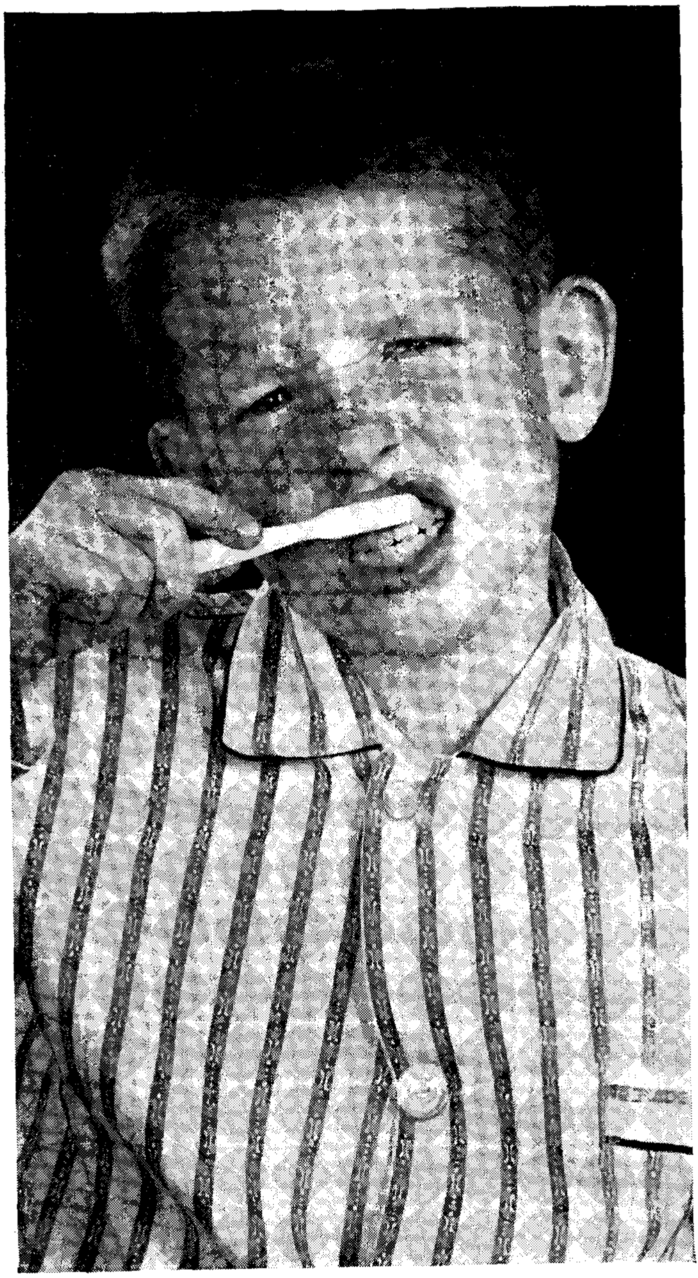
Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
April 11: **PARIS BLUES**, revival; and "Five Miles to Midnight," Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins.
From April 12: **WEST SIDE STORY.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 11: **A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE**, revival; and **SONS AND LOVERS**, revival.
From April 12: **THE THREEPENNY OPERA** (in German), revival; and "Time in the Sun," revival, a documentary on Mexico.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"Son of Flubber," Fred MacMurray, Nancy Olson; and "The Legend of Lobo," a full-length Walt Disney film.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
ELECTRA (in Greek).

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through April 16: "Swordsman of Siena," Stewart Granger, Sylva Koscina; and "Sweet Bird of Youth," revival, Paul Newman, Geraldine Page.
From April 17: "The Man from the Diners' Club," Danny Kaye, Martha Hyer; and "Carry On Teacher," Kenneth Connor.



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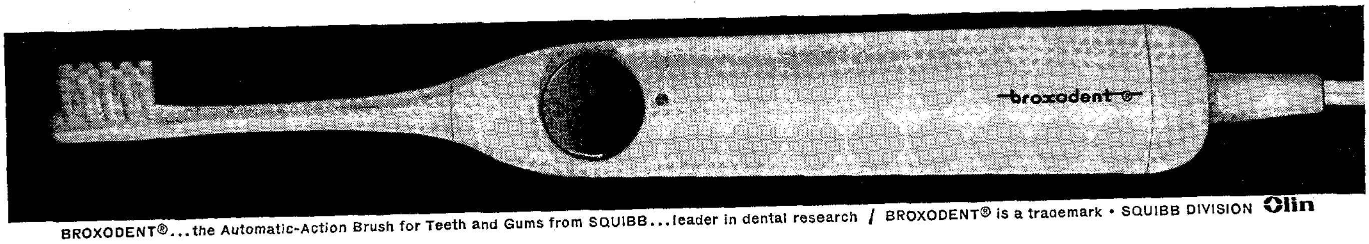

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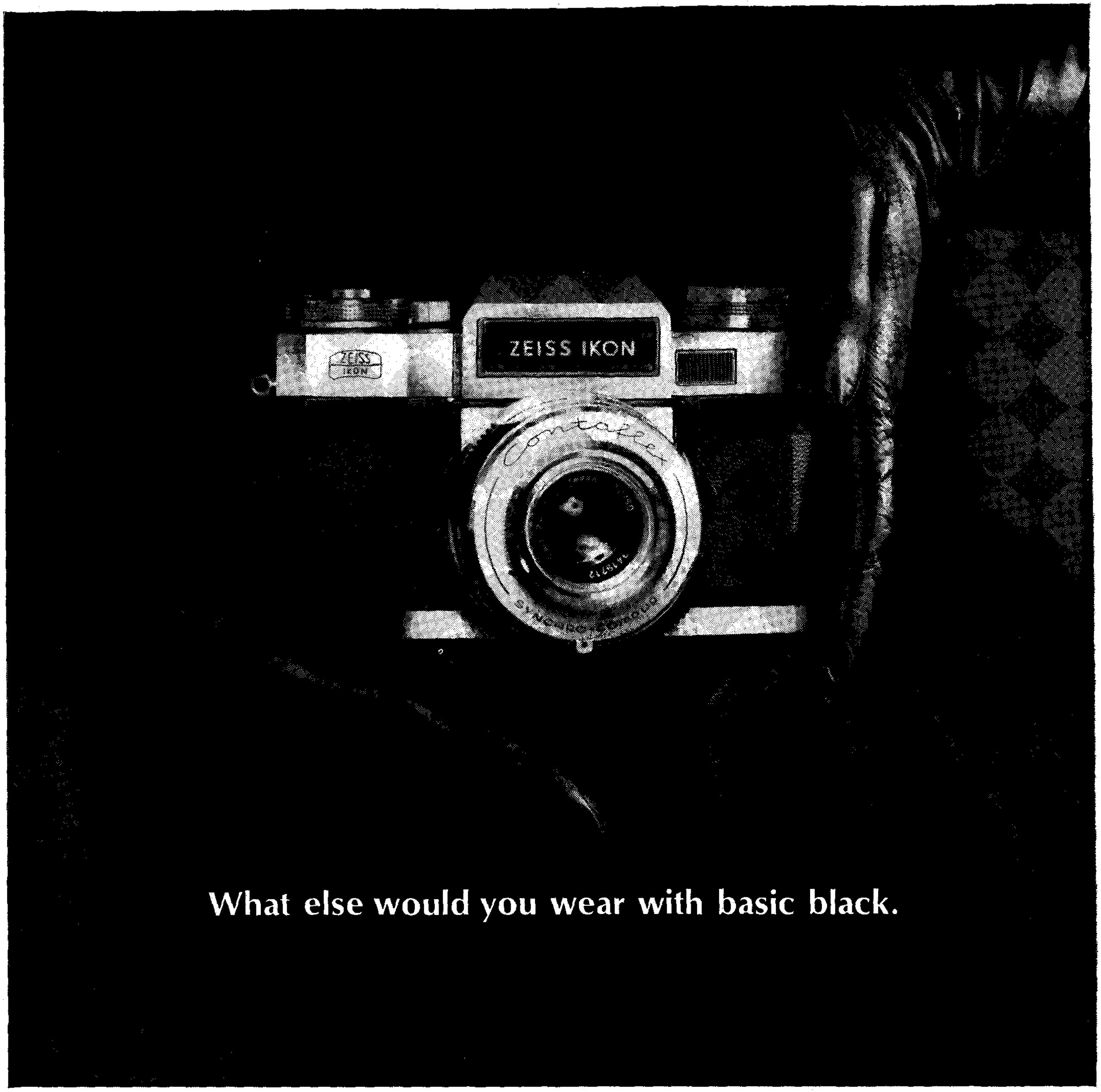

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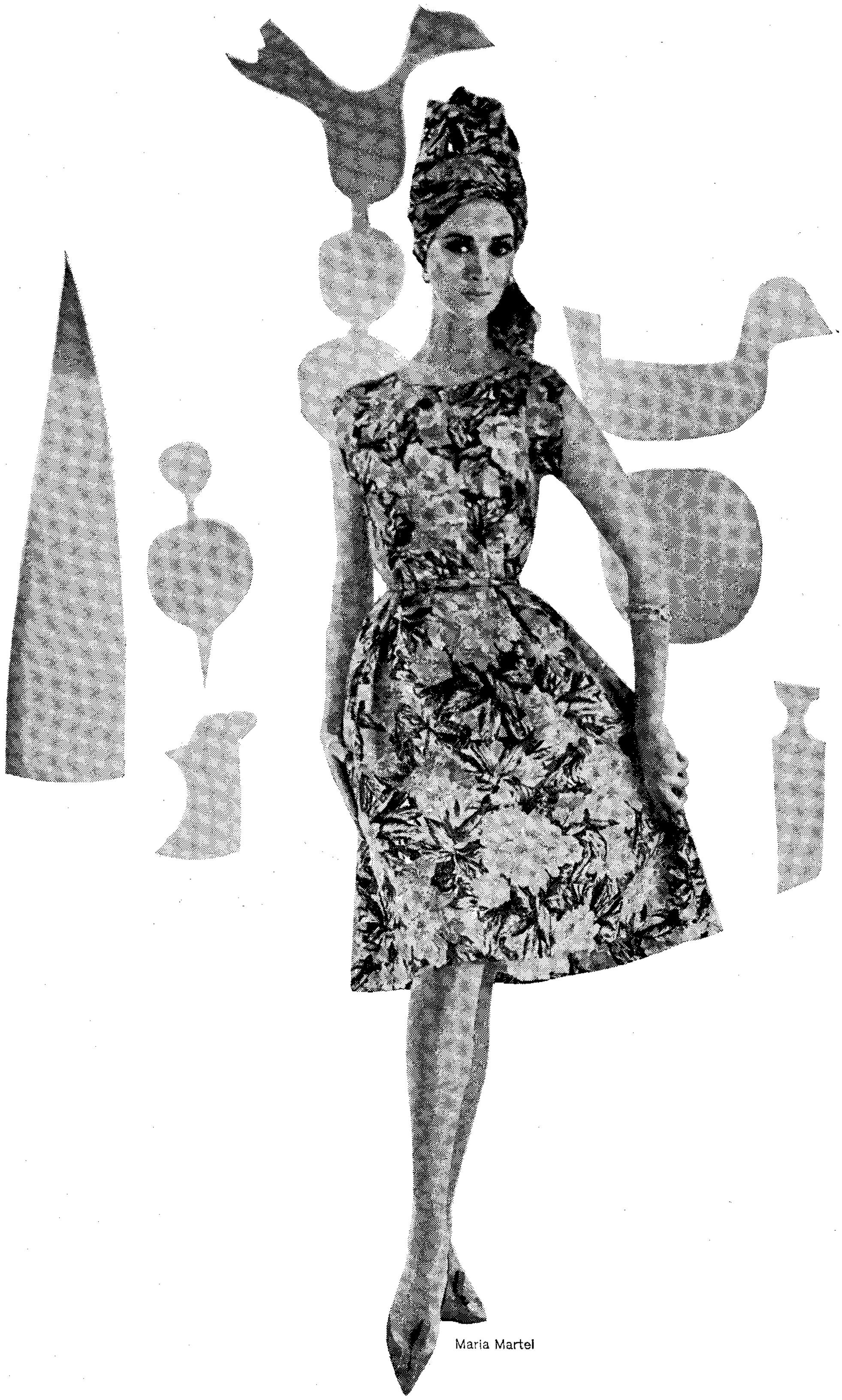

Maria Martel

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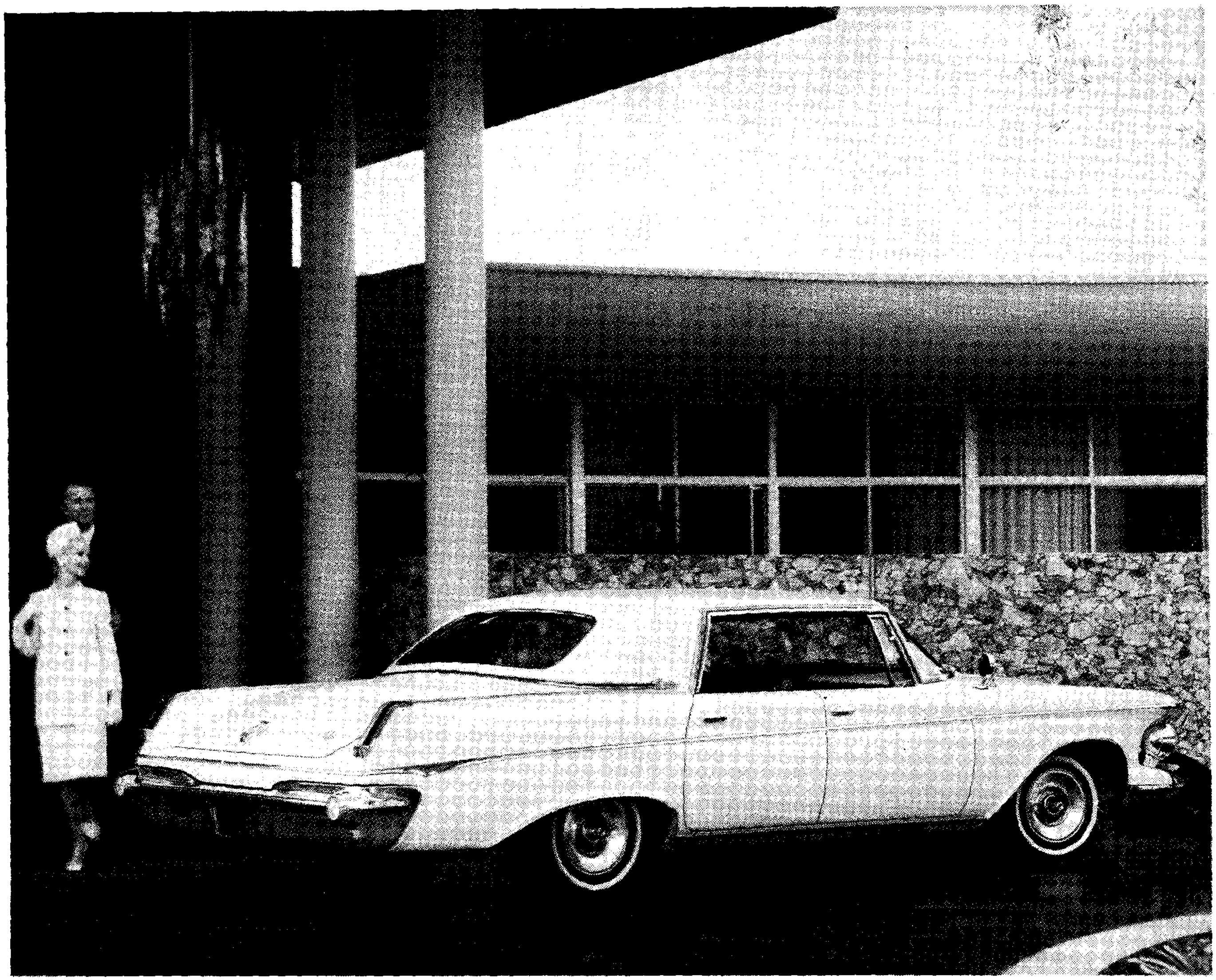

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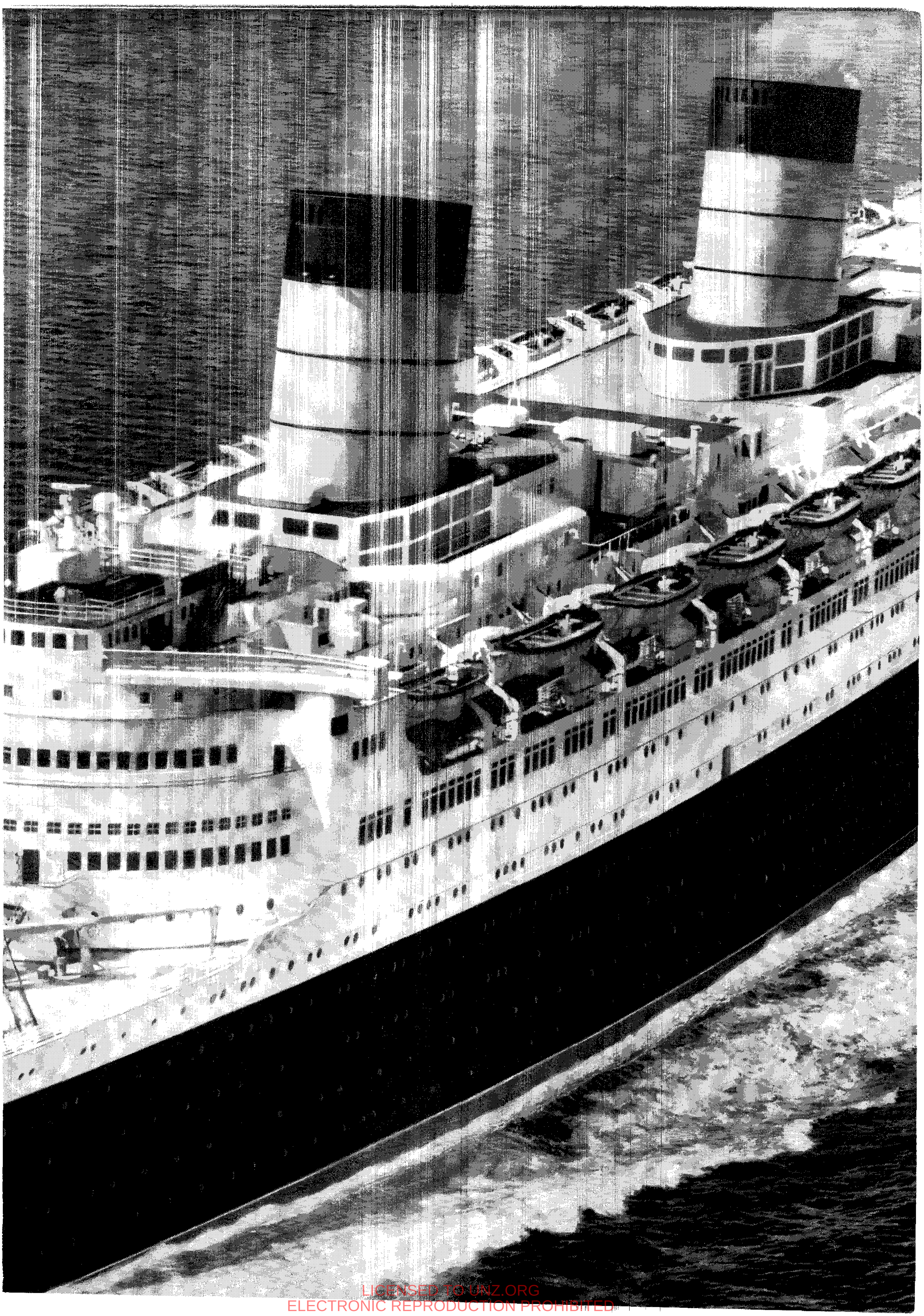

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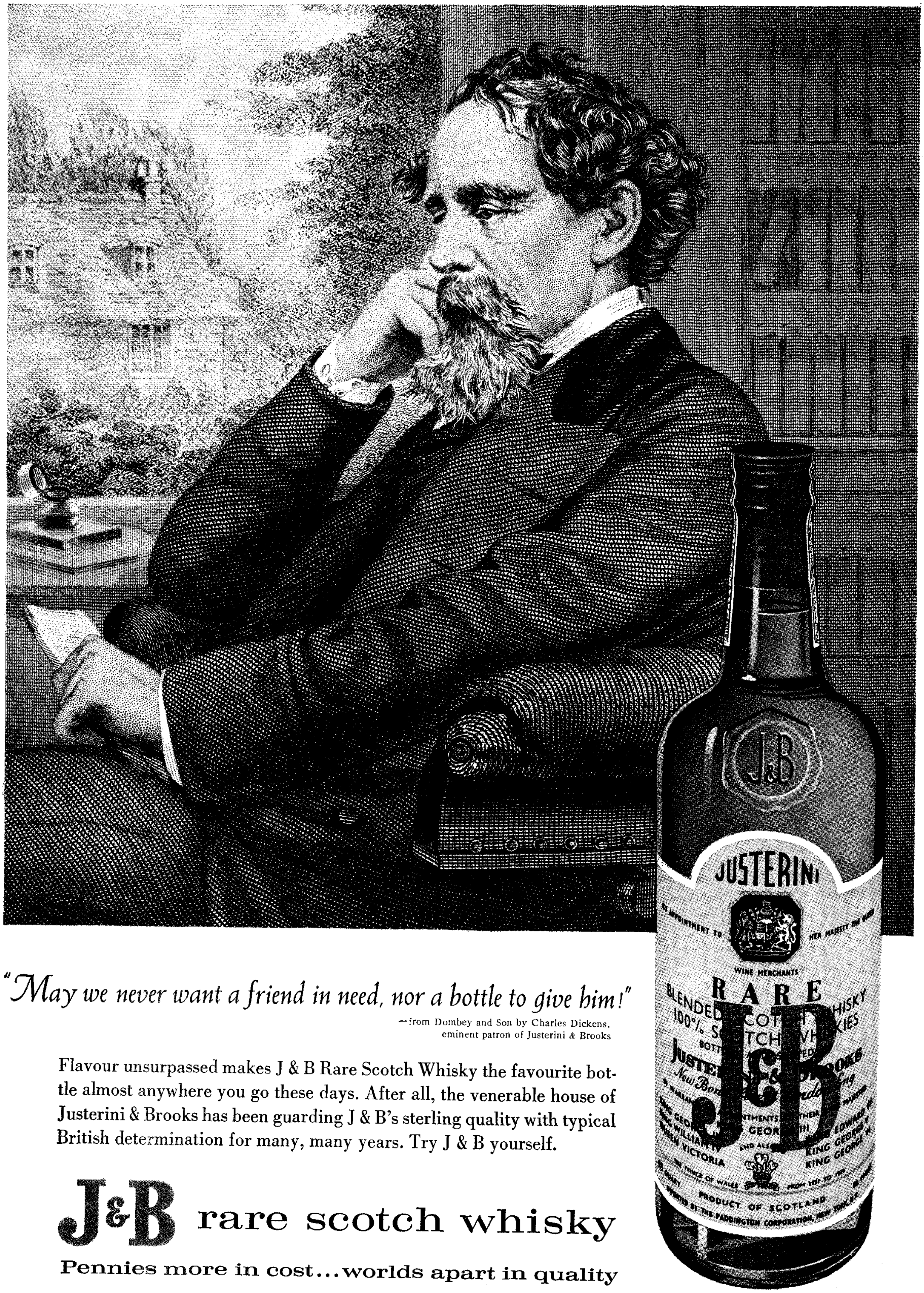

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THERE'S no question about what the talk of the town was last week. It was the end of the hundred-and-fourteen-day newspaper strike. Having visited the offices of the *Times* during its period of adversity and reported on the cheerless atmosphere that then pervaded the premises, we thought it appropriate to be on hand the day the paper resumed publication, when, presumably, joy would be, within decorous limits, unconfined. We accordingly set out for the *Times* on the Sunday morning when the members of the photoengravers' union were scheduled to vote for the second time on a contract, approval of which would, except for the observance of a few formalities by some of the other unions, end the strike. Walking along Forty-third Street in the bright sunshine, we had the feeling that we were headed for a kind of home away from home, since we had already spent quite a few watchful hours at the *Times*—on, among other occasions, the previous Wednesday, when the photoengravers had voted to reject the contract offered them, and thereby dashed what had been high hopes not only around the *Times* but throughout the city. Wednesday's optimism had been such that long before the photoengravers' fateful session was due to begin, scores of *Times* employees had gathered on the sidewalk across the street from the building, ready to stream back to work the minute the picket line disappeared. Now, at ten-thirty on Sunday morning—the hour the photoengravers' meeting was to start—the sidewalk on the south side of Forty-third Street was totally deserted. Immediately in front of the *Times*, eight pickets quietly plodded on their endless, oval-shaped course, and a few feet away stood two members of the *Times* news department—Milton Bracker, a reporter, and Allyn Baum, a photographer—looking gloomy. "The consensus of the pickets is negative," Baum told us. "They say the new package doesn't give all the photoengravers the thirty-five-hour week they maintained was essential, so it looks as if the contract would get turned down again."

"Abe Raskin says it looks bad, too," Bracker said, referring to A. H. Raskin, the *Times'* labor expert, who is a member of its editorial board. "If Raskin's pessimistic, I'm pessimistic."

We went inside and took one of the two elevators more or less in operation (they were run during the strike by the executives' secretaries and other employees exempt from Guild jurisdiction) to the newsroom, on the third floor, where we were graciously greeted by Mr. Catledge, the managing editor. He was wearing a handsome brown-checked sports jacket, a brown bow tie, and an expression that, he said, reflected neither pessimism nor optimism about the chances for the contract's ratification. "But I wouldn't want to bet on it," he added, and invited us into his office, where he went on to talk, with more enthusiasm, about the paper's operations since December 8, 1962, the day the strike began. "We've kept over nine hundred people working, and the morale has been unbelievably high," he said. "I haven't had a single person come through that door complaining about anything, and they're a very sensitive crowd. There's been an all-for-dear-old-Yale spirit in getting out the regional editions. Six days a week, about eighty thousand words have been going out of here to the Western edition and about thirty-six thousand to Paris, and every night about twenty thousand have been going to the clients of the Times News Service. Incidentally, the Western edition has been used to keep up the Index and for microfilming. We've had dozens of queries from readers about our plans for catching up. At the start, we'd hoped when the strike was over to publish a two-page catch-up edition for each day we'd missed. Every day, we prepared the copy, layout, headlines, and all, and put the pages away in a sealed envelope. But after about three weeks we saw that that plan wasn't going to work—it would have run to two hundred and twenty-eight pages between December 8th and today—so we switched to preparing a summary account of the major news, in ten categories. That has been kept up day by day and week by week. It will be a separate section of about twelve pages in the first edition we publish. We hope the summary will fill the need."

Marshall Newton, the assistant city editor, in shirtsleeves and wearing a colorful vest, walked into the office. "Mr. McGowan called the meeting to order promptly at ten-thirty," he said. Catledge nodded to acknowledge receipt of this intelligence, and Newton left.

"The Mayor has done one hell of a job," Catledge said, and then resumed his account of the strike's effects. "We've lost some very good people as a result of this thing. Two just left the newspaper business. One took up the practice of law, the other went to work for one of the big women's-fashion magazines. We lost another man to a newspaper in Washington, D.C. We lost one to *U.S. News & World Report*, one to television, one to the New York State government. We also lost some men—deskmen—who went out of town to find work and decided to stay. One man we hired from the *Tribune* a short time before the strike has been hired back by the

Tribune. We've lost a lot of copy boys and others in that area, who had no reason to hang on. We anticipate a little trouble there until we can hire some new people. Let's see, a copy boy now gets about fifty-five dollars a week to start. Hell, I was a star reporter at fifty-five a week. The people who have gone on working have had a pay cut, of course—twenty per cent on everything up to fifteen thousand and fifty per cent on everything over that, except for the senior executives. They took a fifty-per-cent cut across the board. Right now, we have no applicants for posts as senior executives. All along, there has been a very, very good spirit. What we have here is a collection of people with the damnedest pride in the product they turn out. Every one of them has that pride, whether he has a line in the paper or not. Naturally, he thinks it's a better paper if it has a lot of his lines. But even if it has none, he's proud of it."

Catledge glanced at his watch. It was almost eleven. He got up and accompanied us into the newsroom, where he walked over to the window and took a quick glance downward at the sidewalk across the street. "No hopefuls yet," he said, and, turning us over to Marshall Newton, who was leaning against a pillar and lighting a cigar, went back into his office.

"The last hundred and fourteen days have been strung together like beads," Newton said. "It's hard to tell them apart when you look back. Each day has been a depressing exercise in futility. You do the job, but you have no sense of accomplishment. Have you noticed the floral offering?" He indicated an impressively large white azalea on a nearby desk, to which was attached a card reading, "We missed you. Welcome Back! Joe Wolhandler." "I understand he's some kind of a television producer," Newton said. "It was addressed to the city desk, and came in Wednesday night shortly after the bad news. A real funeral piece."

Frank S. Adams, the city editor, who had just come into the office and was still wearing the jacket of a blue suit, walked over. "How are the omens?" he said. "Anybody sacrificed any goats to find out what's going to happen?"

"The scuttlebutt out front isn't good," Newton said.

Adams headed for his desk. Newton looked at the azalea again and left to use his office phone.

Seven men, all in shirtsleeves, were now working at the universal copy desk. Harrison Salisbury, director of national correspondence, was reading the Washington *Post* at his desk nearby. And, a few steps away, Emanuel R. Freedman, foreign-news editor, sat at his desk, looking off into space, with his glasses pushed up onto his forehead.

Lester Markel, the Sunday editor, wearing a gray suit, strode into the room and stopped at Frank Adams' desk. "I think we ought to be prepared for everything, including the worst," Markel said.

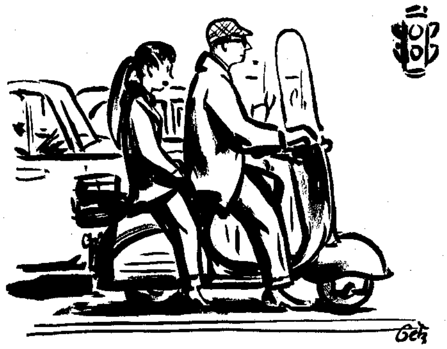
"What? Cyanide?" Adams replied.

By eleven-fifteen, some twenty-five people were in the newsroom, most of them sitting at desks at the front of the room, where the lights had been turned on. It was still dark over the seemingly endless expanse of reporters' desks, all vacant. The room was strangely devoid of sound and movement. No phones rang, and nobody was typing. The atmosphere was altogether different from what it had been on the previous Wednesday.

AT the same time on Wednesday, there had been an air of buoyant expectancy everywhere. The optimism was so high that quite a few newsroom people who hadn't been in the building since the strike began crossed the picket line and came in, ready to start work, in the middle of the afternoon. Two of the regular elevator operators had received permission from the union to cross the picket line and were on duty by four o'clock. Three months' accumulation of dust and grime had been scrubbed from the reporters' desks, and the masking tape that had been wrapped around their telephones had been stripped off. For the first time in over a hundred days, the lights were on throughout the newsroom. Frank Adams, greeting a colleague, said, "Happy days are here again, eh?"

Turner Catledge, asked if a celebration had been arranged, replied, "Nothing is planned, but I imagine we will have quite a hysterical group."

Thomas Campion, the production director, looking enormously dynamic, made a quick visit to the newsroom. "We've got six machinists and six electricians already on the job," he said. "Whew, is this exciting!"



Many of those who had worked through the strike were beginning to refer to it as if it were an event in the past. "During all that time, it was pretty dismal in here," John Radosta, the picture editor, said. "A patch of light here, another patch there, and the dust and dirt got pretty thick, because, of course, we had no maintenance men. Dust and dirt can become very dispiriting. But we had a few morale-builders. We got into the habit of bringing in cookies and doughnuts and other tidbits to share with the people in the little pockets of activity around us. I usually stopped at a fruit store on the way to work and picked up a dollar's worth of fresh things. I called it my anti-scurvy campaign."

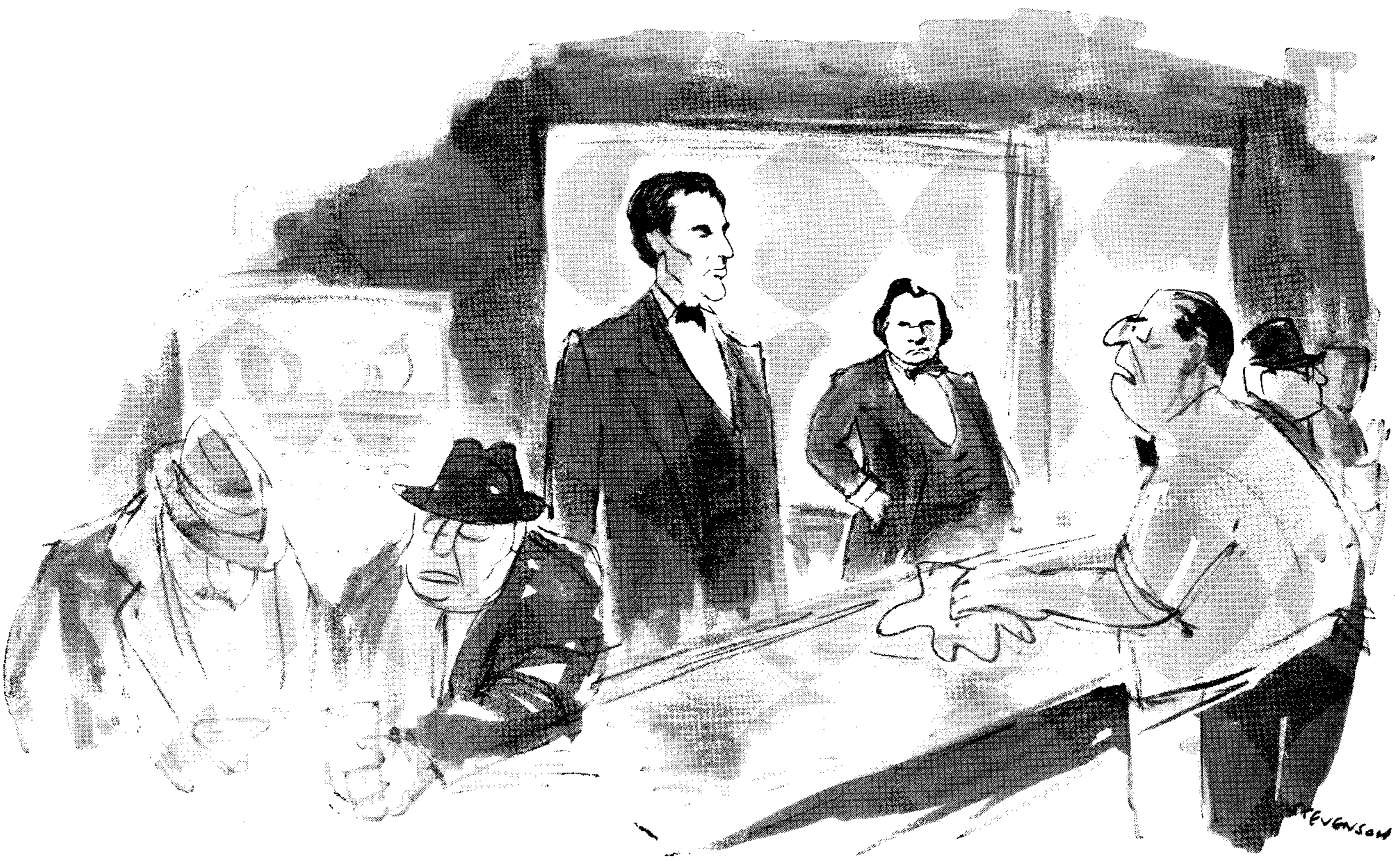
"I brought in hot cross buns," Joseph Herzberg, the newspaper's cultural-news editor, said. "It all helped during those days. People were doing their work, but they were just walking through it. It was a pallid sort of thing. You can feel things changing now. Everybody's ready to go. It's the old fire-horse tradition, I guess. If anything happens now, it's going to be bad, very bad. I'll go back and open that bottle of bourbon that's been aging."

"We ought to do something a little more dramatic than that," Jack Gould, the television critic, said.

"Well," said Herzberg, "if you want to shoot yourself, don't do it in the culture department. We've just got straightened up back there."

As Wednesday afternoon wore on and reports filtered into the newsroom of delays, wrangling, and booing at the photoengravers' meeting, the kidding and levity died down. By six o'clock, nearly complete silence had settled over the room. Turner Catledge, unsmiling, his head bent slightly forward, walked purposefully from his office to the wire room, looked briefly at what was coming over the A.P. ticker about the union meeting, and returned to his office. Marshall Newton was reading a paperback titled "Sixteen Skeletons from My Closet." Many of his colleagues had also picked up something to read. Ted Bernstein, an assistant managing editor, now paid a visit to the wire room and scanned the material coming out of the tickers. "What's the matter with your machines, Jack?" he said to the head of the wire room. "They're telling us about a freighter going aground off Japan. Is that news *now*?"

About a quarter after eight, Frank Adams' phone rang. He picked it up, quickly put it down, rose from his desk,



"If you two don't quit arguing with each other, I'm gonna throw you both right out of here!"

• •

and said in a loud voice, "Rejected." He said it twice more on his way to Catledge's office.

A couple of minutes later, Catledge came out of his office and said, "Hold everything for the next forty-five minutes or so." He walked over and looked out of the window. Several of his staff followed him. Down below, the crowd that had filled the sidewalk was beginning to break up and drift away.

"Well, back to the old drawing board," somebody said.

Shortly after nine, Catledge appeared in the doorway of his office. "We're taking down the tent tonight," he said. "Same hours tomorrow. We've got to get out the Western edition anyway. Nine in the morning."

The members of the newsroom staff put on their coats and left. "I used to be a newspaperman once myself," Ted Bernstein said as he walked past the door of Catledge's office. A short while later, Catledge departed, bringing the Wednesday vigil to a close.

"YOU can see the effects of Wednesday's psychological erosion," Joseph Herzberg remarked to us in the newsroom on Sunday morning. "Nobody wants to get his hopes up and go through all that again."

It was now eleven-twenty. No word of importance had been received from the meeting. When something did happen, the newsroom was expected to be the first to know, and, as a result, a number of people from other departments had taken up temporary residence there. Three of these visitors—Ivan Veit, business manager for promotion and circulation; Nat Goldstein, circulation director; and Irvin Taubkin, promotion director—were sitting around a desk near Catledge's office. Talking with them, we learned that all of the city's papers were expecting their circulation after the strike to be less than it had been before—at least for a while. Though the *Times'* total circulation might fall off, Goldstein said, the paper's mail subscriptions after the strike would be four hundred and fifty more for the daily edition and two thousand two hundred and twenty more for the Sunday edition than when the paper closed down.

"Renewals and new subscriptions that have come in during the strike amount to more than a quarter of a million dollars," Veit said. "That would seem to indicate that we've kept a few friends. We've also had lots of letters from readers telling us how to handle the situation. Day before yesterday, we had one from a lady in Belmar, New Jersey, that was probably as sensible as any. She said, 'The only way to settle the strike is to pray for help from above.' That may be the formula."

At eleven-twenty-five, Catledge, who was as restless that day as Frank Adams or any of the rest of the staff, came out of his office and glanced out the window. Three men were standing across the street. Robert Garst, an assistant managing editor, said that two of them were from the composing room and the third was from the pressroom. Turning away from the window, Catledge said he was about to watch the television program "The New York *Times* of the Air," and invited anybody who would like to see it to join him. We accepted the invitation, as did Goldstein and Salisbury, and followed him into a small lounge adjoining his office. The program was watched intently and with very little comment, though when Marjorie Hunter, of the Washington Bureau, came on, Catledge said, "That's the best hairdo she's had." Presently, the program was interrupted for a switch to Gabe Pressman, the N.B.C. newsman, who was covering the photoengravers' meeting. When he appeared on the screen, standing just outside the meeting-room doors, he explained that reporters were not allowed inside, but that, in the best tradition of keyhole journalism, he was following developments by keeping his ear pressed to the crack of the door. Catledge smiled. Pressman then held a microphone to the door, and a voice he identified as that of the Union's president could be heard telling his audience that he hoped nobody, upon leaving the meeting, would "say anything that would be detrimental to the union."

"That could be a good sign," Catledge remarked.

Pressman gave some background information, said that the vote would be taken soon, and promised to return whenever there were more developments.

Frank Adams appeared in the doorway. "The vote is under way," he said, and left.

Goldstein rubbed his hands. "They're wet," he said, looking surprised. "I'm in a cold sweat."

As the program continued, Catledge got up, walked into his office, came back, stood in the doorway, and then sat down on the arm of a sofa.

At twelve-ten, in the midst of introducing Bosley Crowther, the film critic, the moderator of the television program said it was being switched again to Pressman.

At this moment, Irvin Taubkin darted his head around the door of the lounge and said, "It's been approved!"

Catledge stood up, kept his eye on the screen for a few seconds to watch Pressman trying to interview the photoengravers as they streamed out of the meeting—including one who said earnestly, "We were authorized not to say anything"—and then headed for the newsroom. From there we had heard, almost simultaneously with Taubkin's announcement, some sounds of approval, including a few handclaps, but whoever started the clapping had apparently soon discovered that he was alone, for he stopped. The immediate audible reaction to the news was minimal; the visible one was evident in the replacement of signs of strain with instant smiles.

Walking out of the newsroom, Catledge said, "It's passed. The strike seems to be over. There will be a meeting right away in my office." He motioned to ten or twelve of his staff, who followed him into his office and sat down at an oval table.

"Gentlemen, I hardly know how to express it," he began. He hesitated for a second. "We'll just go to work. We're going to put out a paper tomorrow. We want to get out an abnormally good paper. Let's be very alert in handling continuing stories. For example, our people know scarcely anything about the football scandal that's been going on down South. We will have to fill them in. It doesn't have to be long—a paragraph or so—but on these continuing stories go back and loop in what's happened. We hope to have an eighty-page paper tomorrow. It will be in four sections—twenty-eight and twelve, twenty-eight and twelve. Eighty pages is an ideal paper. We're going to try to cut off copy at seven, so we can get a nine-o'clock press start. We're back in production. The paper's going to look awfully good. God damn! Let's just translate our glee into some damned good work and a damned good paper."

That ended the meeting, and within minutes those who had attended it were at work. By twelve-thirty, all the lights over the reporters' desks had been turned on. Down on Forty-third Street, Allyn Baum was standing on a twelve-foot ladder, ready to shoot the return to work. At twelve-thirty-six, it started. In the newsroom, telephones had begun to ring.

"We're all very happy," Frank Adams said into his phone. "People are streaming in here now."

Catledge, smiling almost continuously, had taken up a position near the entrance of the newsroom. "Hi, Abe," he said, shaking hands with Raskin, who, smiling broadly and looking as suave and conservatively tailored as a Morgan partner, was among the first to arrive.

Raskin was followed by Nan Robertson, a reporter, who made an exuberant entrance. "Oh boy! Home!" she said, shaking hands with Catledge, who went on to welcome Milton Bracker, Mort Stone, Peter Kihss, Seth King, Gay Talese, Homer Bigart, and many others, including Ruth Adler, an attractive, white-haired woman, who edits the paper's house organ.

"I can't believe it," Miss Adler said after kissing Catledge on the cheek and looking around the room. "The place hasn't changed a bit."

"We're all just a little older, that's all," Catledge said. "And, I hope, just a little more experienced."

Television crews had arrived and were setting up their equipment.

"Do you want to say anything for publication?" Catledge asked Orvil E. Dryfoos, the publisher, who had come into the room.

"No," Dryfoos replied. "I just want to publish."

On the other side of the room, Radosta was bending over to administer a bear hug to Sammy Solovitz, a diminutive copy boy who is a newsroom institution. Newton was talking to a reporter assigned to cover a press

"There's no hot water."

conference that had just been called by Mayor Wagner. Nearby, Raskin, sitting on a desk, was talking with Sheldon Binn, an assistant to the city editor.

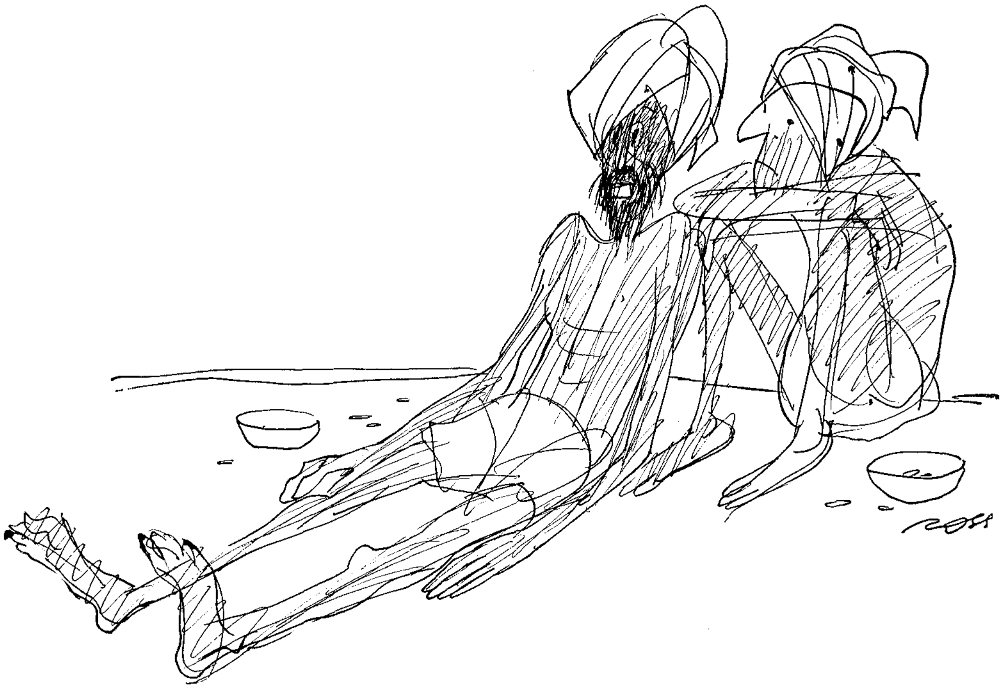
Howard Taubman, the theatre critic, walked by. "Abe," he said, "you're a lousy prophet, but it's good to see you." Raskin laughed.

Then Lester Markel came by and shook Raskin's hand.

"You understand Abe's been our bellwether," Binn explained. "All the time it was 'What does Abe say?' 'Does Abe say this is good?' 'Does Abe say this is bad?' "

"What I want to know," Markel said, addressing Raskin, "is when can I expect that story about the Kaiser Steel Corporation for the Sunday Magazine."

"I've been in the office twelve minutes, and listen to him," Raskin said. "I think I'll go back on the picket line."



"In my third reincarnation, we were rather well-to-do."

As the old-home-week atmosphere around the city desk gradually gave way to workaday routine, we took a turn through some of the other departments, and stopped to have a word with John G. Forrest, the financial-and-business-news editor. "I tell you, if the strike had gone on another week, somebody would have had to contend with me," he said. "The trout season in my part of the country opens next week. Hell, I haven't had time to tie any flies or do any of the things that— well, that keep you normal."

Over on Culture Row, a few typewriters were clicking. "We have four or five music critics out at concerts now," Joseph Herzberg said. "Arthur Gelb is writing an exclusive story on Kennedy's new Arts Council that will be on page 1 tomorrow, and all the other arts will be properly represented."

Howard Taubman was straightening up his office. "I feel tremendously relieved," he told us. "It's been very trying, working here these last three months. I did all the work I normally do, plus a great deal more—television, WQXR, and so on—but there was something wrong. I don't know who said it, but the whole experience was like writing on a typewriter without a ribbon."

A sense of relief was also evident in the advertising department, on the second floor, to which we next made our way, by elevator. (Six of the eight elevators were now in operation, manned by the regular uniformed staff.) There we found Monroe Green, the business manager in charge of advertising, who was wearing an apricot-colored short-sleeved shirt that matched the upholstery of some of the chairs in his office. He was talking and laughing with three of his top executives. He informed us that the first day's paper would carry fifty pages of advertising, and he had at his fingertips a number of other statistics, which he recited with evident pleasure.

Ascending to the fourth floor, we paid a brief visit to the "chapel," or headquarters of the Typographical Union—a large, high-ceilinged room off the composing room. There we met Arthur Hopkins, chairman of the chapel, who was unpacking a cardboard carton containing manila folders. "I'm trying to get my records in shape," he said, putting a stack of folders into a steel cabinet. "When the strike started, we took everything with us. We packed up all our records, cards, typewriters, and adding machines, the public-address system—the works—and moved them to strike headquarters. We filled about ten cartons. Today we moved them all back. We started as soon as the picket line was down. I was the first one through the door. Everybody followed me in."

On leaving the chapel, we spotted Campion, the production director, on the other side of the composing room. We caught up with him and asked how things were going. "We're keeping our fingers crossed, but it looks good," he said. "Lord, I thought this day would never come. These last few months—it's been like living in another world." During the strike, he continued, the supervisory personnel in his department had kept the presses, of which there are sixteen, and the other equipment lubricated and operable. "Everything is ready to go, and the pots are hot," he added, explaining that the pots are the vessels, attached to the linotype machines, that hold the molten metal from which type is cast. "Our press run tonight will be nine hundred and forty thousand copies," he went on. "On an ordinary night, twelve or thirteen presses would be enough to handle daily circulation. Tonight we're going to try for all sixteen. We'll need a hundred and seventy-six pressmen."

At the moment, there were fewer than a dozen men at work in the composing room, and most of them, Campion pointed out, were breaking up the forms that had been made for the last edition before the strike. While showing us about, he stopped to introduce us to Michael Raffaele, the night-shift foreman, and to ask him how he was doing. "Everything's under control, outside of the butterflies as big as eagles in my stomach," Raffaele said. Campion indicated his appreciation of the sally, and then, summoned by phone to his office, took off at high speed.

It was now six-thirty. We returned to the newsroom, where we learned that at various meetings during the afternoon all the newspaper unions had ratified their contracts, with the exception of the pressmen. Consequently, though the picket line in front of the *Times* had been gone for six hours, no pressmen had yet entered the building. Sixty or seventy of them had gathered in the familiar territory across the

"Well, hello, Grabby!"

• •

street. At six-forty, Goldstein, who has a private intelligence network that is not low-rated by his colleagues, was called to a telephone outside Catledge's office. In a couple of seconds, he put down the phone and shouted in to Catledge, "The pressmen ratified at six-thirty-six!" About five minutes later, the pressmen on the street, having received word of the vote, started to move in a body toward the building. "I'm beginning to think we really will have a paper tonight," Goldstein said.

By now, the newsroom appeared to be running as smoothly as if its operations had never been interrupted. "Actually, the process of getting started is not quite what one would anticipate," Veit remarked to us. "Everybody knows what he's supposed to do, and he comes in and does it."

All but two chairs around the three regular copy desks were occupied. At the photo desk, Radosta was looking through a stack of pictures and sipping coffee from a paper cup. "I've seen the first sure sign that the strike is over—the coffee is no longer free," he said. "All during the strike, there was an urn back there, and you just helped yourself. Now it's fifteen cents." He turned to glance at the Close Board, on the wall separating the newsroom and the wire room, on which were four columns of figures, running from one to ninety-six. Most of the figures between one and eighty were illuminated, and Radosta explained that each illuminated figure corresponded to a page of the edition going to press that had not yet been closed. As each page was closed, he continued, a toggle switch was snapped in the composing room, erasing the number of that page on the Close Board and on duplicates of the board in the composing room and the pressroom. Now, at ten minutes after eight, the board showed that fourteen pages had closed.

As more numbers were blacked out on the Close Board, the newsroom became increasingly quiet and depopulated. The center of attraction had now shifted to the composing room, which, we discovered upon arriving there, had taken on the aspect of a company picnic. Practically every editor or executive we had seen during the day was there, along with several others, including Amory Bradford, the general manager; Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, the assistant treasurer; and Harding F. Bancroft, the secretary.

"We've got a really big job on our hands tonight," Raffaele said. "Eighty pages right off. Nobody else would have attempted it. We attempt the impossible, and sometimes we succeed. Listen! I hear a mallet. That's music."

Soon there was more mallet music, as the final touch was put on another form. At nine o'clock—the planned press time—the Close Board in the composing room still showed seven illuminated numbers. One by one, they disappeared. At nine minutes after nine, the final page was closed, the last switch was thrown, and the board was dark. Catledge was scanning a proof of page 1 on a composing stone nearby. "It looks wonderful," he said.

Most of the celebrants now moved down to the pressroom, in the basement, where a sizable crowd had already collected, including William Laurence, the science editor, and his wife, who was holding a long-stemmed red rose. "They gave it to me upstairs," she told us, her eyes sparkling. "After all those months, I couldn't have lived if I hadn't come down here tonight." She stepped back as a hand truck filled with newly cast, gleaming cylindrical plates was wheeled by and on down the narrow corridor between the presses.

From time to time, a bell rang loudly—a warning that one of the presses into which plates were being set or paper threaded was about to turn over. The pressmen were all wearing the traditional square paper hats, which tonight were brand-new; their work clothes, though—mostly dungarees and blue shirts—were as thoroughly ink-stained as if they hadn't been laundered in a hundred and fourteen days. The bell-ringing became more frequent. It appeared that Press No. 14 would be the first to roll.

Orvil Dryfoos, who had been shaking hands with a number of the pressmen and welcoming them back, now walked over and stood a couple of feet from No. 14. We joined him. "Any minute now," he said, smiling broadly. A pressman pushed the starting button on No. 14. "There she goes! Doesn't that sound wonderful?" Dryfoos said, over the mounting roar. "There goes another one!" he shouted as No. 16 started to roll. "It's exciting. It's always exciting." He took an armful of papers as they came off the press and passed them around to various visitors, including us.

Tucking the paper under our arm, we returned to the newsroom and congratulated Catledge, who was looking through a copy of the first edition. He thanked us and said, "We hope our readers will say, 'This is what we expected the New York *Times* to do.'"

THERESA

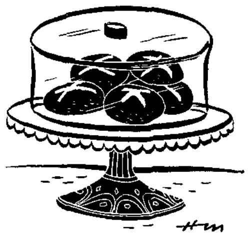
I DOUBT whether I'll ever get around to buying and reading a pamphlet I saw digested in the British press not long ago, but I've given its subject matter some thought. Put out by one of those earnest committees of inquiry that are always publishing the results of mass observation, this one treats of relations between the British at home and students from overseas. It would be terser and more accurate to refer to the latter as "colored students," but it wouldn't be as tactful, and tact, as the writers point out, is one of the things Britain needs more of. The committee states, with truth, that the aforementioned relations are growing more strained all the time; it doesn't say, because it doesn't have to, that this tendency distresses many of the British, who used to pride themselves, however deludedly, on their nation's lack of race prejudice. People who were uppity and self-satisfied when they read about American debacles such as the Little Rock riots are now sorry and ashamed when British workers go on strike because Jamaicans are being hired to work with them, or when some scandal over landladies refusing to take colored lodgers is exposed.

The writers of this pamphlet, however, are confident that they've discovered at least one of the roots of the trouble. It's not so much that the British are inimical, they say, as that overseas students *think* the British are. The overseas students make errors of judgment by reading race prejudice into everything that happens, whether prejudice exists or not. Expecting to encounter hostility because of their dark skins, they detect it on all hands and see it behind every little rebuff. Now, day-to-day life in Britain is full of rebuffs for everybody, white or black. What the average overseas student does not understand, say the authors, is the British temperament. It's reserved. Down there where the overseas students come from, people are different. They are open and smiling and generous and warmhearted. Naturally, it is a shock to a student when he comes smack up against British reserve and is buffed and rebuffed; he ends up feeling chilled and discriminated against, but he should take heart. The British rebuff *everybody*.

To a certain degree, I go along with the committee, but I feel that it still hasn't plumbed to the heart of this difficult problem, and since, because of their reserved nature, its members may never do so unassisted, I should like to come forward with my own suggestion. I think they should try to warm up their hearts, open their minds, and consider the possibility that a student from Africa may continue to feel chilled in Britain even when reassured about race prejudice, because in fact he *is* chilled. Cold is what I'm getting at. Physical freezing. Never mind racism and all that jazz; let him get close to the fire.

My new insight dates back to a fairly recent time—last July—when I returned from Tanganyika to England, carrying in my bag a couple of addresses and on my conscience a duty. I had promised Thomas, an official in the government of newly independent Tanganyika, to look up his wife, Theresa, in London. Thomas acquired his European name in boyhood, at a Catholic mission school, where he also learned English. Theresa, as well, must have been named by missionaries, but she hadn't learned English, and that was why she was now in Britain, many miles away from her husband and five children. It was a complicated story.

"When the British were still in control here," explained Thomas, "they awarded me a grant to study in Britain, with passage for my wife included. We arranged everything. The children were sent to my mother-in-law in our village, and so on, when suddenly it was announced that Tanganyika would shortly be independent, and I was promoted to a new job and couldn't get away. I cancelled my trip, but we held the tickets—they'd been paid for. I was worried about Theresa's not knowing English, because now that I had my government job we'd have to give parties, and she'd be expected to entertain English-speaking people. I made up my mind quickly that she should go to England, and she went on by herself."



It was hard to visualize a Tanganyikan village woman on such an adventure. I tried, and failed. I have seen many of these women, at Dar es Salaam government parties, sitting primly against the wall or standing in corners, dead silent.

"But you probably have friends in London who look after her," I said.

Thomas shook his head blandly. Theresa was having to make her own way in London, he said, though he did have friends in Oxford to whom she meant to go later on. He would be pleased, he added, if I could meet her on some occasion when I went to London myself, from my country home. I took her address, therefore, and Thomas added that of his Oxford friends for good measure.

During the following days, I thought a good deal about the situation. It is a mistake to assume that a colored person is bound to find friends everywhere in London merely because there are so many other colored people about. That there are a lot is undeniable; it's possible to walk a whole block near University College, for example, without seeing one white face, but that does not mean they're all friends together in a jolly little group. Some West Indians look down on Africans. Africans of one nation may well distrust or sneer at Africans of other nations. A couple of years ago, recently back from West Africa, I was in London in the tube station at Euston, and I walked up to the other end of the platform past a whole lot of people waiting for the train. Nearly all of them were colored. Each person or group of persons stood alone, bent on his or their private pursuits in ordinary big-town fashion, except for one little man hovering at the platform's end. He was so patently waiting to pounce on somebody—anybody—to talk to that I knew he would say something to me. Though I'm not at all psychic, I even knew, in advance, that he was a Nigerian. That eager, friendly expression was unmistakable.

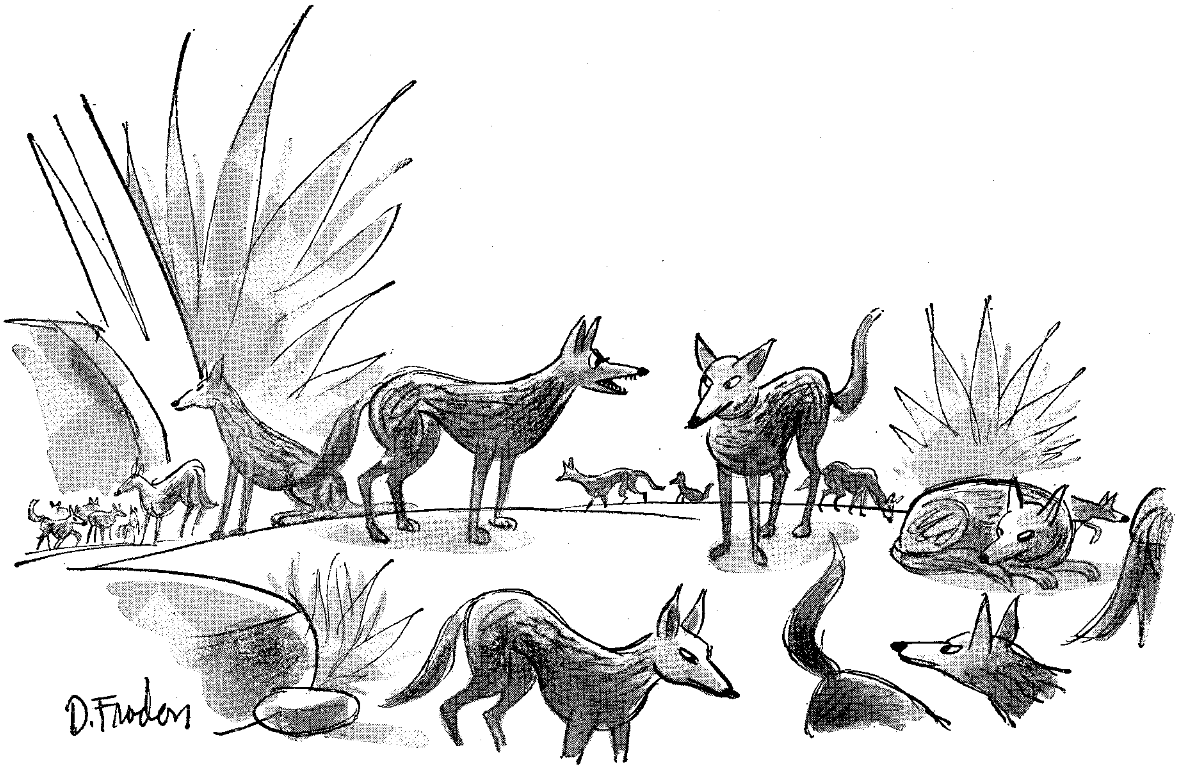
"Good morning. It is a nice day, isn't it?" he said.

I said, "Good morning. Yes, it's lovely. Are you from Lagos?"

"Not Lagos, Madam—Ibadan. But I often go to Lagos, because my brother . . ."

We can skip the conversation, which was of no special interest. The point is that all the other colored people on that platform were British-type West Indians of glum habit, or Africans from nations unsympathetic to that of my poor Nigerian, who consequently turned, in despair, to a paleface.

WHEN I got back to England from Tanganyika, I was busy for a couple of weeks. Then I wrote to Theresa at the London address Thomas had given me, inviting her to come to stay with my husband, Charles, and me in the country for a bit. No reply appeared, and after another two weeks I began to entertain the cheerful hope that she'd gone back to Tanganyika. Or perhaps, I thought less cheerfully, she had been unable to read my letter. In



"The trouble with being a jackal is you're always surrounded by jackals."

any case, I felt that my conscience ought to be clear, for I'd done my duty.

That it went on bothering me was not the result of undue sensitivity on my part; it was merely that I cannot help identifying with newcomers to London. I used to be one myself, and I'll never forget what it was like. No Briton can truly appreciate how tough it can be, though my husband tries. Charles, a widely travelled man, has heard so much on the subject from foreign friends that it has had a lasting effect, and he's always attempting to make up for his compatriots' inhospitality by being as nice as possible to aliens. We aliens consider this extraordinary and touching—not that he looks upon *me* as an alien. Of course, he is not nice to other British people; they would be surprised and alarmed if he were. They're not nice to him, either. As the pamphlet says, they're reserved. But when I told Charles about Theresa, the thought of her bothered him, too, and, what with this added impetus, my conscience couldn't rest.

I pictured her in my mind as alone in the city. I cast my thoughts back to the London house where I used to rent a room, to the cellarlike smell of the staircase, the wet, peeling wallpaper, and, above all, the cold—the nibbling, damp, voracious cold that tracks you down relentlessly, indoors and out, and even during a reasonably warm season lies in wait for you in wardrobe, bathroom, or dank bed, saying, "Here I am again!" I told myself that one gets used to it—that I got used to it—but I had come to London from St. Louis, and Theresa had landed there straight from the middle of Tanganyika, and without knowing the language. I had to try again to find her. I looked up the other address Thomas had given me, of some people named Murray in Oxford, and I wrote to them explaining who I was, and asked if they had any news of Theresa.

A few days later, on Sunday evening, the telephone rang and a woman announced that she was Mrs. Murray. "Theresa is here with us," she said. "She's sorry she didn't answer your letter when she was in London, but she didn't quite know how, and at the time it arrived she was ill."

"Oh dear, I'm so sorry about the illness," I said. "Was it serious?"

"Nothing that mattered. Some sort of chill. She is quite recovered." Mrs. Murray's voice held a hint of rebuke that I recognized. Charles reacts in the same way when anyone mentions ill-health, as if it were something to be avoided in conversation as much as in practice, if not more. It must be disciplined and never encouraged by attention. "Theresa's delighted to accept your kind invitation to stay," continued Mrs. Murray, who sounded brisk and efficient. "If it is convenient to you, we've decided she can go this week. In fact, I'm afraid it will have to be this week or never. On the Monday following, she embarks on a course in English here. Thomas wants her to complete it before going back to Africa." She ended by assuring me that she and her husband would drive Theresa over next afternoon in time for tea.

I remarked to Charles, as I hung up the receiver, that we need not have worried so much. Obviously, Theresa was being looked after remarkably well, and the British in general were not as bad as he always said.

ON the dot of four, next afternoon, the Murray car rolled up the driveway and Charles and I went out to meet it. At first glance, I saw no African but a car full of big blond people. The Murrays—father, mother, and teen-age daughter—were imposing types, broad and tall, with healthy pink faces. It was only after they'd climbed out and shaken hands that I saw Theresa behind them, lost until then because she was so tiny. My first thought was that she might have stepped off the plane from Tanganyika just as she was. Her hair was not straightened or parted, or otherwise Europeanized. Her cotton print dress, her toe-thong sandals, and her bare black legs were like those of most women I'd seen in Dar es Salaam or the country nearby, and I was surprised that she wore no coat over her dress but only a thin nylon cardigan. True, it was summertime, and for England the day was not bad. Slanting rays of the sun did occasionally get through the gunmetal sky, lightening it to pewter. Still, Theresa was a Tanganyikan and had just been confined with a chill. I thought her costume Spartan.

We all trooped into the house and settled down in the living room, and tea got poured and handed around. We Caucasians kept up a flood of the kind of talk you use at tea when you've just met—about dogs, gardening, and the weather. Finally, I addressed Theresa directly, asking her how her English was coming along. I expected her to giggle and shake her head, but she smiled composedly and replied, “It’s all right.”

She had a remarkable purity of tone and diction. Later, I learned that though she was sometimes at a loss for a word, she spoke, when she had the vocabulary, like someone who had used English all her life.

“Theresa is doing very well,” said Mrs. Murray, in kind, firm tones.

There was nothing wrong in that; it really was ill-natured of me to think Mrs. Murray sounded like a nanny, and to come dangerously near retorting that Theresa was a grown woman with five children. Anyway, I didn’t say it, which was fortunate, as more of the same was to come, this time from my husband. “What about her food?” he demanded. “Is there anything she shouldn’t have?”

“Oh, she eats anything. Whatever you’re having,” said Mrs. Murray. “Fish on Friday, of course, but as we’re picking her up Friday morning, you won’t have to worry about that.”

Theresa looked alertly from one speaker to the other, as she’d been doing all through tea, and I wondered if her polite smile wasn’t masking a broader one, but it was no use speculating. Mr. Murray glanced at his watch, said, “Well, my dear . . . ,” and everybody stood up. Before the visitors left, however, I picked up Theresa’s little canvas holdall and took Mrs. Murray and Theresa upstairs to look at the guest room. Mrs. Murray said, “Very nice. I’m sure you’ll be happy here, Theresa, and now we really must be on our way, as the traffic’s bad at this hour. She should be quite all right,” she added, to me. “She has her other dress with her—it’s a silk print—and she’s got a spare pair of sandals, so you shouldn’t have any trouble.”

AS the car drove off and Theresa, Charles, and I stood waving, the sun came out and did its pewter act again. Then Charles went into his study, and Theresa and I, left together, looked at each other and wondered what to do next. In England, unless it is raining, you can always look at the garden. I suggested, tentatively, that we do so.

“Yes,” said Theresa. “Let us look at the garden.”

We walked around the flower beds, in wet grass or on muddy paths, talking a little about Tanganyika but more about London. Theresa had shared a room in London with another woman, who came from West Africa. Though their nations were widely separated, they seemed to have got on well enough. Their native languages had nothing in common, so they’d been forced to converse in English. Theresa’s proficiency in the tongue had, of necessity, developed fast. She’d visited museums, ridden miles on buses, peeked into shops, and learned what the British eat. She spoke of it all sedately and without expressing any opinions, until I said, “Didn’t you hate it most of the time? The food, for instance, is so bland.”

“I had Indian food once—that was very good,” said Theresa.

“And, after Tanganyika, London must look dark most of the day—even here in the country it’s dark until late in the morning and then again early at night. You didn’t mind that?”

Theresa said courteously, “It was interesting, all interesting, until I became ill.”

The sun disappeared again—this time not only because of clouds; it was closer to the horizon, and trees blotted it out—and Theresa made a poignant little gesture. As she talked, she crossed her arms over her narrow bosom and began to shiver. Quietly, steadily, she shivered, without paying any attention to herself. She was telling me of a visit to the Regent’s Park Zoo, where she had been very keen to look at bears and ascertain what they are like, but, unaccountably, she had failed to find the bear cages. Her voice did not falter, nor did her teeth chatter. She simply shivered, the way other people breathe, and I was reminded of two scenes from my own life. In one, I was again a cold, underfed student in that Bloomsbury lodginghouse, shivering like Theresa, thinking of my skeleton as if it had ice instead of marrow in the middle of its bones. In the other, I was on a trip in the Congo a very long time ago, approaching the campfire around which my porters had slept the night before. It was so early in the morning that the sun hadn’t risen, and the porters were waiting to be called to duty, having rolled their blankets and strapped them. They sat at the fire and shivered. It did not seem cold to me, but they were nearly naked—they were used to the sun, which was not there—and they shivered as a matter of course, uncomplainingly. All those years ago, they had hugged themselves as Theresa did now. Their elbows had trembled and jerked like hers.

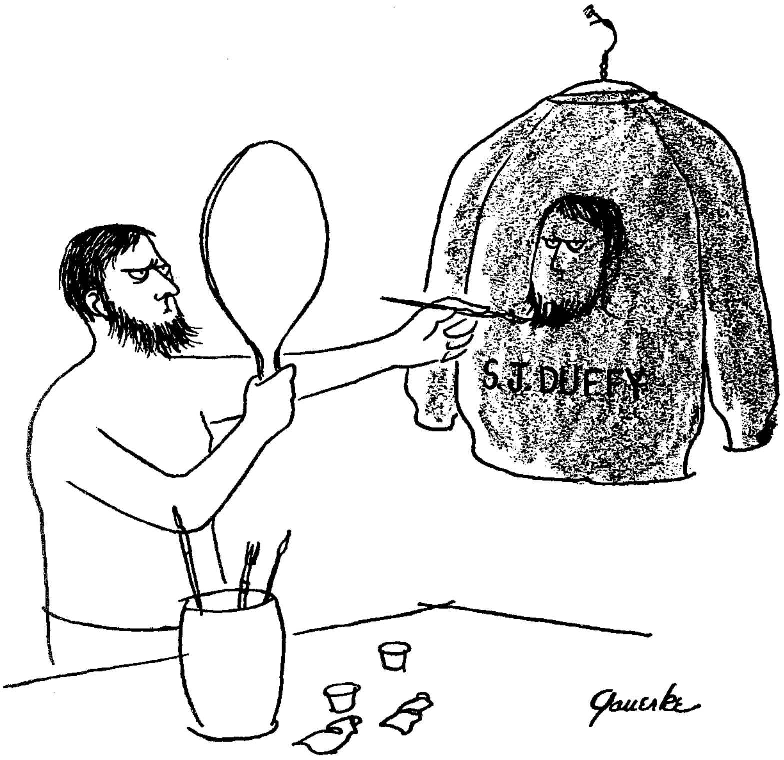
Back in my English garden, I cut into the story about the bears. “We’re getting cold,” I said. “We’d better get off this grass, into the house.”

Theresa replied, in a bewildered tone, “Why, yes. *You* are cold, too?”

At that moment, I really was. I was very cold. Leading the way through the door, I said, “Naturally. It’s always cold in England.”

“Why, yes,” said Theresa, and for the first time that afternoon she looked at me as if she saw me.

I had forgotten—carried away as I was—that in England in the summer it is less warm indoors than out. In our house, I have forced everyone to accept what the English regard as unhealthy habits, but only to a certain extent. In the winter, we have a form of central heating, and in consequence are the talk of the neighborhood. Our friends think I don’t know—but I do—how they complain, vowing to each other that it’s a test of endurance to come up and have a drink with us during the winter. However, that’s in the winter. Charles keeps his eye on the calendar and makes rules about the central heating accordingly—as good a method as any, I sup-



pose, since no cut-and-dried pattern makes sense when applied to the British climate. Late in September, the heat goes on each evening after sunset and continues on this schedule until Christmas, when it goes on in the morning. Charles used to call a halt to heating on March 1st, applying his calendar method rigorously and logically, but I made trouble and now we keep the heating on a winter basis until April.

None of this was any help, of course, on that July evening, and Theresa's shivers did not abate inside the house until I remembered the electric thing in the corner of my study. I am not sure what it is called, but it looks like a mushroom, and if you press the right button a fan starts up in the interior, blowing warm air through a grille arrangement on the front of it. I showed it to Theresa and pressed the proper button, with galvanizing effect. She grabbed a footstool, sat down by the grille in the mushroom, and practically put her arms around the entire machine. Then she smiled up at me, her teeth flashing, and said, "All right."

I hovered uneasily for a minute, saying, "Wouldn't you rather sit in a regular chair? You look cramped."

"No, no," said Theresa, edging closer to the mushroom.

At my suggestion, she kicked off her wet sandals, but she shook her head when I offered to get her some stockings. I never did manage to put Theresa into stockings. To be sure, she couldn't have worn her sandals if she'd covered her toes, but I'd have found a way out of that difficulty if she'd allowed me. However, she didn't allow me. For the rest of the time before dinner, I read and wrote letters, while Theresa and the mushroom remained all but locked in embrace.

At dinner, Charles talked to Theresa and asked her questions to help her practice English. He asked her how often she wrote to Thomas, and she said she wrote once in a while but not very often. He said she must eat more, so she did; she ate a lot of bread, and I reminded myself to have rice from that time on, because I knew Tanganyikans like it. Charles asked if she had her children's photographs to show us, but she didn't; she'd forgotten to bring any. That evening, she and the mushroom and I listened to our record-player. I have a collection of records, in an album called "Songs of Other Lands," which includes one entitled "Drums on the Ituri." It has never been a favorite with my children, for whom it was intended, but Theresa loved it, and we played it several times before going to bed.

Next day, we went to the zoological gardens at Whipsnade, where Theresa was able to see grizzly bears, Himalayan honey bears, and polar bears. We'd had rice at lunch and the sun was bright—for England—and I hoped she was feeling more comfortable, but at the zoo she began shivering in the old way, and it was then that I began thinking constructively about her clothes and realized why she had no coat. The reason was obvious: nobody had told her she might need one. It wouldn't have occurred to Mrs. Murray or any other Englishwoman that anyone would want a winter coat in summer. Englishwomen wear cardigans in the summer, and thin raincoats when necessary. In Tanganyika, of course, the need for a coat in England simply never occurred to people, for it's hot there the year round.

THINGS KEPT

From the years
when cars were worth looking at,
when they sat the road with dignity and aplomb,
a hint of nautical danger in their construction,
now a parade of ten, a dozen
elegant dragons
moves down the street under its own deliberate power,
with wire wheels spinning, or immensely solid wheels
painted in sulphur yellow,
with collapsible roofs thrown back
like elbows akimbo, resting in thorough ease.

Even in the most empty day
creation can happen, and the ancient cars—
the Pyramids on wheels, the ruins of the Forum mobile,
a sudden fragment of Minoan Greek translated—
shine forth in the pure faith of restoration,
spin merrily forward with the wholesome noise
of intimate, personal engines.
Red on red,
deep blue picked out with brass,
polished beyond fear of time or road stains,
they lavish in undecided weather
the beauty of making and keeping.

I can remember
sitting, reading a book, in early summer
on a stone terrace, at my right hand a weir,
and looking up to a ring of inquisitive peacocks,
six tame peacocks, trailing their tails in sequence,
tilting to one side their blue anachronous heads;
behind them, over the narrow, ruffled water,
on a small island, a stern stone lion, crowned,
remembering back toward the pulse of royal ages.
Their questions about me satisfied, the peacocks
took heavily to air, long trains depending,
and slowly flew through the pale sun to join him.

Objects, beings that have
the passion and flower of beauty caught about them,
the great design, rising, of peacock feathers,
the sculptured wheel of the maker's admiration,
the bold brass headlamp, the lion, defying night
and the dull years' ability to extinguish,
stand like right faith on their undoubted islands,
or move as gods move, powerful, of clear color,
meaning themselves and the virtue of their being,
bright coachwork tuned, wheels flashing, hackles raised
to hold strongly their inheritance of distinction,
blood relics of an ampler dispensation,
pure peacock blue, brass glory, furious stone.

—William Dickey

• •

US MAIL
US MAIL
CLAUDE

• •

When we got back to the house, I rummaged in a couple of trunks and found a thick sweater and a topcoat outgrown by one of my daughters. Theresa showed genuine enthusiasm for them, once she had them on. She didn't shiver until after sunset, and when she began doing it then, I hit on a new theory.

"Theresa," I said, "what are you wearing under your dress?"

She replied, in surprise, that she was wearing nothing.

This time, it was out of my own stock of put-away clothes that I produced a set of what the British call "woollies"—clumsy, bulky pants and a vest that I hadn't needed for a long time. It came as a shock to realize I'd given them up years ago. One *does* get used to things.

Theresa had never seen such objects, but she went straight upstairs to put them on, and when she came down, looking fatter, she was smiling. "Much better," she reported. "I am not going to give them back. All right?"

"All right," I said.

On the next day, Theresa and I went to London, and met Charles at an Indian restaurant, where we had curry. "And what have you done this morning?" Charles asked Theresa. "Have you written to your husband?"

"Not yet," she said. "We are too busy."

Actually, we *were* busy for the rest of the day, walking in London and calling on friends of mine. It was late when we got home and had dinner, and Theresa expressed herself very well, I thought, when she sighed, resting an elbow on the table and her head on her hand, and said, "I am so tired I remember nothing, nothing, about this day."

Charles was alarmed. He repeated, "Nothing? Not the train, or curry at lunch?"

Theresa shook her head and pulled down the corners of her mouth in a rueful expression, her eyes twinkling. "Nothing," she insisted. Then, relenting, she said, "I am really going to write to my husband tonight."

IT was comfortable in my study after dinner, with the mushroom purring and Theresa, cuddled up to it, scribbling away on a paper pad. A book lay open on my lap, but I didn't look at it, because I was busy thinking. I thought, You can put people together from the opposite ends of the earth and most of the time nothing significant happens. There is no contact. I wasn't thinking of ordinary communication, because, of course, you have that. The white man in the jungle can show the Indian by signs that he is hungry, and the Indian may give him food. You can offer food and shelter and clothing anywhere in the world, or do the other thing—rape and murder strangers—and all these acts are contact of a sort, but what I meant was something rarer: the touching of thought. One could hope only for an occasional brush, the lightest stroke of a feather, and then, sometimes, one felt it. I thought of Theresa teasing Charles. We'd felt it then.

Theresa said, "I have written to Thomas. I tell him Charles takes care of me like a baby."

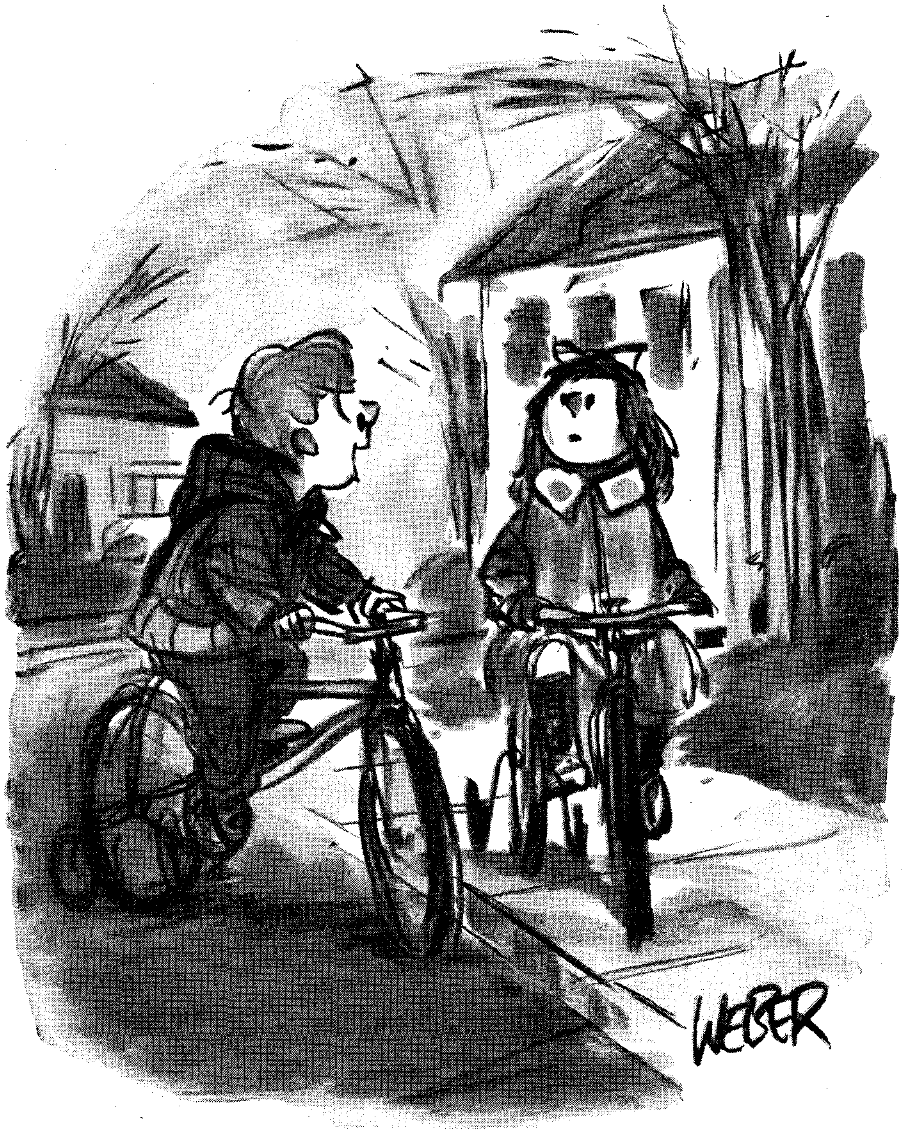
We both smiled, and I picked up my book.

"Please," she went on, holding up an envelope, "I should write on the back of this the address, where I am. Please tell me, so I can write, what is your last name? And where is this house? Where am I?"

—EMILY HAHN

THE LYRE

I EMIGRATED seven years ago, in 1919. This foreign land has by now lost its aura of abroadness. In the morning the potato hawker's cry "*Prima Kartoffeln!*" rings out in the Berlin street, in a high, disciplined singsong, or else a sepulchral bass proclaims "*Blumenerde!*" The thump of rugs being beaten is sometimes joined by a hurdy-gurdy, which is painted brown and mounted on squalid cart wheels, with a circular design on its front depicting an idyllic brook; and cranking now with his right hand, now with his left, the sharp-eyed organ-grinder pumps out a thick "O sole mio." That sun is already inviting me into the square. In its garden a young chestnut tree, still unable to walk alone and therefore supported by a stake, suddenly comes out with a flower bigger than itself. The lilacs, however, do not bloom for a long time; but when they finally make up their mind, then, within one night, which leaves a considerable number of cigarette butts under the benches, they encircle the garden with ruffled richness. In a quiet lane behind the church, the locust trees shed their petals on a gray June day, and the dark asphalt next to the sidewalk looks as if cream of wheat had been spilled on it. In the rose beds around the statue of a bronze runner, the Dutch Glory disengages the corners of its red petals and is followed by General Arnold Janssen. One happy and cloudless day in July, there is a very successful ant flight; the females take to the air, and the sparrows, also taking to the air, devour them; and in places where nobody bothers them the ants keep crawling along the gravel and shedding their feeble prop-room wings. The papers report that in Denmark, as a result of a heat wave there, numerous cases of insanity have been observed; people are tearing off their clothes and jumping into the canals. Male gypsy moths dash about in wild zigzags. The lindens go through all their involved, aromatic, messy metamorphoses.



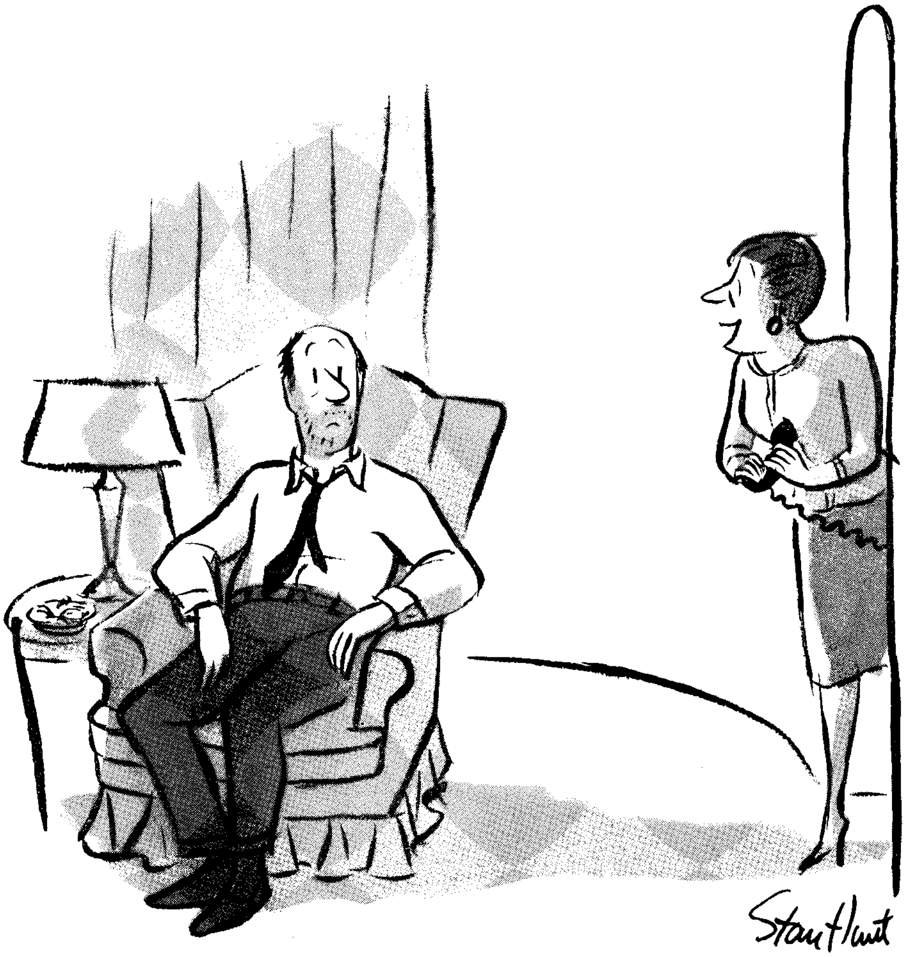
"Hey, Judy! I have twenty-three per cent fewer cavities!"

In my shirtsleeves and with sneakers on my sockless feet, I spend the greater part of the day on an indigo bench in the public garden, a book in my fingers; and when the sun beats down too hard, I lean my head on the hot back of the bench and shut my eyes for long periods. The ghostly wheels of the city day revolve through the interior bottomless scarlet, and the sparks of children's voices dart past, and the book, open in my lap, becomes ever heavier and more unbooklike; but now the scarlet darkens under a passing cloud, and lifting my sweaty neck, I open my eyes and once again see the park, the lawn with its marguerites, the freshly watered gravel, the little girl playing hopscotch with herself, the pram with the baby consisting of two eyes and a pink rattle, and the journey of the blinded, breathing, radiant disc through the cloud—then everything blazes once again and along the dappled street, lined with restless trees, a coal truck thunders by with the grimy driver on his high, bumpy seat clenching the stalk of an emerald-bright leaf in his teeth.

In the late afternoon I go to give a lesson—to a businessman with sandy eyelashes, who looks at me with a dull gaze of malevolent perplexity as I unconcernedly read Shakespeare to him; or to a schoolgirl in a black jumper; or to a jolly thickset fellow who served in the Imperial Navy. Besides these English lessons there are lucrative commercial translations—reports on the low sound conductivity of tile floors or treatises about ball bearings; and finally a modest but particularly precious income from my poems, which are composed in a kind of drunken trance. Some of them do not materialize in final form, dissolving instead, fertilizing the innermost depths. Others, completely polished and equipped with all their commas, are taken to the office of a Russian-language newspaper, the *Gazeta.* The editor, Vasiliev, good-naturedly accepts my poems and prints them, not because he likes them (generally he does not even read them), but because it is absolutely immaterial to him what adorns the non-political part of his paper.

There are times when I cannot wait for the evening mail that brings my copy and, instead, buy one half an hour earlier in the street, and shamelessly, scarcely having left the newsstand, unfold the paper—and sometimes find nothing; something else has squeezed it out. But if I find it, I gather the pages more conveniently and, resuming my progress along the sidewalk, read my poem over several times, varying the inner intonations—that is, imagining one by one the various mental ways the poem will be read, perhaps is now being read, by those whose opinion I consider important. With each of these different incarnations I almost physically feel a change in the color of my eyes, and also in the color behind my eyes, and in the taste in my mouth, and the more I like the *chef-d'œuvre du jour*, the more perfectly and succulently I can read it through the eyes of others.

Having thus dawdled away the summer, having given birth to, raised, and stopped loving forever some two dozen poems, I go out one clear and cool day, a Saturday, to make an important purchase. I need a new pair of shoes. The fallen leaves lie not flat on the sidewalk but warped and stiffly crumpled, so that from under each protrudes a blue corner of shadow. Carrying a broom, the public-toilet attendant, a little old woman in a clean apron, with a small sharp face and disproportionately large feet, comes out of her gingerbread cottage with its candy windows. Yes, it is autumn! I walk happily; everything is fine. This morning brought a letter from my mother, who is planning to come and visit me at Christmas, and through my deteriorating summer footwear I feel the ground with extraordinary sensitivity when I walk across an unpaved section, next to deserted vegetable-garden plots with their faint burnt odor.



"Howard, it's Mr. Newton! They're de-automating! You're reactivated! They're going back to using people!"

• •

FOR a long time I have wanted to express somehow that it is in my feet that I had the feeling of Russia, that I could touch and recognize all of her with my soles, as a blind man feels with his palms. At the end of the journey down to the country from St. Petersburg, the first sensation immediately upon walking out of the station: the softness of the ground, its kindred proximity to your foot, and around your head the totally unrestrained flow of air. Vying with each other, furiously lavishing invitations, standing up on their boxes, flourishing their free hand and mingling their uproar with exaggerated "Whoa!"s, the droshky drivers call to the early arrivals. A little way off, an open motorcar, crimson both inside and out, awaits us; the idea of speed has already given a slant to the steering wheel (sea-cliff trees will understand what I mean), while its general appearance still retains—out of a false sense of propriety, I suppose—a servile link with the shape of a victoria. But if this is indeed an attempt at mimicry, then it is totally destroyed by the roar of the motor with the muffler bypass opened, a roar so ferocious that long before we come in sight a peasant on a hay wagon coming the other way jumps off and tries to hood his horse with a sack—after which he and his cart end up in the ditch or even in the field; where, a minute later, having already forgotten us and our dust, the rural stillness collects again, cool and tender, with only the tiniest aperture left for the song of a skylark.

Perhaps one day, on foreign-made soles with heels long since worn down, feeling myself a ghost despite the idiotic substantiality and insulation of shoes, I shall again come out of that station and without visible companions walk along the footpath that accompanies the highway the ten or so versts to Leshino, our former estate. One after another the telegraph poles will hum at my approach. A crow will settle on a boulder—settle and straighten a wing that has folded wrong. The day will probably be on the grayish side. Changes in the appearance of the surrounding landscape that I cannot imagine, as well as some of the oldest landmarks that somehow I have forgotten, will greet me alternately, even mingling from time to time. I think that as I walk I shall utter something like a moan, in tune with the poles. When I reach the sites where I grew up and see this and that—or else, because of fires, rebuilding, lumbering operations, or the negligence of nature, see neither this nor that (but still make out something infinitely and unwaveringly faithful to me, if only because my eyes are, in the long run, made of the same stuff as the grayness, the clarity, the dampness of those sites)—then, after all the excitement, I shall experience a certain satiation of suffering, perhaps on the mountain pass to a kind of happiness which it is too early for me to know. But there is one thing I shall definitely not find there awaiting me—the thing which, indeed, made the whole

SANTOS: TEMPO RUMBA

Who is it speaks to me among the dancers?
It is the god Dambálla
riding fast
riding far
riding all the way from Africa

Dance the colors of life   and I shall watch.
Dance the deep unfathomable night sky
Darker than purple, darker than dark black.
Dance the white beads of the sun and stars
Paler than pale amid the shadow-worlds

Who is it touches me among the dancers?
It is the god Dámbálla
he who is so tall
with long fingers
and the five-beat

Dance the gold of honey, the green-gold
Of the gods' strong names. One of them is so strong
That if I say it the whole world disappears from view—
"Aido-Husu . . . ."
"I-speak-in-my-own-voice-and-I-am-understood"

Who is it reaches down among the dancers?
It is the god Dambálla
the great traveller
rainbow rider
dark-bright

Dance the blue of thunder   for seven days it will storm
With wild and terrible rage like that of the newly born
Dance the brass blade which carries the serpent on both
sides
And whose candidate comes forth from the dark shrine
alone
—Softly, softly, it is only your father

BA BA LU

Who is it holds the serpent by the neck?
It is the god Dámbálla
stranger on the shore
riding fast
riding without fear

Dance the red color of the three-day madness
There is a bird who when she sings her child does not die
A child, a child does not quarrel with its mother

MA MA LU

But if I cut the bird's throat and the blood runs
Over and down?

Blood cries for blood
I am your child says the drop of blood on the stair
I am your dear child says the red place on the floor
I am your own dear child says the dark place in the bed
A child, a child does not need to fear its mother

BA BA LU

MA MA LU

Sweep the house and all about it
For a friend comes from afar;
Yield, keepers of the door,
It is the god Dámbálla
Who rides here

It is He
The dark traveller
With the rainbow between his knees
Bright horseman on the shore
And the birth-cord   long liana

Wild-grape vine   free
Holding-us-together
Serpent leaping in his hand
He is near
He is quite near

Living hand   hold my hand!

A cry is heard

Gesu . . . .
Gesu-
Dámbállá

DAMBALLA LU

—E. N. Sargent

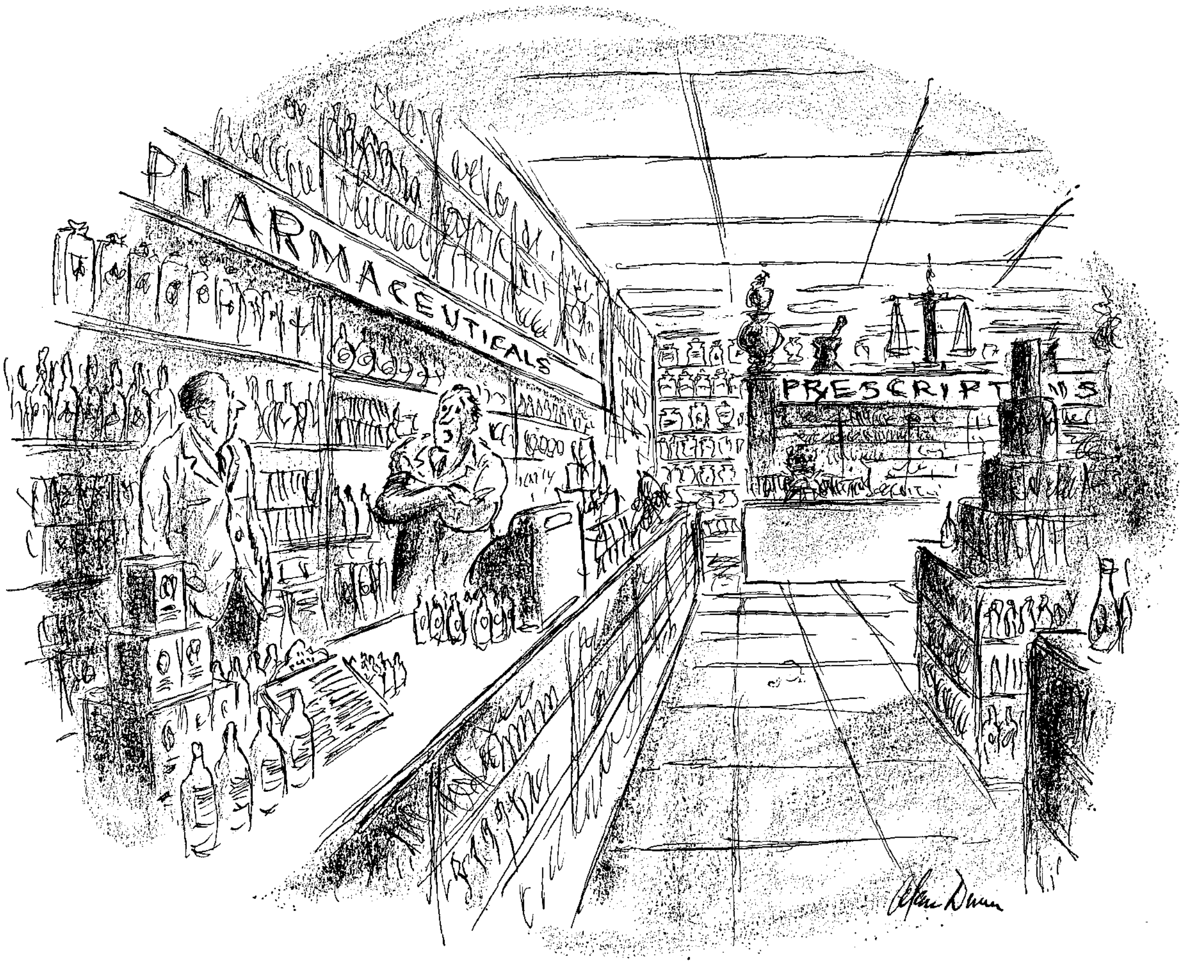
• •

business of exile worth cultivating: my childhood. . . .

WITH the elusive suddenness of an angel, a rainbow has appeared. In languorous self-wonder, pinkish green, with a purplish suffusion along its inner edge, it hangs suspended over the reaped field, above and before a distant wood, one tremulous portion of which shows through it. Stray arrows of rain that have lost both rhythm and weight and the ability to make any sound flash at random, this way and that, in the sun. Up the rain-washed sky, from behind a raven cloud, a cloud of ravishing whiteness is extricating itself and shining with all the detail of a monstrously complicated molding.

Once, in Ordos, my father, climbing a hill after a storm, inadvertently entered the base of a rainbow—the rarest occurrence!—and found himself in colored air, in a play of light as if in paradise. He took one more step—and left paradise.

The rainbow is already fading. The rain has quite stopped, it is scorching hot, a horsefly with satiny eyes settles on my sleeve. A cuckoo begins to call in a copse, listlessly, almost questioningly; the sound swells like a cupule, and again, like a cupule, unable to find a solution. The poor, fat bird probably flew farther away, for everything is repeated from the beginning in the manner of a reduced reflection. (It seeks—who knows—a place for the best, the saddest effect.) A huge butterfly, flat in flight, bluish black with a white band, describes a supernaturally smooth arc, settles on the damp earth, closes its wings, and with that disappears. This is the kind that now and then a panting peasant lad brings one,



“What if all those months of reading the ‘Christian Science Monitor’ did something to them!”

• •

cramming it with both hands into his cap. This is the kind that soars up from under the mincing hoofs of the doctor’s well-behaved little pony when the doctor, holding the almost superfluous reins in his lap or else simply tying them to the front board, pensively drives along the shady road to the hospital. But on occasion you find four black-and-white wings with brick-colored undersides scattered like playing cards over a forest footpath; the rest, eaten by an unknown bird.

I jump a puddle where two dung beetles have fastened onto a straw, getting in each other’s way, and print my sole on the edge of the road: a highly significant footprint, ever looking upward and ever seeing him who has vanished. Walking through a field, alone, beneath the magnificently rushing clouds, I remember how, with my first cigarettes in my first cigarette case, I approached an old reaper here and asked for a light; the peasant took out a box from his gaunt breast and gave it to me unsmilingly, but the wind was blowing, match after match went out before it had hardly flared, and after every one I grew more ashamed, while the man watched with a kind of detached curiosity the impatient fingers of the wasteful young squire.

I go deeper into the wood; planks have been laid along the path, black and slimy, with reddish-brown aments and leaves that have stuck to them. Who was this has dropped a russula, breaking open its white fan? In reply comes the sound of hallooing: girls are gathering mushrooms and bilberries, the latter seeming so much darker in the basket than on their stalks! Among the birches there is an old acquaintance, with a double trunk—a birch-lyre—and beside it an old post with a board on it. Nothing can be made out on it except bullet marks; a Browning was once fired at it by my English tutor—also Browning—and then Father took the pistol, swiftly and dexterously ramming bullets into the clip, and knocked out a smooth *K* with seven shots.

Farther on, a bog orchis blooms unceremoniously in a patch of marshy ground, behind which I have to cross a back road, and off to the right a white wicket gate gleams: the entrance to the park. Trimmed with ferns outside, luxuriantly lined with jasmine and honeysuckle inside, in places darkened by fir needles, in others lightened by birch leaves, this huge, dense, and multipathed park stands poised in an equilibrium of sun and shadow. If circles of warm light palpitate underfoot in the avenue, then a thick velvet stripe is sure to stretch across in the distance; behind it again comes that tawny sieve, while further, at the bottom, there deepens a rich blackness that, transferred to paper, would satisfy the water-colorist only as long as the paint remained wet, so that he would have to put on layer after layer to retain its beauty—which would immediately fade. All paths lead to the house, but, geometry notwithstanding, it seems the quickest way is not by the straight avenue, slim and sleek with a sensitive shadow (rising like a blind woman to meet you and touch your face) and with a burst of emerald sunlight at the very end, but by any of its tortuous and unweeded neighbors. I walk along my favorite one toward the still invisible house, past the bench on which according to established tradition my parents used to sit on the eve of my father’s regular departures on his travels. Father, knees apart, twirling his spectacles or a carnation in his hands, has his head lowered, with a boater tipped onto the back of it and with a taciturn, almost mocking, smile around his puckered eyes and in the soft corners of his mouth, somewhere in the very roots of his trimmed beard; and Mother is telling him something, from the side, from below, from beneath her large, trembling white hat, or is pressing out crunchy little holes in the dumb sand with the tip of her parasol. I walk past a boulder with rowan saplings clambering onto it (one has turned to offer a hand to the younger), past a small grass-grown plat which used to be a pond in Grandfather’s time, and past some shortish fir trees which become quite round in win-

ter under their burden of snow. The snow falls straight and slow; it falls like that for three days, five months, nine years. . . . It is a pity when I reach the end of that stretch of rich brown earth and once again have to walk on the resonant sidewalk.

In the shoe store, a young woman in a black dress, with a shiny forehead and quick, wandering eyes, sits down at my feet for the eighth time, sidewise on a stool, nimbly extracts a narrow shoe from the rustling interior of its box, spreads her elbows apart as she slackens the edges, glances abstractedly aside as she loosens the laces, and then, producing a shoehorn from her bosom, addresses my large, shy, poorly darned foot. Miraculously the foot fits inside, but having done so, goes completely blind. The wiggling of toes inside has no effect on the exterior smoothness of the taut black leather. With phenomenal speed the salesgirl ties the lace ends and touches the tip of the shoe with two fingers. "Just right," she says. "New shoes are always a little . . ." she goes on rapidly, raising her brown eyes. "Of course if you wish, we can make some adjustments. But they fit perfectly—see for yourself!" And she leads me to the X-ray gadget and shows me where to place my foot. Looking down in the glass aperture I see, against a luminous background, my own dark, neatly separated phalanges. With this, with this I'll step ashore. From Charon's ferry. Putting on the other shoe as well, I walk along the carpet the length of the store and back, glancing sidewise at the ankle-high mirror which reflected my beautified step and my trouser leg, now looking twice its age. "Yes, they're fine," I say cravenly. When I was a child they used to scrape the glossy black sole with a buttonhook so it would not be slippery. I carry them off to my lesson under my arm.

THE photograph showed an old wooden house, with carved designs under the roof, and a high stone foundation—a large, sturdy, and extraordinarily expressive house, with balconies on a level with the lime branches, and verandas decorated with precious glass. Sitting on the stone steps of the foremost veranda, illuminated squarely by the sun, are: Father, obviously just back from a swim, turbaned in a shaggy towel so that one cannot see (and how one would like to!) his dark crop, streaked with gray and tapering to a peak on his forehead; Mother, all in white, staring straight in front of her and somehow so youthfully hugging her knees; next to her: my sister Tanya, in an ample blouse, the end of her black braid lying on her collarbone, her smooth parting lowered, holding in her arms a fox terrier whose mouth is creased in a wide smile from the heat; higher up: Yvonna Ivanovna, the housekeeper, who for some reason has not come out, her features blurred but her slim waist, her belt, and her watch chain clearly visible; to one side, lower down, reclining and resting his head in the lap of the round-faced girl (velvet neck ribbon, silk bows) who gave Tanya music lessons: my Uncle Oleg, my father's brother, a stout Army doctor, a joker, and a very handsome man; lower still: two sour little glowering schoolboys, my cousins, one in a school cap, the other without, the one without to be killed seven years later in the battle of Melitopol; at the very bottom, on the sand, in exactly the same pose as my mother: I myself, as I was then, though I have changed little since that time—white teeth, black brows, short hair, wearing an open shirt. One forgot who had taken it, but this transient, faded, and generally insignificant (how many other and better ones there were) photograph, unsuitable even for copying, had alone been saved, by a miracle, and had become priceless, reaching Paris among my mother's belongings and brought by her to Berlin at Christmas; for now, choosing her son a present, she was guided not by what was most costly to get but by what was most difficult to part with.

She had come to me for two weeks, after a three-year separation, and in the first moment, when, powdered to a deathly pallor, wearing black gloves and black stockings and an old sealskin coat thrown open, she descended the iron steps of the coach, glancing with equal quickness first at me and then at what was underfoot, and the next moment, her face twisted with the pain of happiness, was clinging to me, blissfully moaning, kissing me anywhere—ear, neck—it had seemed to me that the beauty of which I had been so proud had faded. But as my vision adjusted itself to the twilight of the present, so different at first from the distantly receding light of memory, I again recognized in her everything that I had loved: the pure outline of her face, narrowing down to the chin, the changeful play of those green, brown, yellow entrancing eyes under their velvet brows, the long, light

stance, the avidity with which she lit a cigarette in the taxi, the attention with which she suddenly looked—unblinded, therefore, by the excitement of the meeting, as any other would have been—at the grotesque scene noticed by both of us: an imperturbable motorcyclist carrying a bust of Wagner in his sidecar. And already, by the time we were coming up to the house, the light of the past had overtaken the present, had soaked it to saturation point, and everything became the same as it had been in this very Berlin three years previously, as it had once been in Russia, as it had been, and would be, forever.

A spare room was found at Frau Stoboy's pension, where I was living, and there, on the first evening (an opened dressing case, rings taken off and laid on the marble washstand), lying on the sofa and ever so quickly eating raisins, without which she could not pass a single day, she spoke of what she had constantly returned to for almost nine years now, repeating over again—incoherently, gloomily, ashamedly, turning her eyes away, as if confessing to something secret and terrible—that she believed more and more that Father was alive, that her mourning was ridiculous, that the vague news of his death had never been confirmed by anyone, that he was somewhere in Tibet, in China, in captivity, in prison, in some desperate quagmire of troubles and privations, that he was convalescing after some long, long illness. And someday, suddenly, she would hear a step and the door would be flung open, and there he would be.

To an even greater degree than before, these words made me feel both happier and more frightened. Accustomed willy-nilly to consider my father dead all these years, I sensed something grotesque in the possibility of his return. Was it admissible that life could perform not only miracles but miracles necessarily deprived (otherwise they would be unbearable) of even the tiniest hint of the supernatural? The miracle of this return would consist in its earthly nature, in its compatibility with reason, in the swift introduction of an incredible event into the accepted and comprehensible linkage of ordinary days; but the more the necessity for such naturalness grew with the years, the more difficult it became for life to meet it, and now what frightened me was not simply the imagining of a ghost but the imagining of one that would not be frightening. There were days when it seemed to me that suddenly on the street (in Berlin there are little cul-de-sacs where at dusk the soul seems to dissolve) I was about to be approached by an old man of seventy, in fairy-tale rags, shrouded to the eyes in beard, who would wink and say, "Hello, Son!" My father often appeared to me in dreams, as if just returned from some monstrous penal servitude, having experienced physical tortures which it was forbidden to mention, now changed into clean linen—it was impossible to think of the body underneath—and with a completely uncharacteristic expression of unpleasant, momentous sullenness, with a sweaty brow and slightly bared teeth, sitting at table in the circle of his hushed family.

But on the other hand . . . It happens that, over a long period, you are promised a great success, in which from the very start you do not believe, so dissimilar is it from other of fate's offerings. And if from time to time you do think of it, then you do so, as it were, to indulge your fantasy. But when, at last, on a very ordinary day with a west wind blowing, the news comes, then you are suddenly amazed to find that although you did not believe in it you had been living with it all this time, not realizing the constant, close presence of the dream, which had long since grown fat and independent, so that now you cannot get it out of your life without making a hole in that life. Thus had I, in spite of all logic and not daring to envision its realization, lived with the familiar dream of my father's return, a dream which had mysteriously embellished my life and somehow lifted it above the level of surrounding lives, so that I could see all sorts of distant and interesting things, just as, when I was a little boy, my father used to lift me by my elbows, thus enabling me to see what was interesting over a fence.

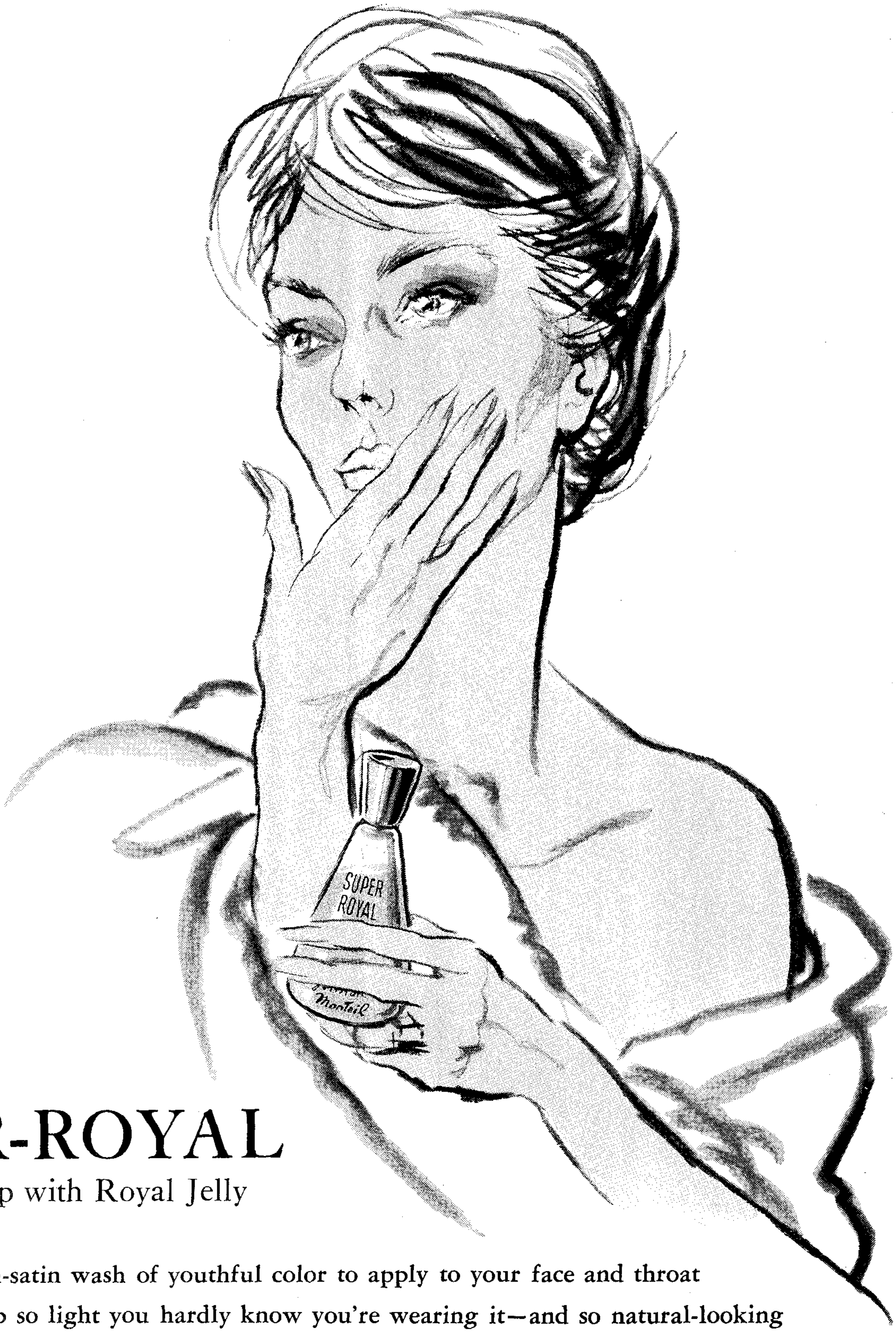
After the first evening, my mother did not again refer to this hope in words, but, as usual, it was taken for granted in all our conversations, especially since we did not converse much aloud. Frequently, after several minutes of animated silence, I would suddenly notice that the whole time we both knew very well what it was about, this double, almost subgramineal speech which emerged as a single stream, as a word understood to both of us. And sometimes we would play like this: Sitting side by side and silently imagining that we were taking the same Leshino walk, in our minds we went out of the park, took the path along the field (there was a river to the left behind the alders), across the shady graveyard where sunflecked crosses were measuring something terribly large with their arms and where it was somehow awkward to pick the raspberries, across the river, upward again, through the wood, to another bend of the river, to the Pont des Vaches and farther, through the pines and along the Chemin du Pendu—familiar nicknames not grating to our Russian ears but thought up when our grandfathers were children. And suddenly, in the middle of this silent walk being performed by two minds, we both stopped and said where we had got to, and it often turned out that neither one had outpaced the other, that we had halted in the same coppice.

There was little new that we did not know already from letters. She told me in great detail about the recent wedding of Tanya, who had now gone off to Belgium until January, with a husband still unknown to me—an agreeable, quiet, very polite, and completely unremarkable man "working in the field of radio." When they returned, Mother would move into a new flat with them in an enormous house near one of the Paris gates. She was glad to be leaving the small hotel with the steep dark staircase, where she had been living with Tanya in a tiny but many-cornered room completely swallowed up by a mirror and visited by bedbugs, which congregated first behind the wall calendar with a Russian landscape by Levitan on it and then closer to the field of action, in the inside pocket of the torn wallpaper, directly above the double bed. But the pleasant prospect of a new home was not unmixed with dread. She had an antipathy to her son-in-law, and there was something forced in Tanya's brisk, showy happiness—"You see, he's not quite our set," my mother confessed, stressing this with a certain tightening of the jaws and a downward look. But that was not all, and anyway I had already heard about that other man whom Tanya loved but who did not love her.

SAVINGS
Whitney Darrow Jr.

"Are you sure you're compounding me quarterly?"

We went out quite often. As always, Mother seemed to be looking for something, rapidly spanning the world with a skimming glance of her shimmery eyes. The German holiday proved wet, puddles made the sidewalks seem full of holes, the Christmas-tree lights burned dully in the windows, and here and there at street corners a commercial Santa Claus in a red stormcoat and with hungry eyes was distributing handbills. In the windows of a department store, some villain had had the idea of setting up dummy skiers on artificial snow beneath the Star of Bethlehem. Once, we saw a modest Communist procession walking through the slush, with wet flags, most of the marchers battered by life, some crookbacked, others lame or sickly—a lot of plain-looking women and several sedate petty bourgeois. Mother and I went to have a look at the apartment house where the three of us had lived for two years, but the janitor had already changed, the former proprietor had died, strange curtains hung in the familiar windows, and somehow there was nothing our hearts could recognize. We visited a cinema where a Russian film was being shown which conveyed with particular *brio* the globules of sweat rolling down the glistening faces of the factory workers, and the factory owner continually smoked a cigar. And I took her to visit Mme. Chernyshevski, who had been kind to me, and who had lost a son of just my age. In the midst of her first conversation with me, this plump, terribly animated little woman with



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dazzling blue eyes had burst into tears, as if a brimful crystal vessel had broken for no apparent reason, and without taking her gaze off me, laughing and sobbing, she said over and over, "Goodness, how you remind me of him!"

The visit was not altogether a success. Mme. Chernyshevski met her guest with a doleful tenderness meant to show that the experience of grief had linked them long and closely; but Mother was most of all interested in what the other woman thought of my verses and in why no one was writing about them. "May I embrace you before you go?" asked Mme. Chernyshevski, preparatorily rising on tiptoe. She was a head shorter than Elizaveta Pavlovna, who bent down toward her with an innocent and radiant smile which quite destroyed the meaning of the embrace. "It's all right, one must be brave," said the lady, letting us out onto the stairs and covering her chin with the end of the downy shawl in which she was wrapped. "One must be brave; I've learned to be so brave that I could give lessons in endurance, but I think you've also come well through this school."

"You know," said my mother, stepping lightly but cautiously down the stairs and not turning her lowered head toward me, "I think I'll just buy cigarette papers and tobacco, otherwise it comes out so dear," and then, in the same voice, "Goodness, how sorry I am for her."

On the eve of my mother's departure we both sat up late in my room, she, in the armchair, easily and skillfully (whereas formerly she could not sew a button on) darning and mending my pitiful things, while I, on the sofa, biting my nails, was reading a thick, battered volume of Pushkin's complete works. In my youth, I had skipped some of the prose, such as his "Journey to Arzrum," but lately it was precisely in this that I had found particular pleasure. I had only just got to the words "The frontier held something mysterious for me; to travel had been my favorite dream since childhood" when suddenly I felt a sweet, strong stab from somewhere. Still not understanding, I put the book to one side and slipped blind fingers into a boxful of homemade cigarettes. At that moment, my mother said, without raising her head, "What did I just remember! Those funny rhymes about butterflies and moths which you and he composed together when we were out walking, you remember? 'Your blue stripe, Catocalid, shows from under its gray lid.' "

"Yes," I replied. "Some were down-

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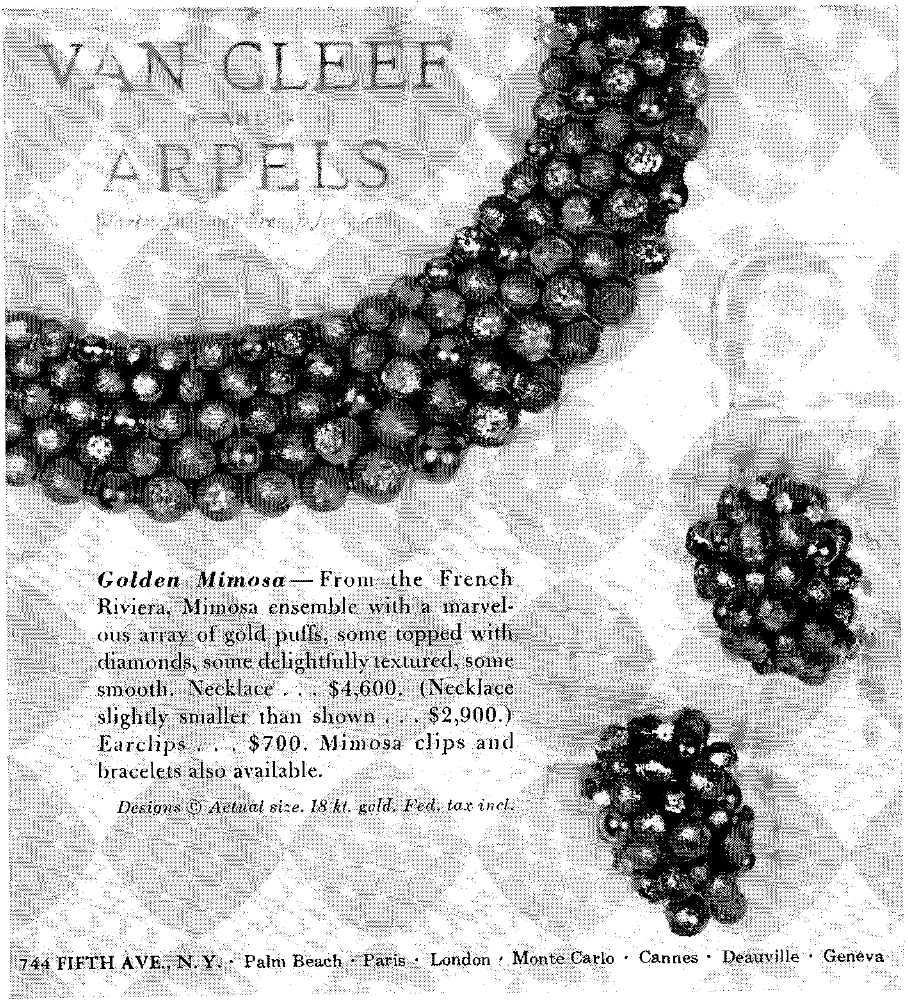

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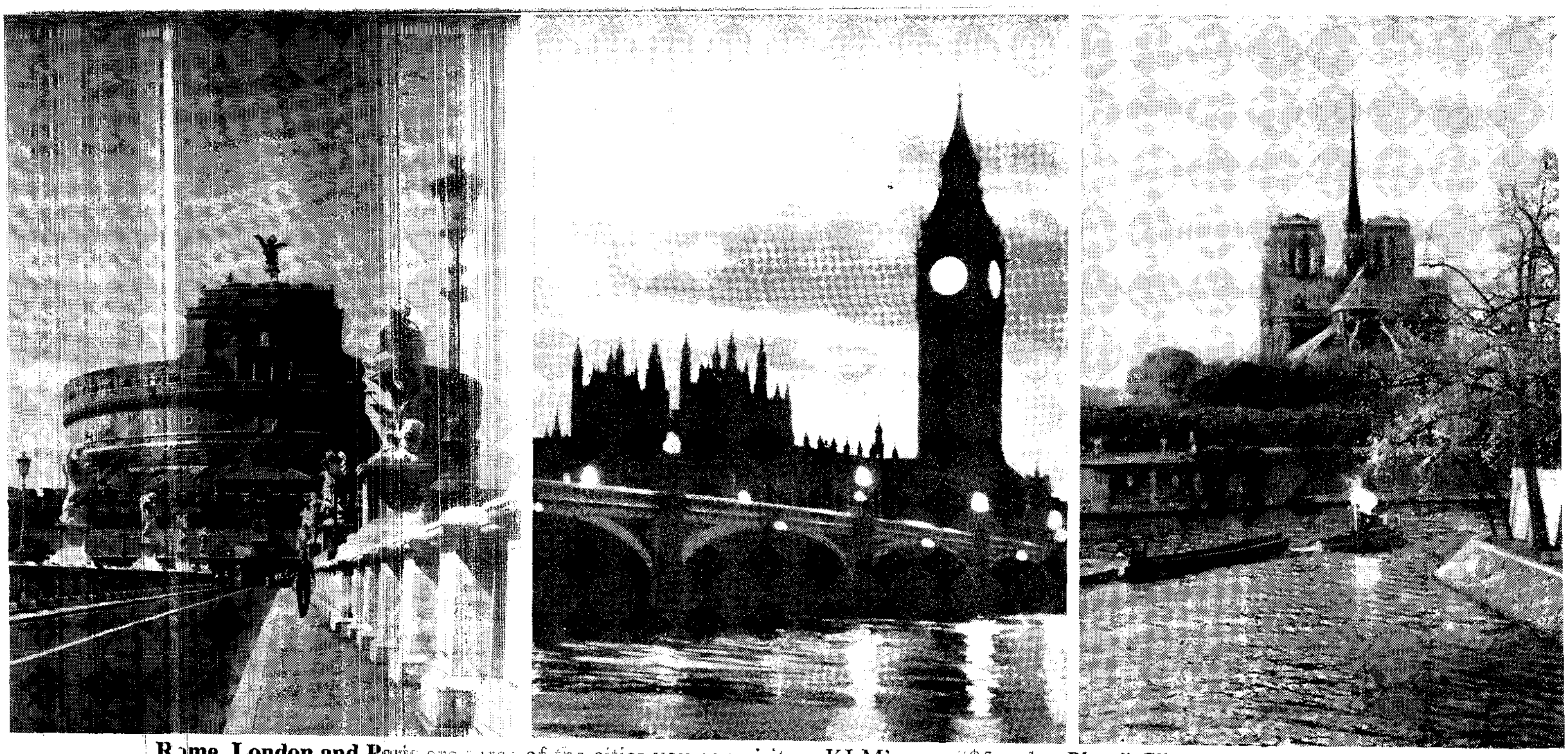

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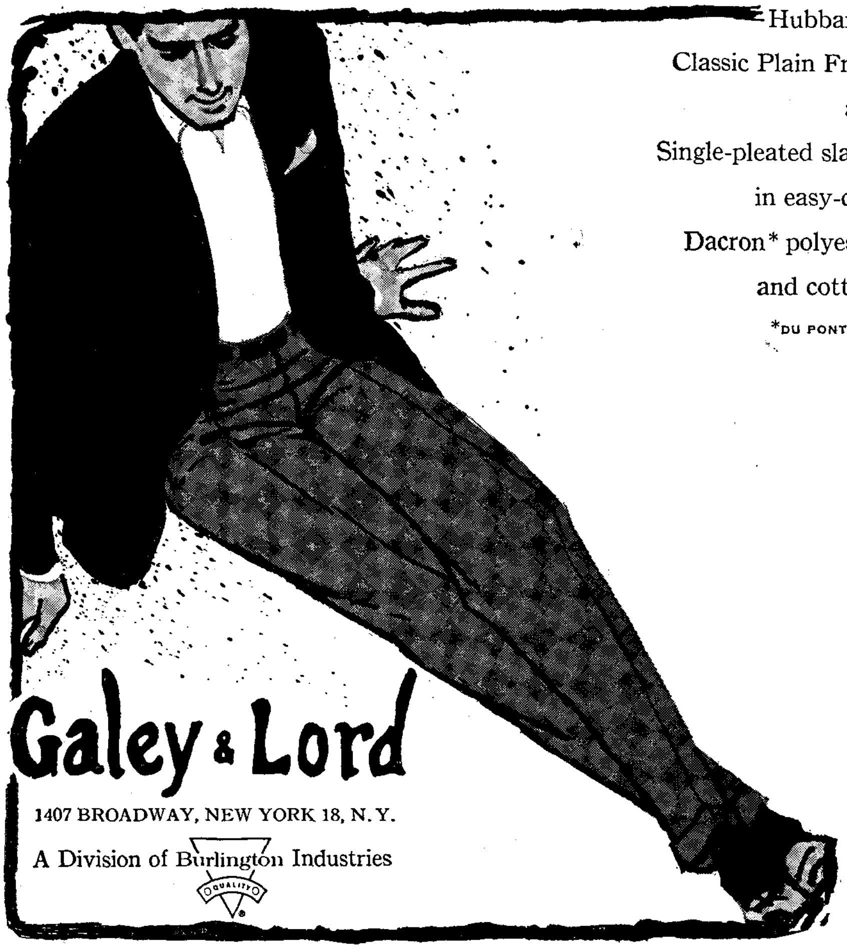
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right epics: 'A dead leaf is not hoarier than a newborn *arborea.*' " (What a surprise that moth had been! Father had only just brought back the very first specimen from his travels, having found it during the initial trek through Siberia—he had not even had time to describe it yet—and on the first day after his return, in the Leshino park, two paces from the house, with no thought of lepidoptera, while strolling with his wife and children, throwing a tennis ball for the fox terriers, basking in his return, in the balmy weather, and in the health and gaiety of his family but unconsciously noting with the experienced eye of a hunter every insect along his path, he had suddenly pointed out with the tip of his cane a plump reddish-gray *Epicnaptera* moth, with sinuate margins, of the leaf-mimicking kind, hanging asleep from a stalk under a bush. Father had been about to walk on, but then squatted down, wrinkled his forehead, inspected his find, and suddenly said in a bright voice, "Well, I'm damned! I need not have gone so far!" "I always said so," Mother interposed with a laugh. The furry little monster in Father's hand belonged to a new species he had just brought back—and now it had cropped up here, in the Province of St. Petersburg, whose fauna had been so well investigated! But, as often happens, the momentum of mighty coincidence did not stop there; it was good for one more stage. Only a few days later, my father learned that this new moth had just been described from St. Petersburg specimens by a fellow-scientist, and I cried all night long: They had beaten Father to it!)

The next morning, Mother returned to Paris. We stood for a long time on the narrow platform waiting for the train, while on the other tracks the sad city trains stopped for a moment, hastily banging their doors. The Paris express rushed in. My mother boarded it, and immediately thrust her head through the window, smiling. By the neighboring opulent sleeping car, seeing off an unpretentious old lady, stood a couple—a pale, red-lipped beauty in a black silk coat with a high fur collar, and a famous stunt flier. Everyone was staring at him, at his muffler, at his back, as if expecting to find wings on it. "I have a suggestion to make," said my mother gaily as we parted. "I have about seventy marks left which are quite useless to me, and you must eat better. I can't look at you, you're so thin. Here, take them."

"*Avec joie,*" I replied, instantly envisioning a year's pass to the state library,

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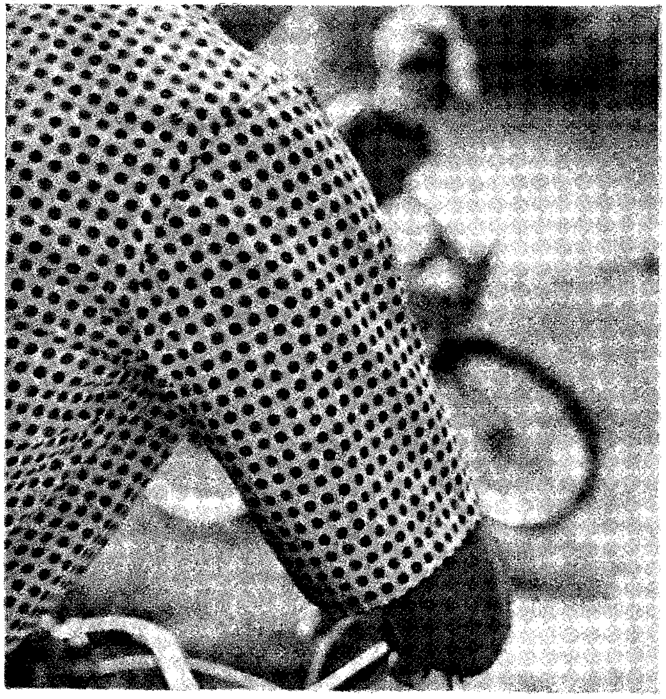

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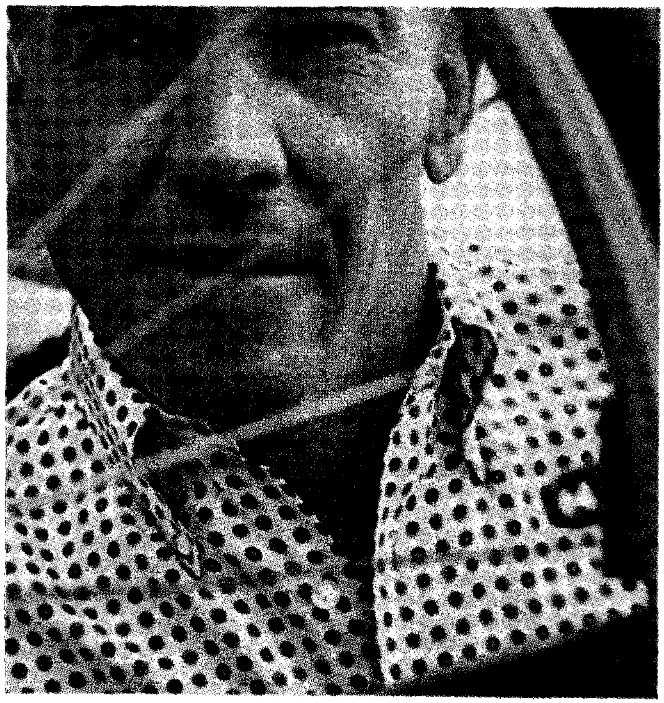

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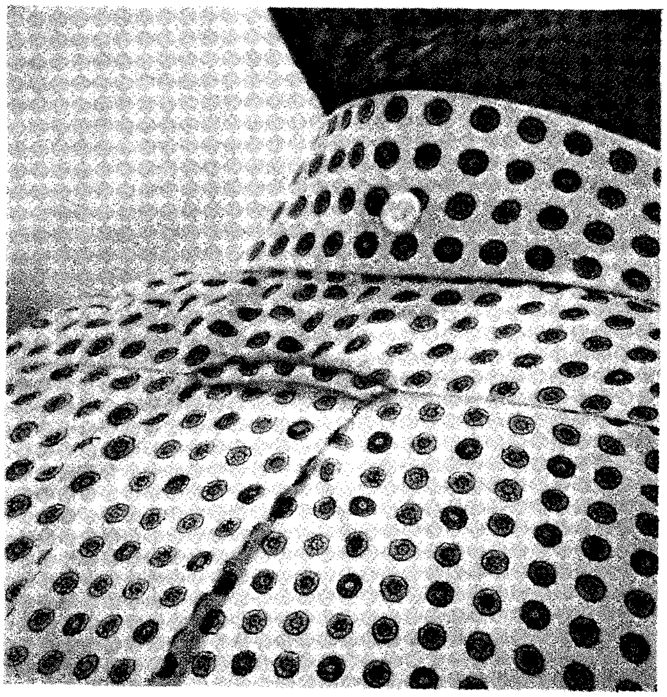

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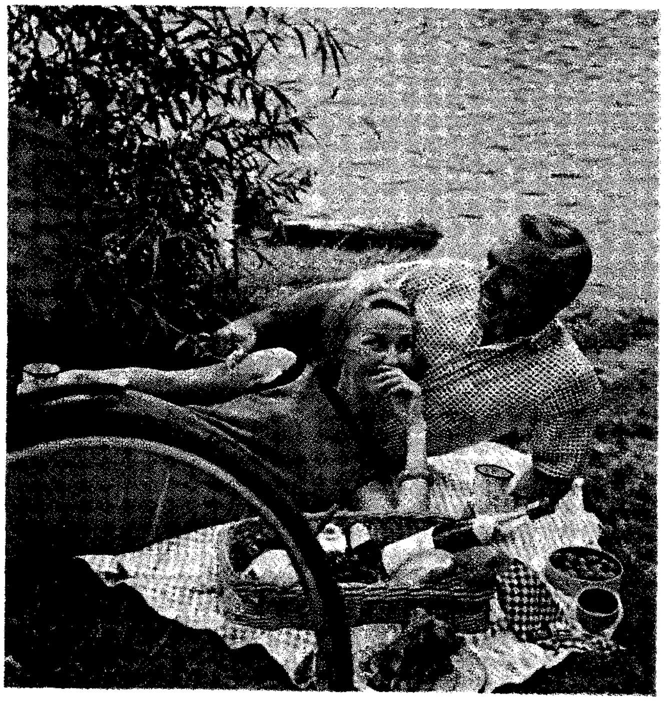

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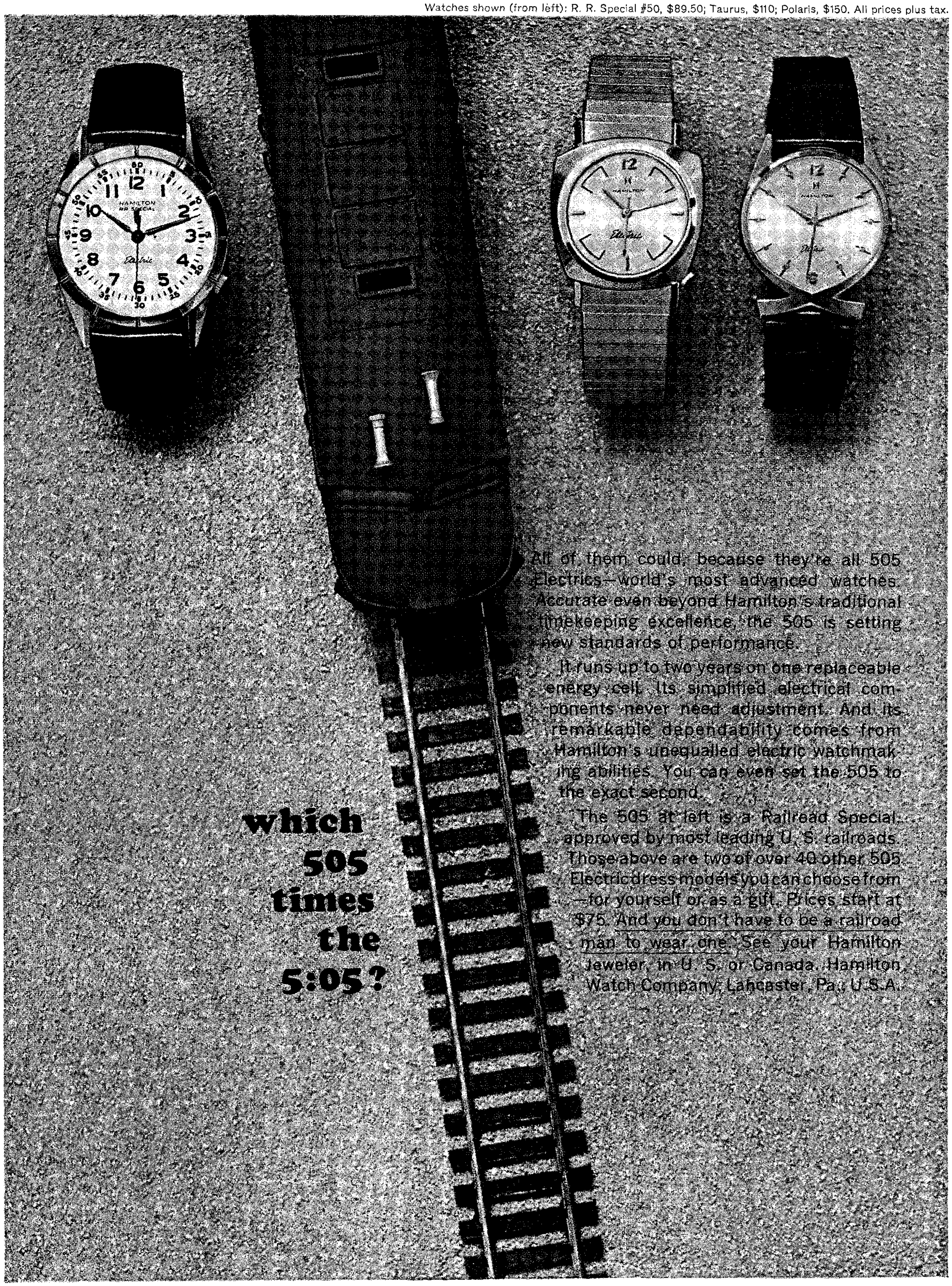

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milk chocolate, and some mercenary young German girl whom, in my baser moments, I kept planning to get for myself.

Pensive, abstracted, vaguely tormented by the thought that somehow in my talks with my mother I had left the main thing untold, I returned home, took off my shoes, broke off the corner of a chocolate bar together with its silver paper, moved the volume of Pushkin left open on the sofa closer.... "The harvest rippled, awaiting the sickle." Again that divine stab! And how it called, how it *prompted* me, the sentence about the Terek ("In faith, the river was awesome!") or—even more fitly, more intimately—about the Tartar women: "They were sitting on horseback, swathed in yashmaks: all one could see were their eyes and the heels of their shoes."

Thus did I hearken to the purest sound from Pushkin's tuning fork, and I already knew exactly what this sound required of me. Two weeks after my mother's departure, I wrote her about what I had conceived, what I had been helped to conceive by the transparent rhythm of "Arzrum," and she replied as if she had already known about it:

> It is a long time since I have been as happy as I was with you in Berlin, but watch out, this is no easy undertaking. I feel in my heart that you will accomplish it wonderfully, but remember that you need a great deal of exact information and very little family sentimentality. If you need anything I'll tell you all I can, but take care of the special research where you are, and this is most important, take all his books and those of Grigoriy Efimovich, and those of the Grand Duke, and lots more; of course you know how to obtain all this, and be sure to get into touch with Vasiliy Germanovich Krüger, search him out if he's still in Berlin, they once travelled together, I remember, and approach other people, you know whom better than I, write to Avinov, to Verity, write to that German who used to visit us before the war, Benhaas? Banhaas? Write to Stuttgart, to London, to Tring, in Oxford, everywhere, *débrouille-toi* because I know nothing of these matters and all these names merely sing in my ears, but how certain I am that you will manage, my darling.

I continued, however, to wait. The planned work was a wafture of bliss, and I was afraid to spoil that bliss by haste, and, moreover, the complex responsibility of the work frightened me; I was not ready for it yet. Continuing my training program during the whole of spring, I fed on Pushkin, inhaled Pushkin. (The reader of Pushkin has the capacity of his lungs enlarged.) I studied the accuracy of the words and the absolute purity of their conjunc-

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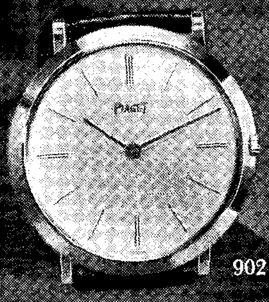

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tion. Pushkin entered my blood. Pushkin's voice merged with the voice of my father. I kissed Pushkin's small hot hand, taking it for another, large hand smelling of the breakfast roll. Indefatigably, in ecstasy, I collected material, read until dawn, studied maps, wrote letters, and met with the necessary people.

MY father, Konstantin Kirillovich Godunov, was born in 1860. A love of lepidoptera was inculcated into him by his German tutor. (By the way: What has happened to those originals who used to teach natural history to Russian children—green net, tin box on a sling, hat stuck with pinned butterflies, long, learned nose, candid eyes behind spectacles? Where are they all, where are their frail skeletons? Or was this a special breed of Germans, for export to Russia? Or am I not looking properly?) After completing early (in 1876) his schooling in St. Petersburg, my father received his university education in England, at Cambridge, where he studied biology under Professor Bright. His first journey, around the world, he made while my grandfather was still alive, and from then until 1918 his whole life consisted in travelling and the writing of scientific works. The main ones among them are: "Lepidoptera Asiatica" (eight volumes, published in parts from 1890 to 1917), "The Butterflies and Moths of the Russian Empire" (the first four of six proposed volumes came out 1912-16), and, best known to the general public, "The Travels of a Naturalist" (seven volumes, 1892-1912). These works were unanimously recognized as classics, and he was still a young man when his name occupied one of the first places in the study of the Russo-Asiatic fauna, side by side with the names of its pioneers, Fischer von Waldheim, Ménétriés, Eversmann.

He worked in close touch with his remarkable Russian contemporaries. Kholodkovski calls him "the conquistador of Russian entomology." He collaborated with Charles Oberthür, Grand Duke Nikolai Mihailovich, Leech, and Seitz. Scattered throughout entomological journals are hundreds of his papers, of which the first, "On the Peculiarities of the Occurrence of Certain Butterflies in the Province of St. Petersburg" (Horae Soc. Ent. Ross.), is dated 1877 and the last, "*Austautia simonoides* n. sp., a Geometrid Moth Mimicking a Small Parnassius" (Trans. Ent. Soc. London), is dated 1916. He conducted a weighty and acrimonious polemic with Staudinger, author of the

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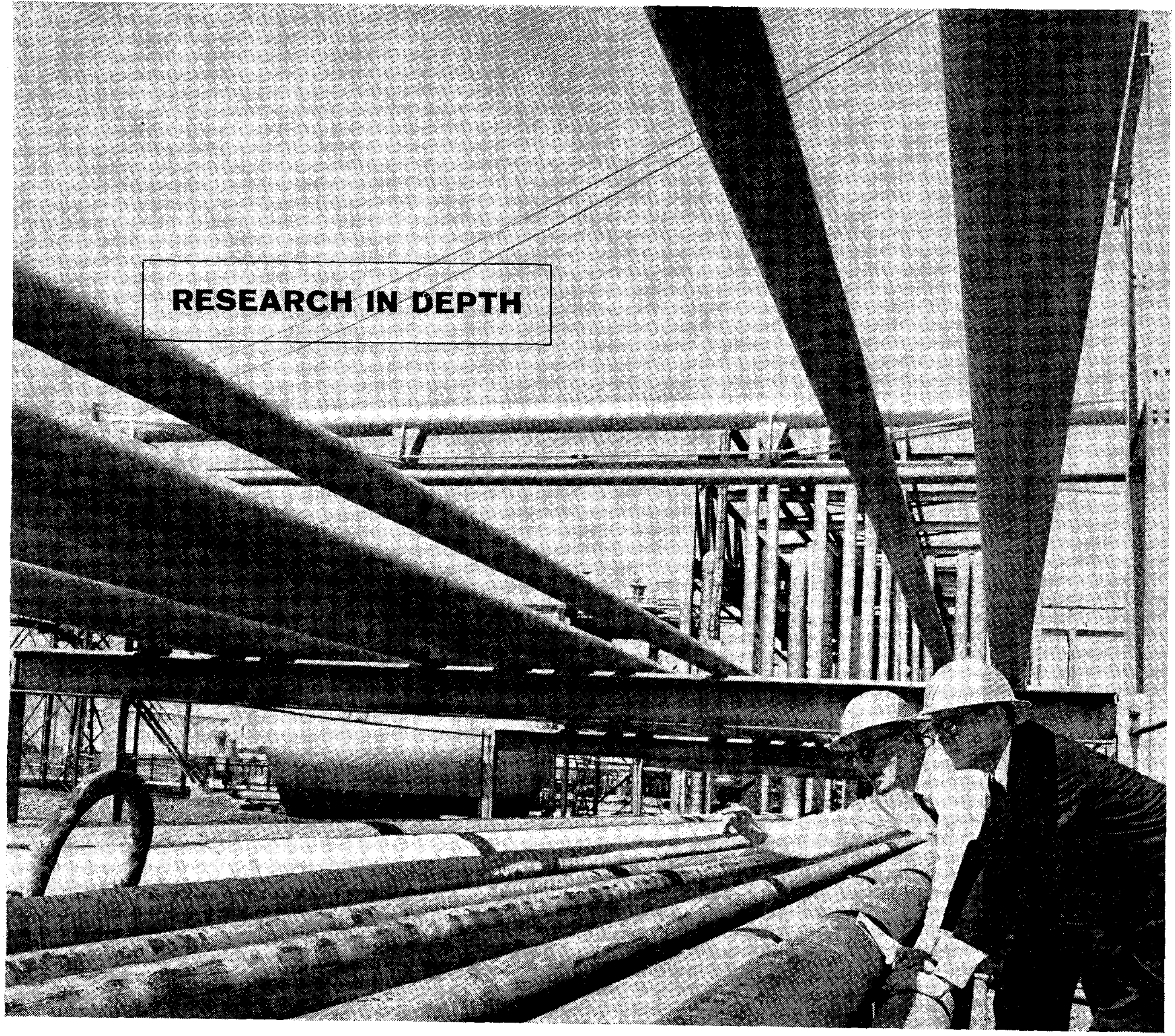

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notorious "Katalog." He was vice-president of the Russian Entomological Society, Full Member of the Moscow Soc. of Investigators of Nature, Member of the Imperial Russian Geographical Soc., and Honorary Member of a multitude of learned societies abroad.

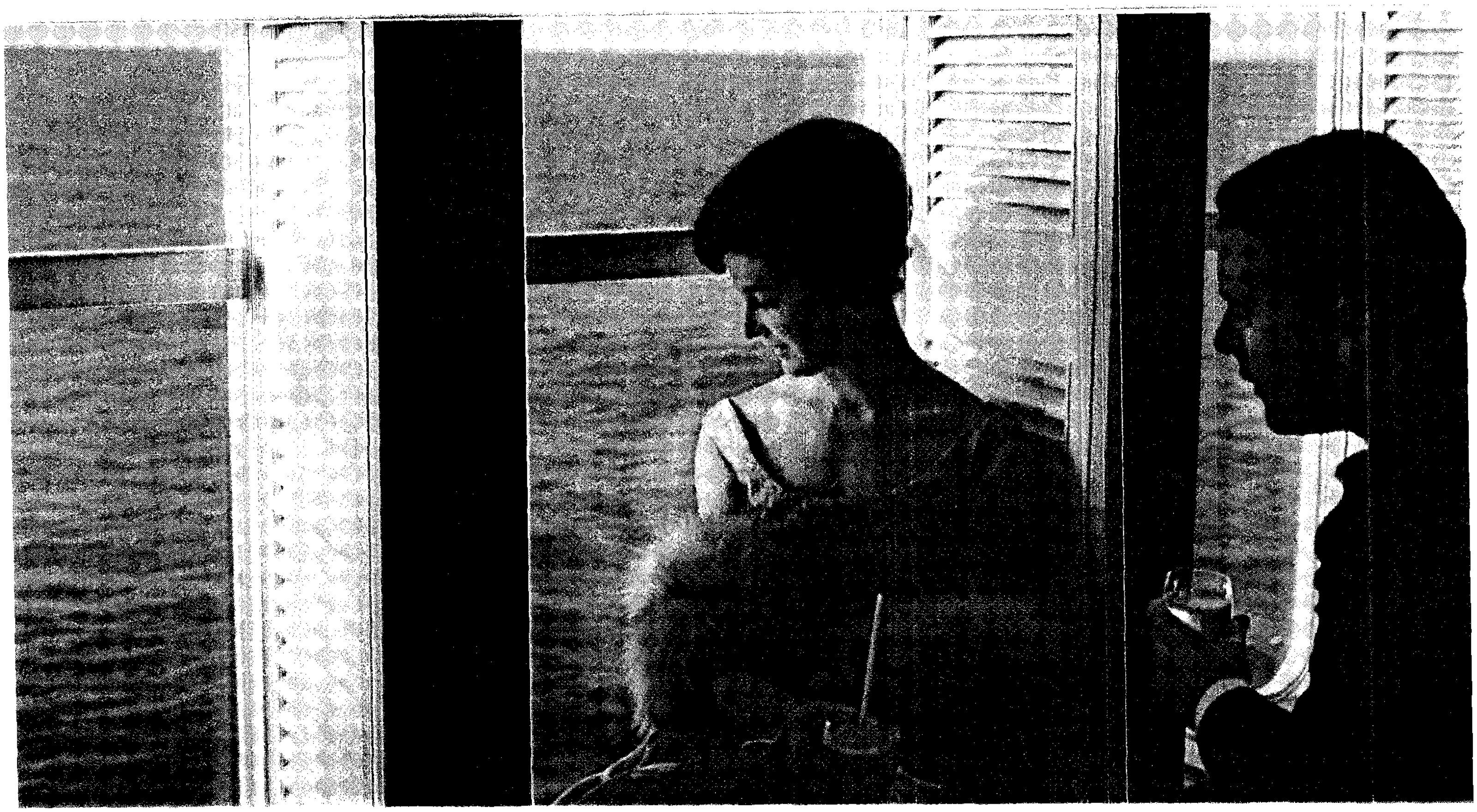
Between 1885 and 1918 he covered an incredible amount of territory, making surveys of his route on a scale of three miles to an inch for a distance of many thousands of miles and forming astounding collections. During these years he completed eight major expeditions, which in all lasted eighteen years; but between them there was also a multitude of minor journeys—"diversions," as he called them—considering as part of these minutiae not only his trips to the less well-investigated countries of Europe but also the journey around the world he had made in his youth. Tackling Asia in earnest, he investigated Eastern Siberia, Altai, Fergana, the Pamirs, Western China, "the islands of the Gobi Sea and its coasts," Mongolia, and "the incorrigible continent" of Tibet, and he described his travels in precise, weighty words.

Such is the general scheme of my father's life, copied out of an encyclopedia. It still does not sing, but I can already hear a living voice within it. It remains to be said that in 1898, at thirty-eight years of age, he married Elizaveta Pavlovna Vezhin, the twenty-year-old daughter of a well-known statesman; that he had two children by her; that in the intervals between his journeys . . .

An agonizing, somehow sacrilegious question, hardly expressible in words: Was her life with him happy, together and apart? Shall we disturb this inner world or shall we limit ourselves to a mere description of routes—*arida quaedam viarum descriptio*?

"DEAR Mamma, I now have a great favor to ask of you. Today is the 8th of July, his birthday. On any other day I could never bring myself to ask you. Tell me something about you and him. Not the sort of thing I can find in our shared memories but the sort of thing you alone have gone through and preserved." And here is part of the reply:

> . . . imagine—a honeymoon trip, the Pyrenees, the divine bliss of everything, of the sun, the brooks, the flowers, the snowy summits, even the flies in the hotels—and of being every moment together. And then, one morning, I had a headache or something, or the heat was too much for me. He said he would go for a half hour's stroll before lunch. With odd clearness I



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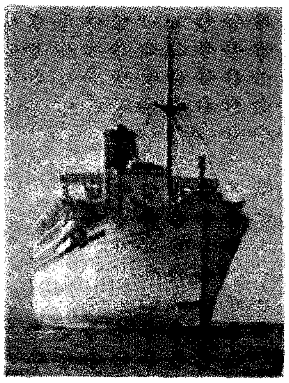

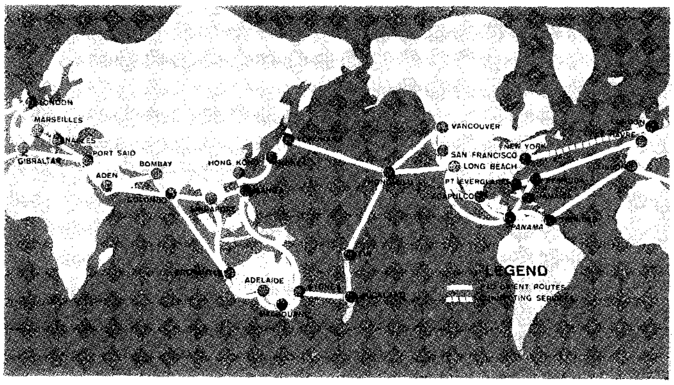

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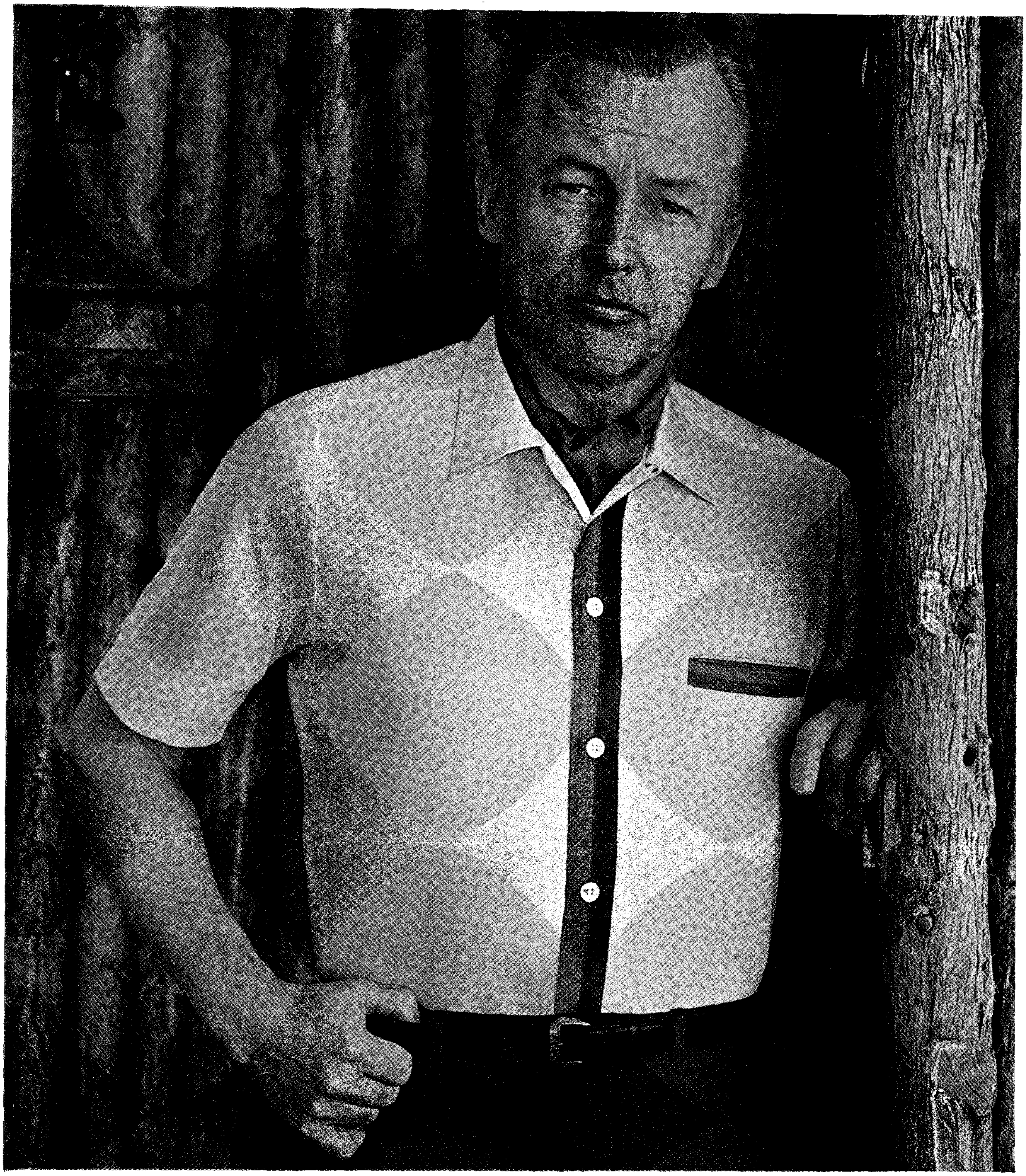

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remember sitting on a hotel balcony (around me peace, the mountains, the wonderful cliffs of Gavarnie) and reading for the first time a book not intended for young girls, "Une Vie" by Maupassant. I remember I liked it very much at the time. I look at my little watch and I see that it is already lunchtime, more than an hour has passed since he left. I wait. At first I am a little cross, then I begin to worry. Lunch is served on the terrace and I am unable to eat. I go out onto the lawn in front of the hotel, I return to my room, I go outside again. In another hour I was in an indescribable state of terror, agitation, God knows what. I was travelling for the first time, I was inexperienced and easily frightened, and then there was "Une Vie." . . . I decided that he had abandoned me, the most stupid and terrible thoughts kept getting into my head, the day was passing, it seemed to me that the servants were gloating at me—oh, I cannot convey to you what it was like! I had even begun to thrust some dresses into a suitcase in order to return immediately to Russia, and then I suddenly decided he was dead. I ran out and began to babble something crazy and to send for the police. Suddenly I saw him walking across the lawn, his face more cheerful than I had ever seen it before, although he had been cheerful the whole time; there he came, waving his hand to me as if nothing had happened, and his light trousers had wet green spots on them, his panama had gone, his jacket was torn on one side. . . . I expect you have already guessed what had happened. Thank God at least that he finally caught it after all—in his handkerchief, on a sheer cliff—if not he would have spent the night in the mountains, as he coolly explained to me. . . . But now I want to tell you about something else, from a slightly later period, when I already knew what a really good separation could be. You were quite small then, coming up to three, you can't remember. That spring he went off to Tashkent. From there he was due to set off on a journey on the first of June and to be away for not less than two years. That was already the second big absence during our time together. I often think now that if all the years he spent without me from the day of our wedding were added together they would amount in all to no more than his present absence. And I also think of the fact that it sometimes seemed to me then that I was unhappy, but now I know that I was always happy, that that unhappiness was one of the colors of happiness. In short, I don't know what came over me that spring. I had always been sort of batty when he went away, but that time I was quite disgracefully so. I suddenly decided that I would catch up with him and travel with him at least till autumn. Secretly I gathered a thousand things together; I had absolutely no idea what was needed, but it seemed to me that I was stocking up everything well and properly. I remember binoculars, and an alpenstock, and a camp bed, and a sun helmet, and a hareskin coat straight out of "The Captain's Daughter," and a little mother-of-pearl revolver, and some great tarpaulin affair that I was afraid of, and a complicated water bottle that I couldn't unscrew. In short, think of the equipment of Tartarin de Tarascon. How I managed to leave you little ones, how I said goodbye to you—that's in a kind

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of mist, and I don't remember any more how I slipped out from Uncle Oleg's surveillance, how I got to the station. But I was both frightened and cheerful, I felt myself a heroine, and on the station platforms everyone looked at my English travelling costume with its short (*entendons-nous*, to the ankle) checked skirt, with the binoculars over one shoulder and a kind of purse over the other. That's how I looked when I jumped out of the tarantass in a settlement just outside of Tashkent, when in the brilliant sunlight, I shall never forget it, I caught sight of your father within a hundred yards of the road: he was standing with one foot resting on a white stone, one elbow on a fence, and talking to two Cossacks. I ran across the gravel, shouting and laughing; he turned slowly, and when I suddenly stopped in front of him like a fool, he looked me all over, slit his eyes, and in a horribly unexpected voice spoke three words: "You go home." And I immediately turned, and went back to my carriage, and got in it, and saw he had put his foot in exactly the same place and had again propped his elbow, continuing his conversation with the Cossacks. And now I was driving back, in a trance, petrified, and only somewhere deep within me preparations had started for a storm of tears. But then after a couple of miles [and here a smile broke through the written line] he overtook me, in a cloud of dust, on a white horse, and we parted this time quite differently, so that I resumed my way to St. Petersburg almost as cheerfully as I had left it, only that I kept worrying about you two, wondering how you were, but no matter, you were in good health.

No—somehow it seems to me that I do remember all this, perhaps because it was subsequently often mentioned. In general our whole daily life was permeated with stories about Father, with worry about him, expectations of his return, the hidden sorrow of farewells, and the wild joy of welcomings. His passion was reflected in all of us, colored in different ways, apprehended in different ways, but permanent, and habitual. His home museum, in which stood rows of oak cabinets with glassed drawers, full of crucified butterflies (the rest—the plants, beetles, birds, rodents, and reptiles—he gave to his colleagues to study), where it smelled as it probably smells in paradise and where the laboratory assistants worked at tables along the one-pane windows, was a kind of mysterious central hearth, illuminating, from inside, the whole of our St. Petersburg house, and only the noonday roar of the Petropavlovsk cannon could invade its quiet. Our relatives, non-entomological friends, the servants, and the meekly touchy Yvonna Ivanovna talked of butterflies not as of something really existing but as of a certain attribute of my father, which existed only insofar as he existed, or as of an ailment with which everybody had long since got used to coping, so that with us

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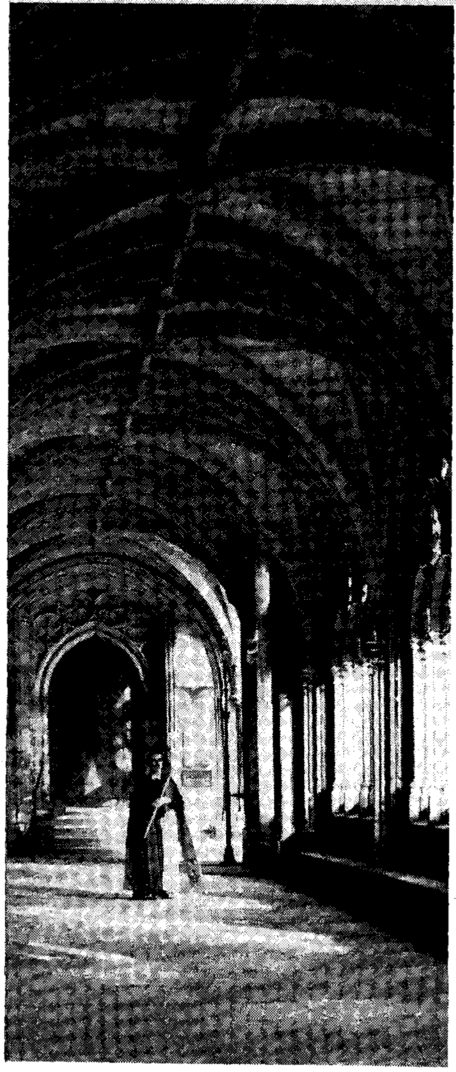

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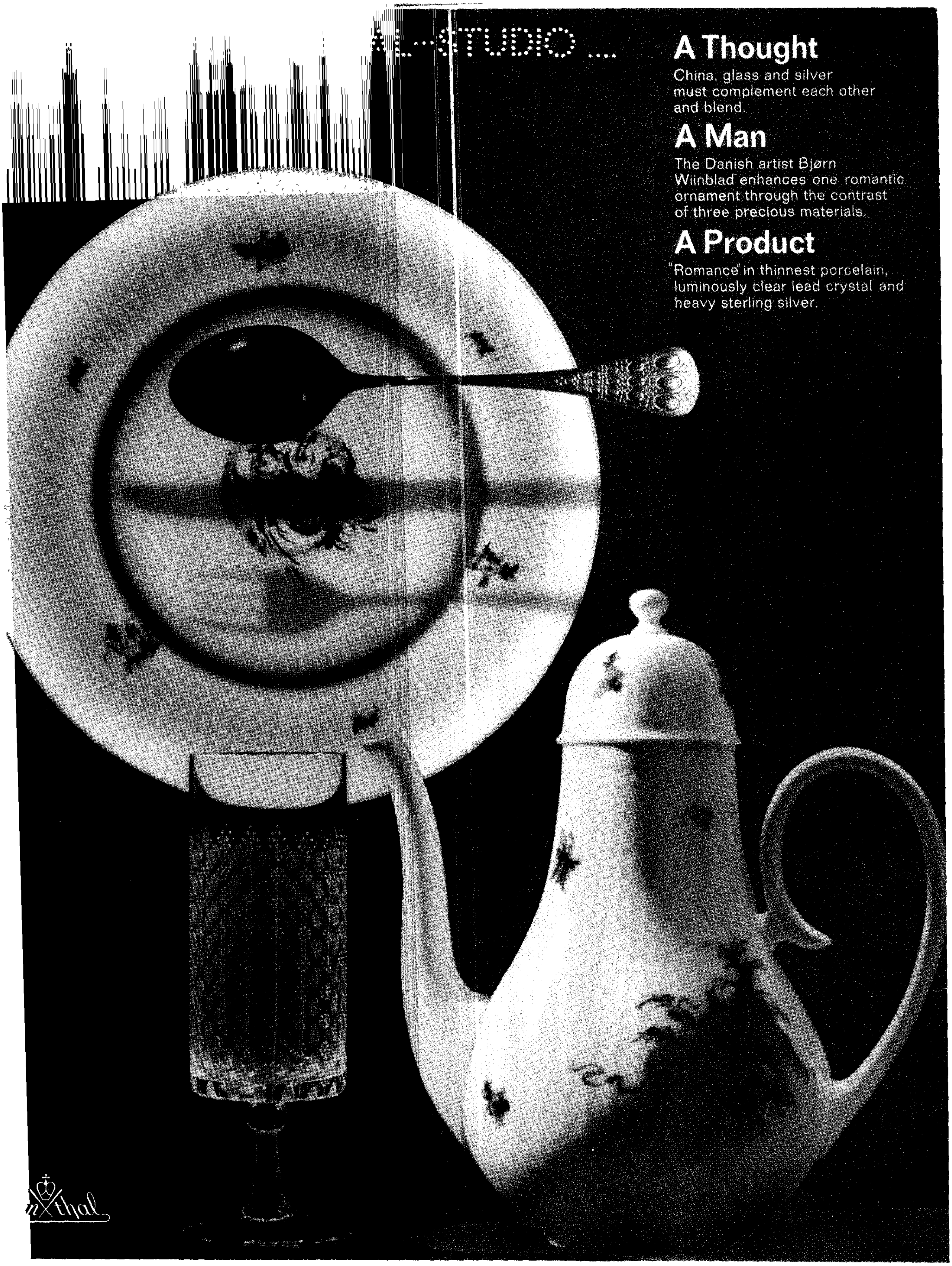
entomology turned into some sort of routinary hallucination, like a harmless domestic ghost that sits down, no longer surprising anyone, every evening by the fireside. At the same time, none of our countless uncles and aunts took any interest in Father's science and had hardly even read his popular work, read and reread by dozens of thousands of cultured Russians. Of course, Tanya and I had learned to appreciate Father from earliest childhood, and he seemed even more enchanting to us than, say, that Harold he told us stories about—Harold who fought with the lions in the Byzantine arena, who pursued brigands in Syria, bathed in the Jordan, took eighty fortresses by storm in Africa ("the Blue Land"), saved the Icelanders from starvation, and was renowned from Norway to Sicily, from Yorkshire to Novgorod. Then, when I fell under the spell of butterflies, something unfolded in my soul, and I relived all my father's journeys, as if I myself had made them. In my dreams I saw the winding road, the caravan, the many-hued mountains, and envied my father madly, agonizingly, to the point of tears—hot and violent tears that would suddenly gush out of me at table as we discussed his letters from the road or even at the simple mention of a far, far place.

Every year, with the approach of spring, before we moved to the country, I would feel within me a pitiful fraction of what I would have felt before departing for Tibet. On the Nevski Avenue, during the last days of March, when the wooden blocks of the spacious street pavements gleamed dark blue from the damp and the sun, one might see, flying high over the carriages, along the façades of the houses, past the city hall, past the lindens in the square, past the statue of Catherine, the first yellow butterfly. In the classroom the large window was open, sparrows perched on the window sill, and teachers let lessons go by, leaving in their stead squares of blue sky, with footballs falling down out of the blueness. For some reason, I always had bad marks in geography, and what an expression our geography teacher would have when he used to mention my father's name, how the inquisitive eyes of my comrades turned on me at this point, and how within me the blood rose and fell, from suppressed rapture, and from fear of expressing that rapture—and now I think of how little I know, how easy it is for me to make some idiotic blunder in describing my father's researches.

At the beginning of April, to open the



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season, the members of the Russian Entomological Society used to make a traditional trip to the other side of Black River, in a suburb of St. Petersburg, where, in a birch grove still naked and wet, still showing patches of snow, there occurred on the trunks, its feeble transparent wings pressed flat against the papery bark, our favorite rarity, a specialty of the province. Once or twice, they took me with them, too. Among these elderly family men cautiously, tensely, practicing sorcery in an April wood, there was an old theatre critic, a gynecologist, a professor of international law, and a general. For some reason, I can recall especially clearly the figure of this general, his fat back bending low, with one arm placed behind it, next to the figure of my father, who had sunk on his haunches with a kind of Oriental ease. Both, in search of pupae, were carefully examining a handful of reddish earth dug up with a trowel. To this day I wonder what the coachmen waiting on the road made of all this.

Sometimes, in the country, Grandmother would sail into our schoolroom—Olga Ivanovna Vezhin, plump, fresh-complexioned, in mittens and lace. "*Bonjour, les enfants*," she would sing out sonorously, and then, heavily accenting the prepositions, she informed us: "*Je viens de voir* DANS *le jardin*, PRÈS *du cèdre*, SUR *une rose, un papillon de toute beauté; il était bleu, vert, pourpre, doré—et grand comme ça* . . . Quickly take your net," she continued, turning to me, "and go into the garden. Perhaps you can still catch it." And she sailed out, completely oblivious of the fact that if such a fabulous insect were to have come my way (it was not even worth a guess as to what banal garden visitor her imagination had so adorned) I would have died of heartbreak.

To give me special pleasure, our French governess chose a certain fable of Florian's, about another impossibly gaudy *petit-maître* butterfly, for me to learn by heart. Sometimes some aunt or other would give me a book by Fabre, whose popular works, full of chitchat, inaccurate observations, and downright mistakes, my father treated with scorn. I also remember this: One day, upon missing my net, I went out to look for it on the veranda and met my uncle's orderly returning from somewhere with it on his shoulder. "Just see what I've caught for you," he proclaimed in a satisfied voice, dumping the net on the floor. The mesh was secured near the frame by a bit of string, so that a bag

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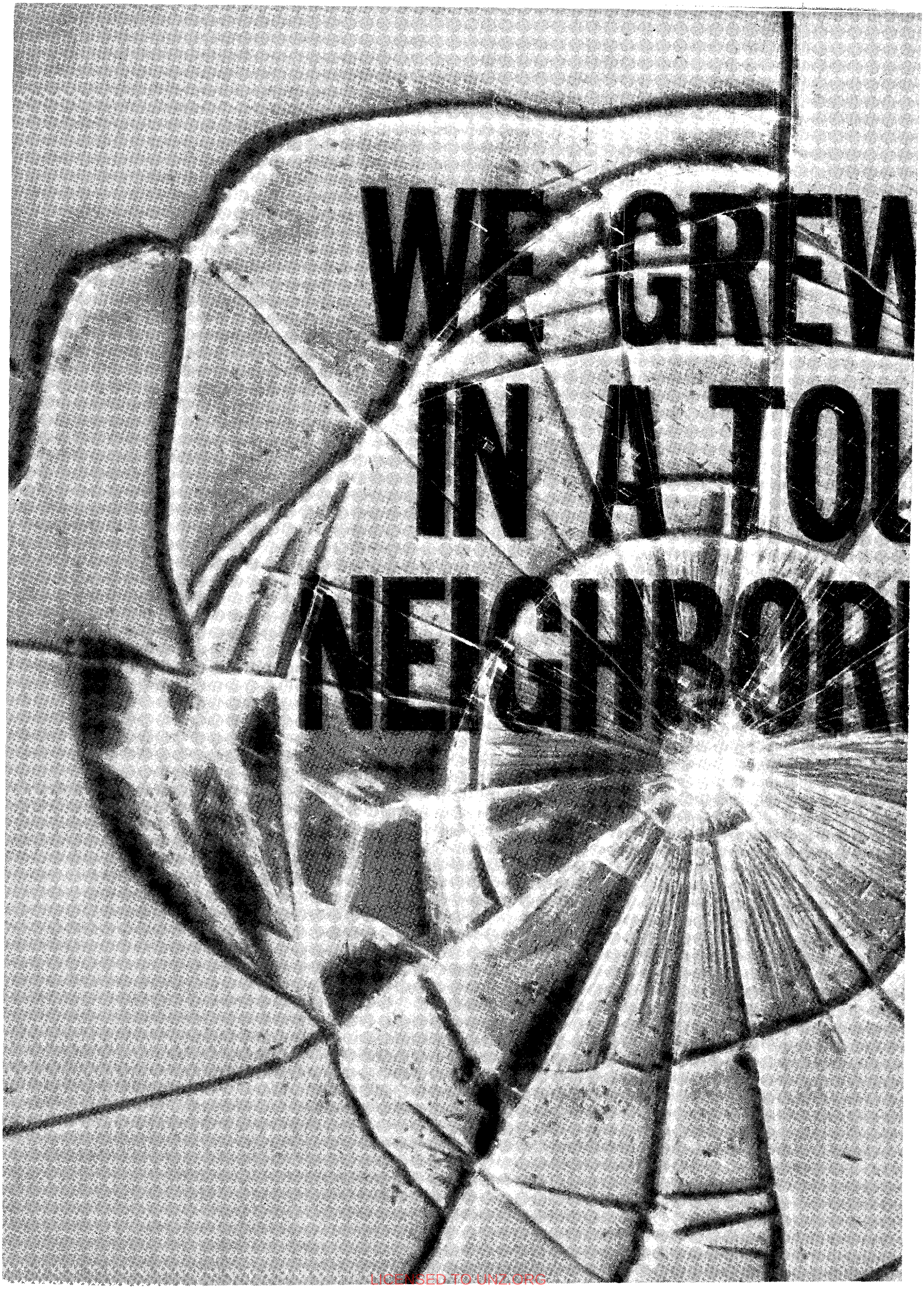
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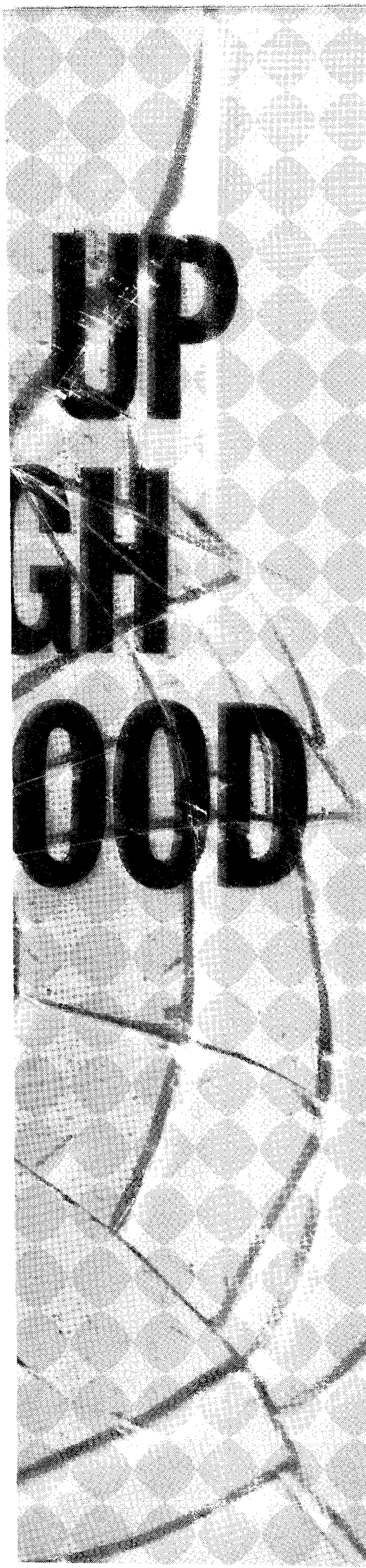

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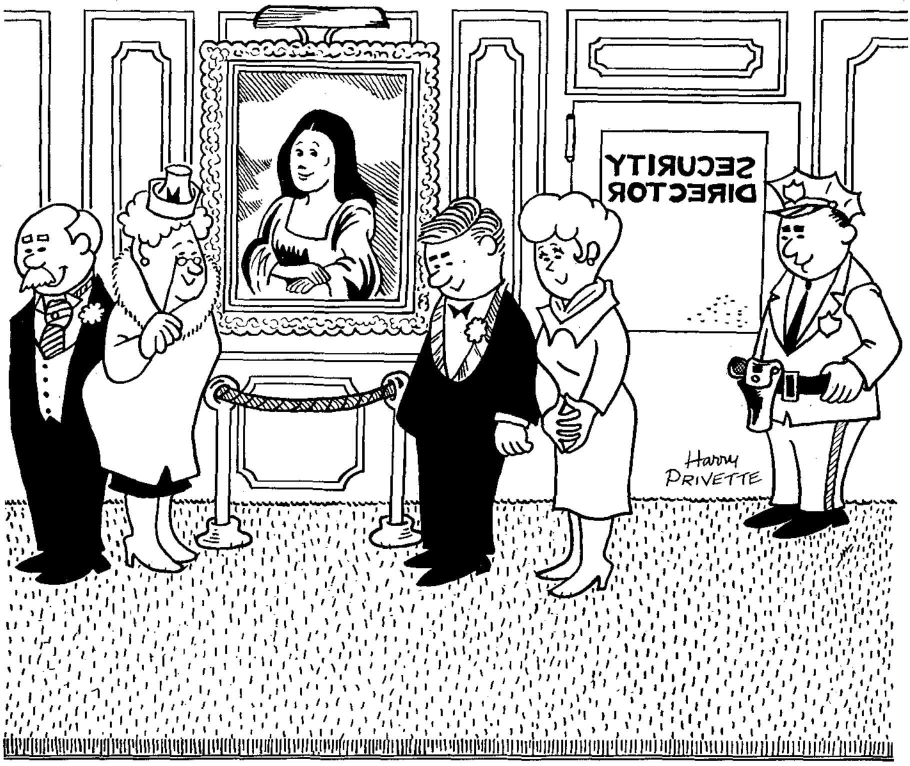

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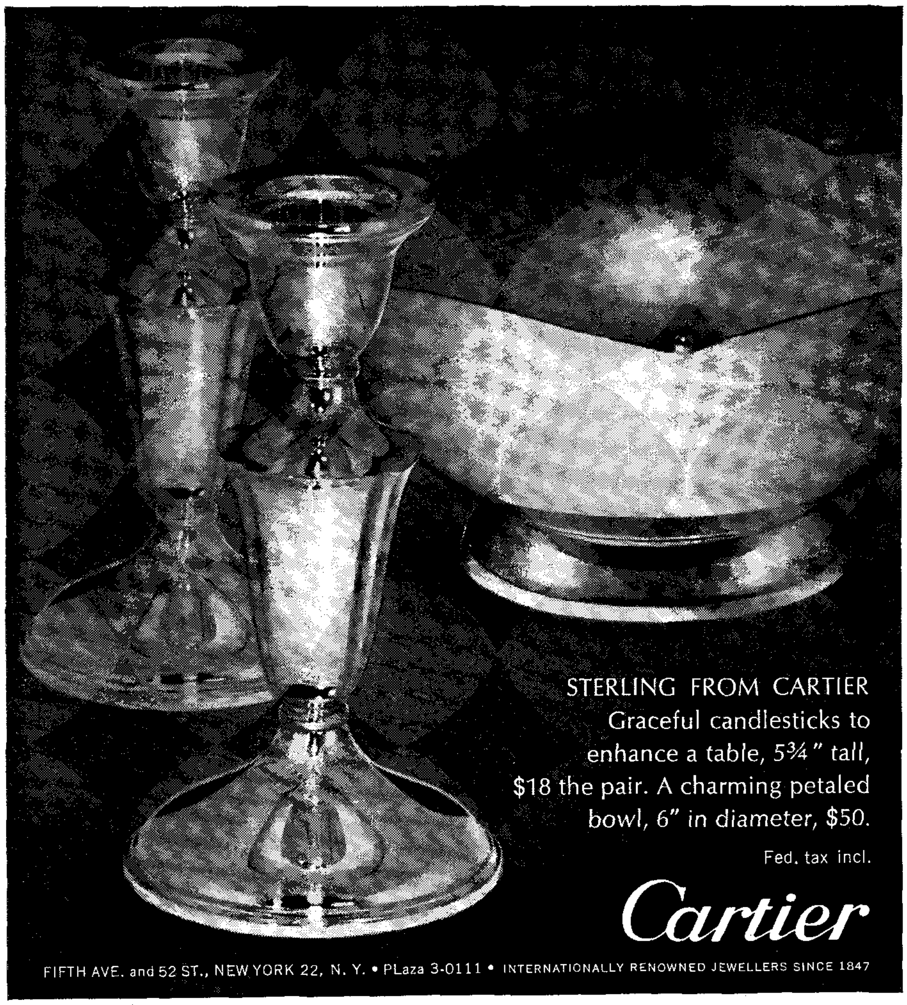
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was formed in which a variety of live matter swarmed and rustled—and good heavens, what rubbish there was in it: thirty-odd grasshoppers, the head of a daisy, a couple of dragonflies, ears of wheat, some sand, a cabbage butterfly crushed out of all recognition, and finally an edible toadstool noticed on the way and added just in case! How many jeers, how many conjectures and questions have I had occasion to hear when, overcoming my embarrassment, I walked through the village with my net! "Well, that's nothing," said my father, when I complained of this. "You should have seen the faces of the Chinese when I was collecting once on some holy mountain, or the look the progressive schoolmistress in a Volga town gave me when I explained to her what I was doing in that ravine."

How to describe the bliss of our walks with Father through the woods, the fields, and the peat bogs, or the constant summer thought of him if he was away, the eternal dream of making some discovery and of meeting him with this discovery! How to describe the feeling I experienced when he showed me all the spots where in his own childhood he had caught this and that—the beam of a half-rotted little bridge where he had caught his first peacock butterfly in '71, the slope of the road down to the river, where he had once fallen on his knees, weeping and praying. (He had bungled his stroke, it had flown forever!) And what fascination there was in his words, in the kind of special fluency and grace of his style, when he spoke about his subject, what affectionate precision in the movements of his fingers turning the screw of a spreading board or a microscope, what a truly enchanting world was unfolded in his lessons! Yes, I know this is not the way to write—these exclamations won't take me very deep—but my pen is not yet accustomed to following the outlines of his image, and I myself abominate these accessory curlicues. Oh, my childhood, don't look at me with such big, frightened eyes.

The sweetness of the lessons! On a warm evening he would take me to a certain small pond to watch the aspen hawk moth swing over the very water, dipping in it the tip of its body. He showed me how to prepare genital armatures to determine species which were externally indistinguishable. With a special smile he brought to my attention the black Ringlet butterflies in our park which with mysterious and elegant unexpectedness appeared only in even years. He mixed beer with treacle for

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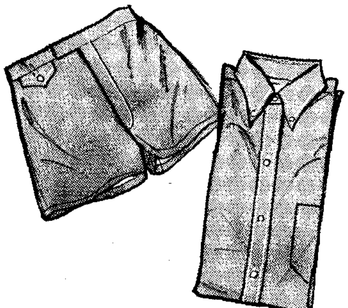

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We suggest lightweight cotton denim in our mix or match group for the long summer ahead. Top to bottom: In faded blue—the rope-tied boating shirt, S-M-L. The swim trunks, S-M-L. Short sleeve button-down shirt, S-M-L. Bermuda shorts, 28-40. Pullover shirt in maroon-and-blue stripes, S-M-L. All 6.50 each. The faded blue hat, S-M-L sizes, 2.00. University Shop.

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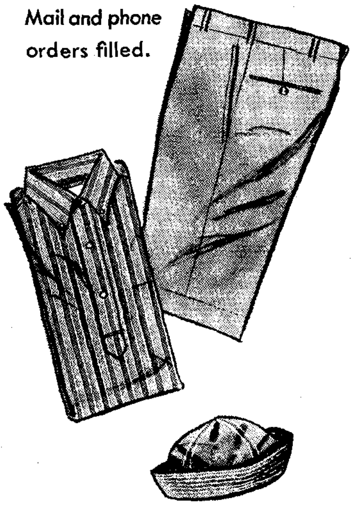

THE UNIVERSITY SHOPS
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

me on a dreadfully cold, dreadfully rainy autumn night in order to catch, at the smeared tree trunks that glistened in the light of a kerosene lamp, a multitude of large, banded moths, silently diving and hurrying toward the bait. He variously warmed and cooled the golden chrysalids of my tortoise shells so that I was able to get from them Corsican, arctic, and entirely unusual forms looking as if they had been dipped in tar and had silky fuzz sticking to them. He taught me how to take apart an anthill and find the caterpillar of a Blue which had concluded a barbaric pact with its inhabitants, and I saw how an ant, greedily tickling a hind segment of that caterpillar's clumsy, sluglike little body, forced it to excrete a drop of intoxicant juice, which it swallowed immediately; in compensation, it offered its own larvae as food. It was as if cows gave us Chartreuse and we gave them our infants to eat. But the strong caterpillar of one exotic species of Blue will not stoop to this exchange, brazenly devouring the infant ants and then turning into an impenetrable chrysalis which finally, at the time of hatching, is surrounded by ants (those failures in the school of experience) awaiting the emergence of the helplessly crumpled butterfly in order to attack it; they attack—and nevertheless she does not perish. "I have never laughed so much," said my father, "as when I realized that nature had supplied her with a sticky substance which caused the feelers and feet of those zealous ants to get stuck together, so that they rolled and writhed all around her while she herself, calm and invulnerable, let her wings strengthen and dry."

He told me about the odors of butterflies—musk and vanilla; about the voices of butterflies; about the piercing sound given out by the monstrous caterpillar of a Malayan hawk moth, an improvement on the mouselike squeak of our Death's-Head moth; about the small resonant tympanum of certain tiger moths; about the cunning butterfly in the Brazilian forest which imitates the whir of a local bird. He told me about the incredible artistic wit of mimetic disguise, which was not explainable by the struggle for existence (the rough haste of evolution's unskilled forces), was too refined for the mere deceiving of accidental predators—feathered, scaled, and otherwise (not very fastidious, but then not too fond of butterflies)—and seemed to have been invented by some waggish artist precisely for the intelligent eyes of man. He told me about these magic masks of mimicry—about the enormous

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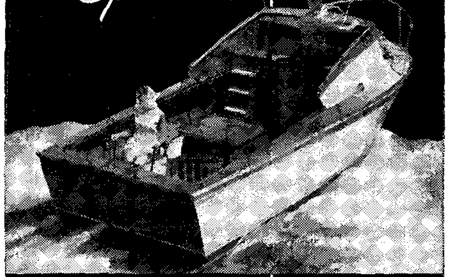

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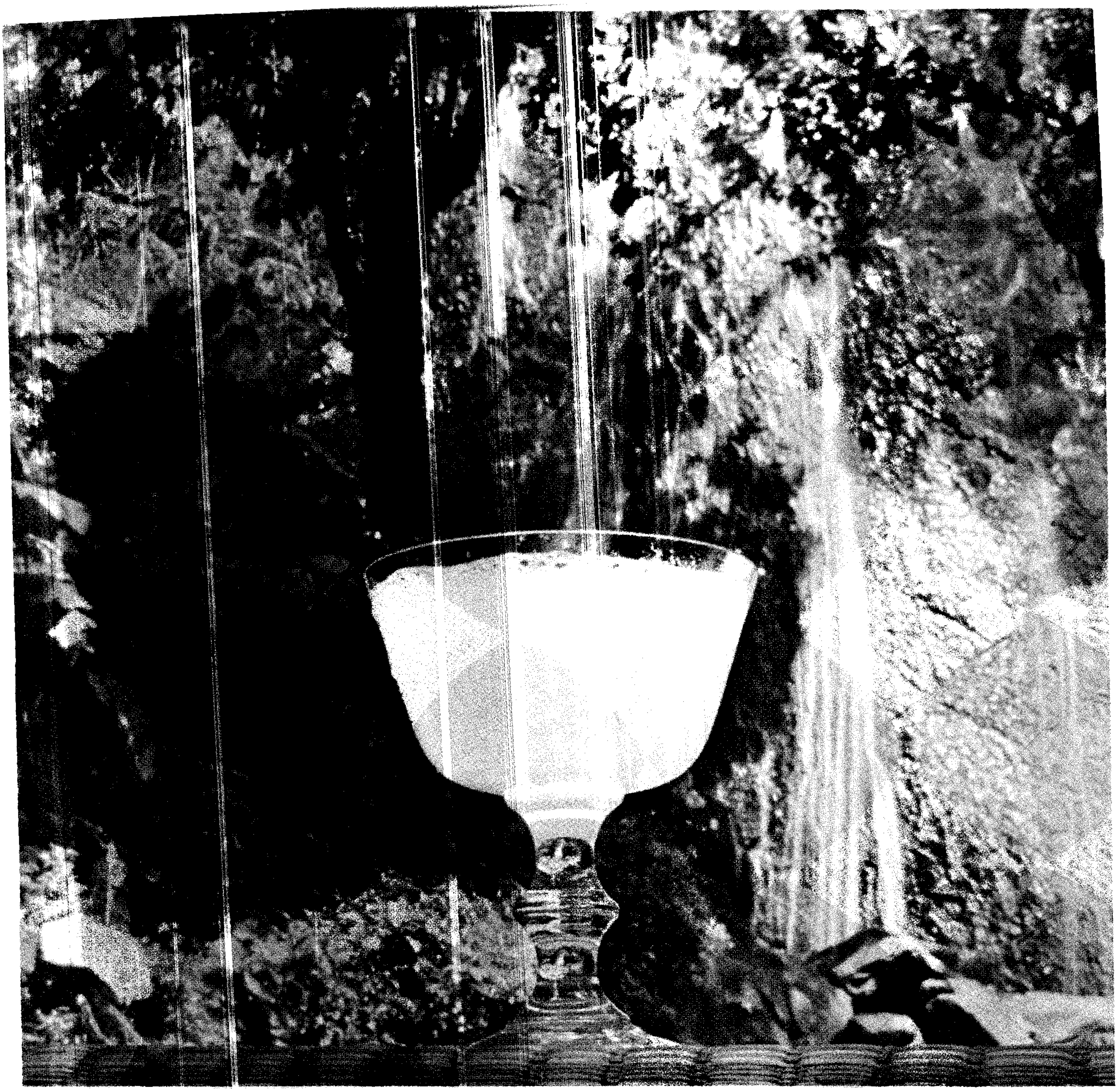

By a waterfall in Puerto Rico's rain forest, an idyllic place to sip a Daiquiri. John Stewart photograph.

How to mix a professional Daiquiri at home

(with today's dry, white Puerto Rican rum)

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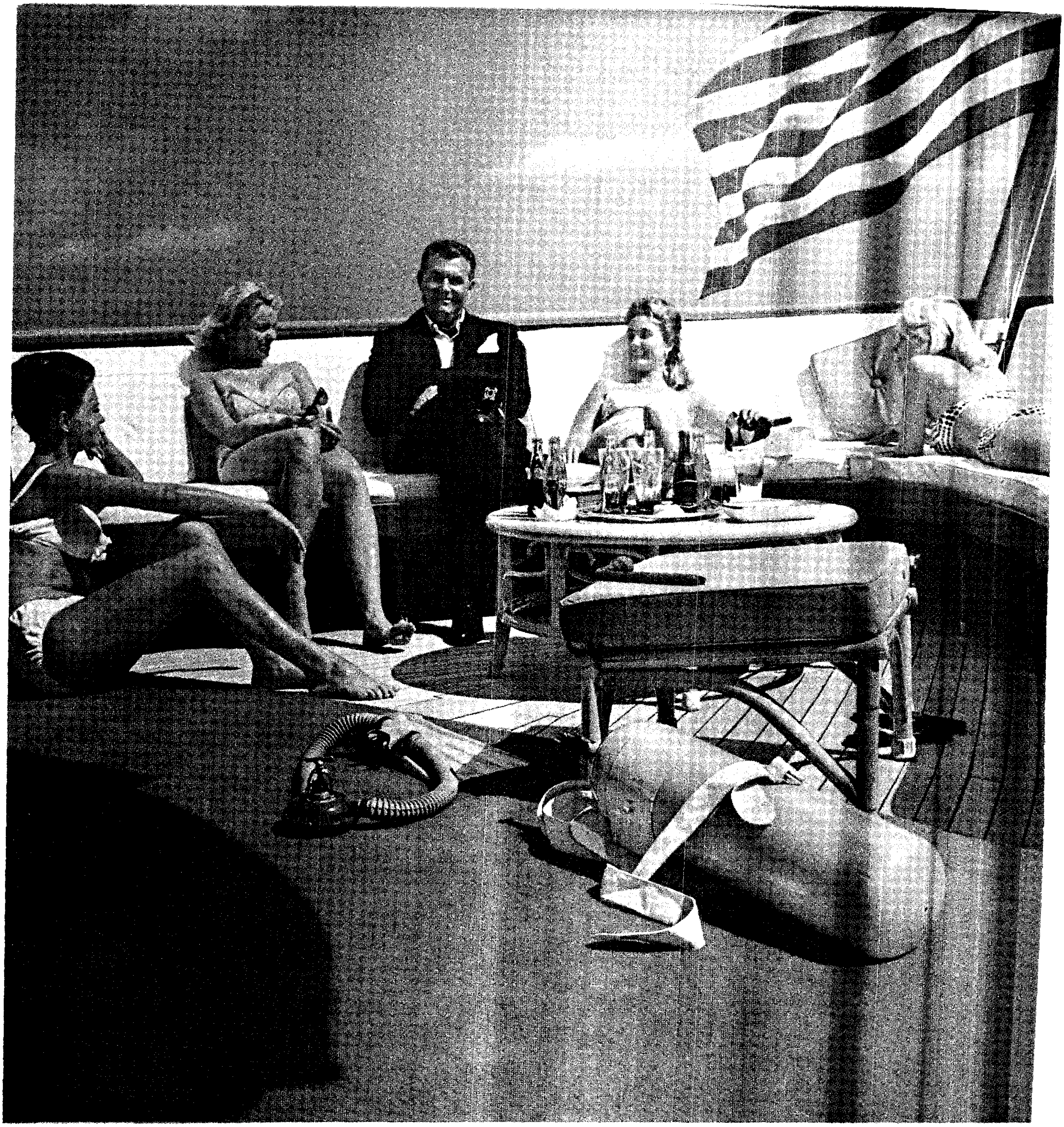

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Then, what else *but* a Barwick carpet on the deck! Protects the teak, you know, and all that bosh. And neither mist nor Twist, spray nor hey-hey disturb its dedication to duty. While shooting this scene I wondered what such a take-everything gem must cost. (From my Boola days, I remembered the famous yachtman's admonition that if you have to ask the price you can't afford it.) However, E.T.B. told us his handkerchief story. *A man's linen handkerchief* usually costs more per square yard than most fine Barwick carpets.* So, ask the price. You can afford it.

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moth which in a state of repose assumes the image of a snake looking at you; of a tropical geometrid colored in perfect imitation of a species of butterfly infinitely removed from it in nature's system, the illusion of the orange underside possessed by one being humorously reproduced in the other by the orange-colored inner margins of the secondaries; and about the curious harem of that famous African swallowtail whose variously disguised females copy in color, shape, and even flight half a dozen different species, which are also the models of numerous other mimics. He told me about migrations, about the long cloud consisting of myriads of white pierids that moves through the sky, indifferent to the direction of the wind, always at the same level above the ground, rising softly and smoothly over hills and sinking again into valleys, meeting perhaps another cloud of butterflies, yellow, filtering through it without stopping and without soiling its own whiteness, and floating further, to settle toward nighttime on trees which stand until morning as if bestrewn with snow, and then taking off again to continue their journey—whither? Why? A tale not yet finished by nature, or else forgotten. "Our thistle butterfly," he said, "the 'painted lady' of the English, the '*belle dame*' of the French, does not hibernate in Europe as related species do; it is born on the African plains. There, at dawn, the lucky traveller may hear the whole steppe, glistening in the first rays, crackle with an incalculable number of hatching chrysalids." From there, without delay it begins its journey north, reaching the shores of Europe in early spring, suddenly enlivening the gardens of the Crimea and the terraces of the Riviera. Without lingering, but leaving individuals everywhere for summer breeding, it proceeds farther north, and by the end of May, by now in single specimens, it reaches Scotland, Helgoland, our parts, and even the extreme north of the earth; it has been caught in Iceland! With a strange, crazy flight unlike anything else, the bleached, hardly recognizable butterfly, choosing a dry glade, "wheels" in and out of the Leshino firs, and by the end of the summer, on thistleheads, on asters, its lovely pink-flushed offspring is already revelling in life. "Most moving of all," added my father, "is that on the first cold days a reverse phenomenon is observed—the ebb; the butterfly hastens southward, for the winter, but, of course, it perishes before it reaches the warmth."

Simultaneously with the Englishman Tutt, who observed the same thing in

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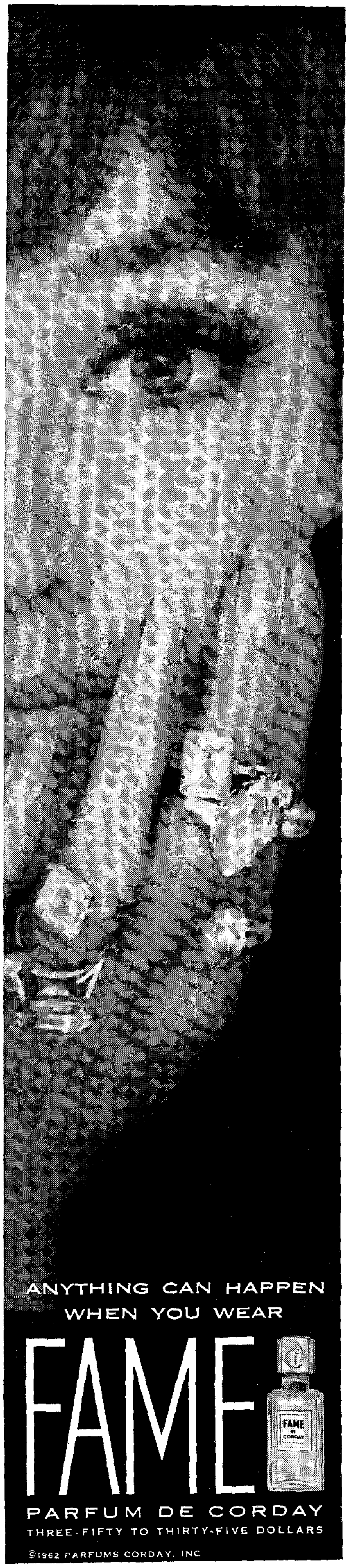
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the Swiss Alps, my father discovered in the Pamirs the true nature of the corneal formation appearing beneath the abdomen in the impregnated females of Parnassians, and explained to me how the male, working with a pair of spatulate appendages, places and molds on his mate a chastity belt of his own manufacture, shaped differently in every species of this genus, being sometimes a little boat, sometimes a helical shell, sometimes—as in the case of the exceptionally rare dark-cinder-gray *orpheus* Godunov—a replica of a tiny lyre. And as a frontispiece to my book on my father I think I would like to display precisely this butterfly—for I can hear him talk about it, can see the way he took the six specimens he had brought back out of their six thick triangular envelopes, the way he lowered his eyes with the field magnifier close to the abdomen of the only female, and how reverently his laboratory assistant relaxed in a damp jar the dry, glossy, tightly folded wings in order later to drive a pin smoothly through the insect's thorax, stick it in the cork groove of the spreading board, hold down flat upon it by means of broad strips of semi-transparent paper its open, defenseless, gracefully expanded beauty, then slip a bit of cotton wool under its abdomen and straighten its black antennae so that it dried that way forever. Forever? In the Berlin museum there are many of my father's captures, and these are as fresh today as they were in the eighties and nineties. Butterflies from Linnaeus's collection now in London have subsisted since the eighteenth century. In the Prague museum one can see that same example of the showy Atlas moth that Catherine the Great admired. Why, then, do I feel so sad?

MY father's captures, his observations, the sound of his voice in scientific words—all this, I think, I will preserve. But that is still so little. With the same relative permanence, I would like to retain what it was, perhaps, that I loved most of all about him: his live masculinity, inflexibility, and independence, the chill and the warmth of his personality, his power over everything that he undertook. As if playing a game, as if wishing in passing to imprint his force on everything, he would pick out here and there something from a field outside entomology, and thus he left his mark upon almost all branches of natural science. There is only one plant described by him out of all those he collected, but that one is a spectacular species of birch; one bird—a most fabulous pheasant; one

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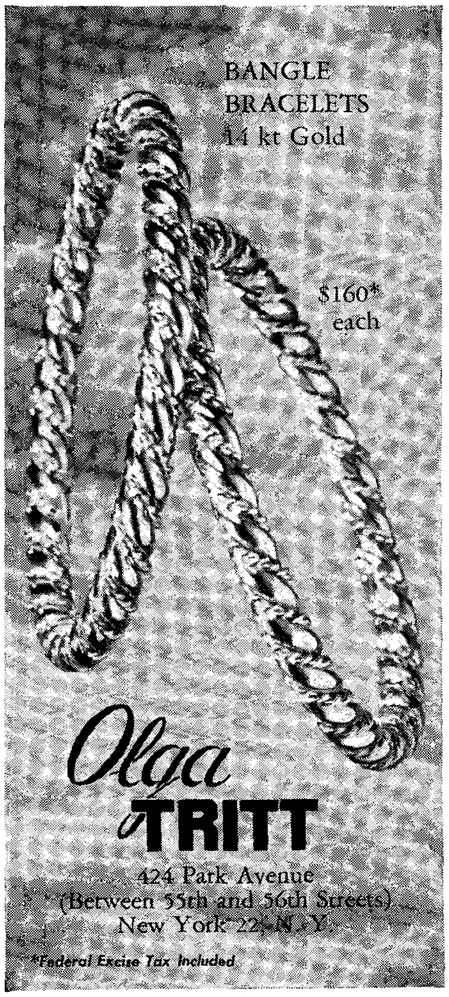

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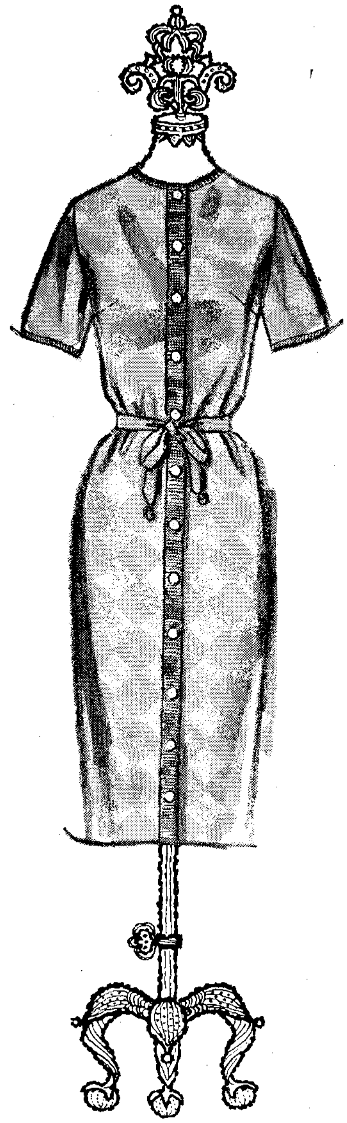

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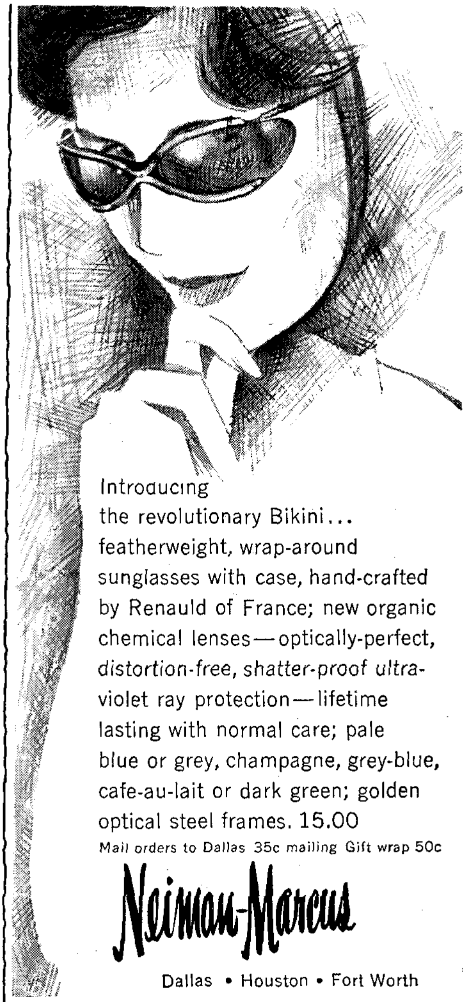
bat, but the biggest one in the world. And in all parts of nature our name echoes a countless number of times, for other naturalists gave his name either to a spider, or to a rhododendron, or to a mountain ridge—the latter, by the way, made him angry. "To ascertain and preserve the ancient native name of a pass," he wrote, "is always both more scientific and more noble than to saddle it with the name of a good acquaintance."

I liked—I only now understood how much I liked it—that special easy knack he showed in dealing with a horse, a dog, a gun, a bird, or a peasant boy with a two-inch splinter in his back. (He was constantly being brought people who were wounded, maimed, even infirm; even pregnant women, who probably took his mysterious occupation for voodoo practice.) I liked the fact that, in contradistinction to the majority of non-Russian travellers—Sven Hedin, for example—he never changed his clothes for Chinese dress on his wanderings. In general, he kept aloof, was severe and resolute in the extreme in his relations with the natives, showing no indulgence to mandarins and lamas; and in camp he practiced shooting, which served as an excellent precaution against any importuning. He was entirely uninterested in ethnography, a fact that for some reason greatly irritated certain geographers, and his great friend the Orientalist Krivtsov almost wept when reproaching him, "If only you had brought back one wedding song, Konstantin Kirillovich, had described one local dress!" There was a professor at Kazan who attacked him especially; proceeding from some sort of humanitarian-liberal premises, he convicted my father of scientific aristocratism, of a haughty contempt for Man, of disregard for the reader's interests, of dangerous eccentricity, and of much more. And once at an international banquet in London (and this episode pleases me most of all), Sven Hedin, sitting next to my father, asked him how it had happened that, travelling with unprecedented freedom over the forbidden parts of Tibet, in the immediate vicinity of Lhasa, he had not gone to look at it, to which my father replied that he had not wanted to sacrifice even one hour's collecting for the sake of visiting "one more filthy little town"—and I can see so clearly how his eyes must have narrowed as he spoke.

He was endowed with an even temper, self-control, strong will power, and a vivid sense of humor; but when he became angry his wrath was like a sudden



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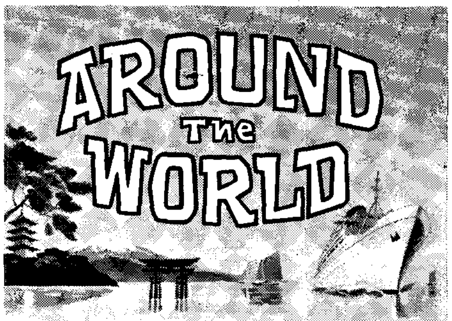

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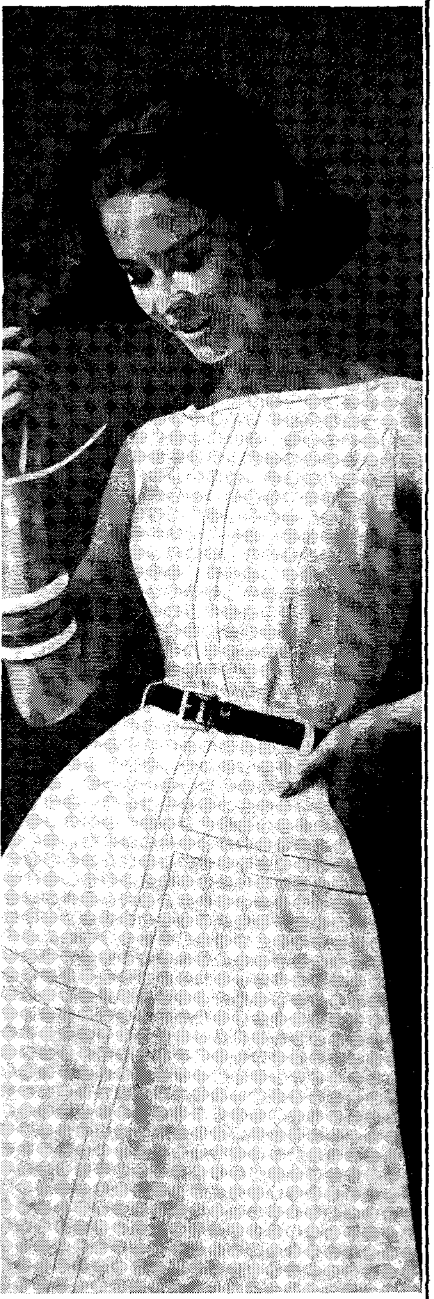

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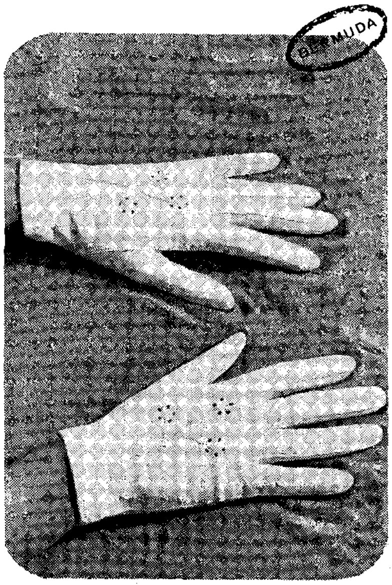
stroke of frost. Grandmother said, behind his back, "All the clocks in the house have stopped." And I can well remember those sudden silences at table, and the kind of absent-minded look that immediately appeared on Mother's face, and how one of the governesses at the end of the table would hastily place her palm on a glass which was on the point of tinkling. The cause of his wrath could be a blunder by someone, a miscomputation by the steward (Father was well versed in the estate affairs), a flippant remark made about an intimate of his, trite political sentiments in the spirit of soapbox patriotism brought out by some ill-starred guest, or some misdemeanor or other of mine. He who in his time had slaughtered countless multitudes of birds, he who had once brought the newly wed botanist Berg the *complete* vegetable covering of a motley little mountain meadow in one piece, the *size of a room in area* (I imagined it rolled up in a case like a Persian carpet), which he had found somewhere at some fantastic height among bare cliffs and snow—he could not forgive me a Leshino sparrow wantonly shot down with a Montecristo rifle or the young pondside aspen I had slashed with a sword. He also could not stand procrastination, hesitation, the blinking eyes of a lie; could not stand hypocrisy or syrupiness. And I am sure that had he caught me out in physical cowardice, he would have laid a curse on me.

I have not said everything yet. I am coming to what is perhaps most important. In and around my father, around this clear and direct strength, there was something difficult to convey in words—a haze, a mystery, an enigmatic reserve which made itself felt sometimes more, sometimes less. It had no direct connection either with my sister and me or with my mother, or with the externals of life, or even with butterflies (the closest to him of all, I daresay). It was neither pensiveness nor melancholy; and I have no means of explaining the impression his face made on me when I looked through his study window from outside and saw how, having suddenly forgotten his work, he sat for a minute without moving. It sometimes seems to me nowadays that—who knows—he might have gone off on his journeys not so much to seek something as to flee from something, and that on returning he would realize that it was still with him, inside him, unriddable, inexhaustible. I cannot track down a name for his secret, but I only know that that was the source



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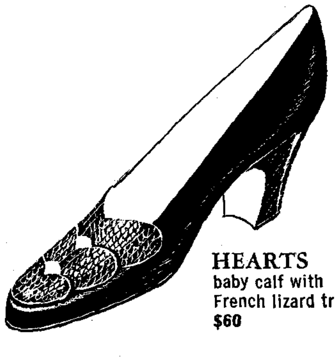

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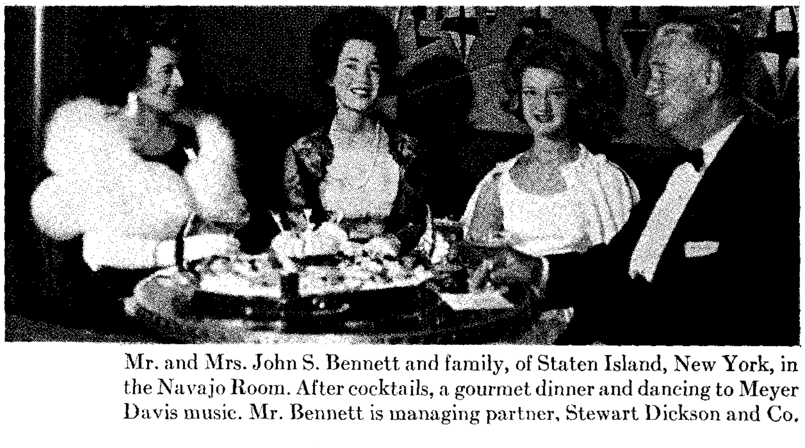
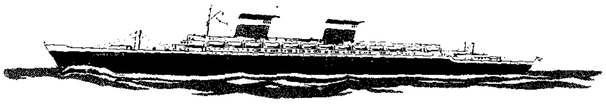


Mr. and Mrs. John S. Bennett and family, of Staten Island, New York, in the Navajo Room. After cocktails, a gourmet dinner and dancing to Meyer Davis music. Mr. Bennett is managing partner, Stewart Dickson and Co.



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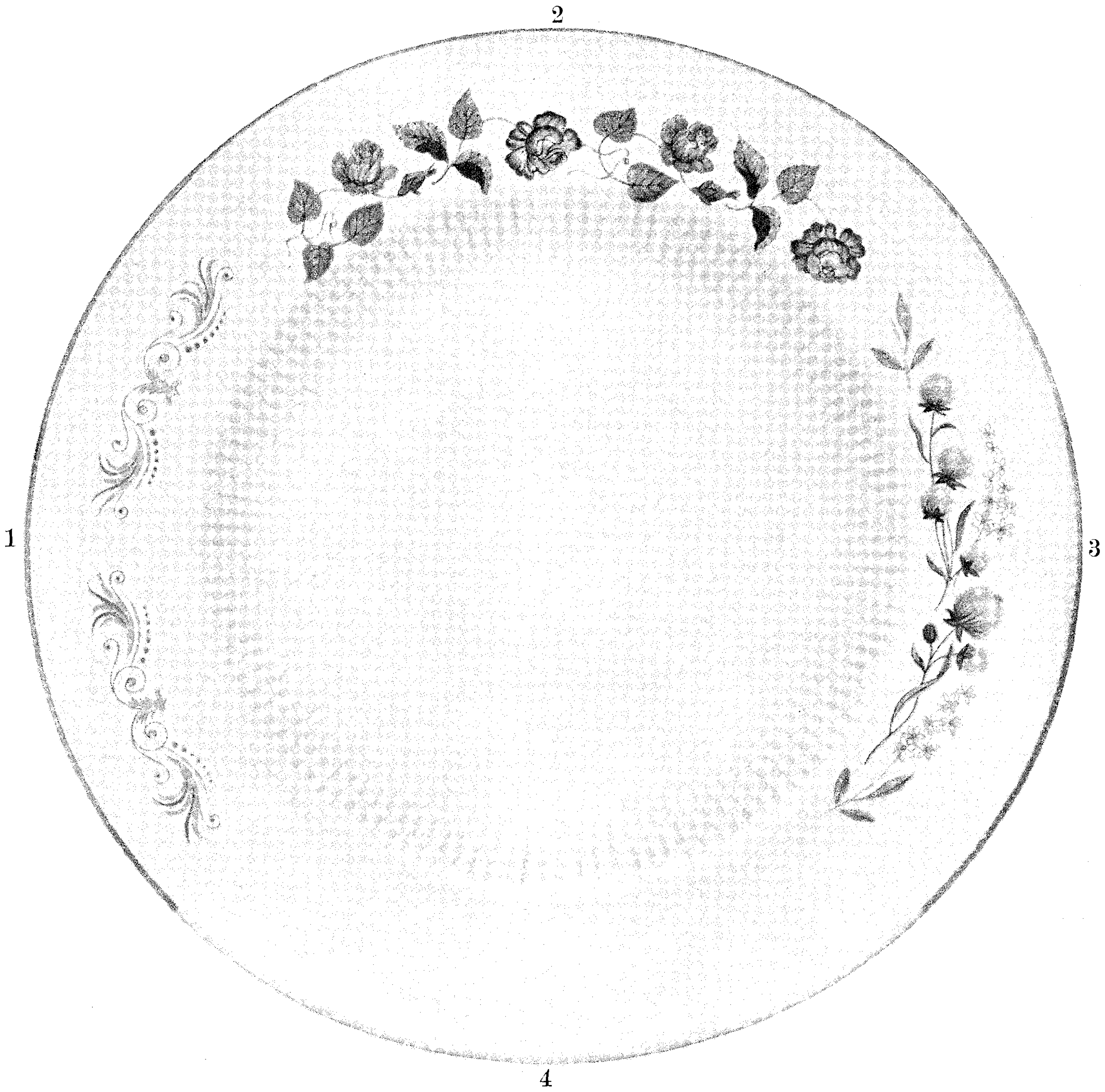

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of that special, neither glad nor morose (having indeed no connection with the outward appearance of human emotions) solitude to which neither my mother nor all the entomologists of the world had any admittance.

FROM conversations with my father, from daydreams in his absence, from the neighborhood of thousands of books full of drawings of animals, from the precious shimmer of the collections, from the maps, from all the heraldry of nature and the cabalism of Latin names, life took on a kind of bewitching lightness that made me feel as if my own travels were about to begin. Among the old, tranquil velvet-framed family photographs in my father's study there hung a copy of the picture "Marco Polo Leaving Venice." She was rosy, this Venice, and the water of her lagoon was azure, with swans twice the size of the boats, into one of which tiny violet men were descending by way of a plank, in order to board a ship which was waiting a little way off with sails furled. It is this picture that I think of now, when I imagine the outfitting of my father's caravan in Przhevalsk, where he used to go with post horses from Tashkent, having dispatched in advance, by slow convoy, a store of supplies for three years. His Cossacks went round the neighboring villages buying horses, mules, and camels. They prepared the pack boxes and pouches. (What was there not in these Sartish yagtans and leather bags tried by centuries, from cognac to pulverized peas, from ingots of silver to nails for horseshoes?) And after a requiem on the shore of the lake, by the burial rock of the explorer Przhevalski, the caravan took the road.

After that I see the caravan, before it gets drawn into the mountains, winding among hills of a paradisean green shade, depending both on their grassy raiment and on the apple-bright epidotic rock of which they are composed. The compact, sturdy Kalmuk ponies walk in single file, forming echelons. The paired packloads of equal weight are secured twice with lariats so that nothing can shift, and a Cossack leads every echelon by the first pony's bridle. In front of the caravan, a Berdan rifle over his shoulder and a butterfly net at the ready, wearing spectacles and a nankeen blouse, Father rides on his white trotter, accompanied by a native horseman. Closing the detachment comes the geodesist Kunitsyn (this is the way I see it), a majestic old man who has spent half a lifetime in imperturbable wanderings,

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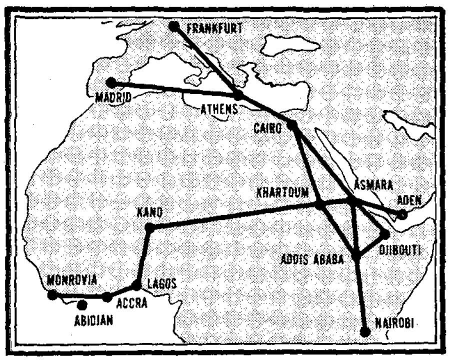

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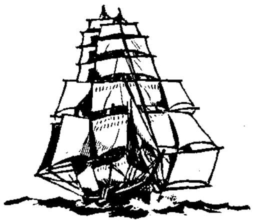
with his instruments in cases—chronometers, surveying compasses, an artificial horizon—and when he stops to take a bearing or to note down azimuths in his journal, his horse is held by an assistant, a small, anemic German, Ivan Ivanovich Viskott, formerly a chemist at Gatchina, whom my father taught to prepare bird skins and who took part from then on in all the expeditions, until he died of gangrene in the summer of 1903, in Dyn-Kou.

Further, I see the mountains—the Tyan-Shan range. In search of passes (marked on the map according to oral data but first explored by my father), the caravan ascended over steep slopes and narrow ledges, slipped down to the north, to the steppe teeming with saigas, ascended again to the south, here fording torrents, there trying to get across high water, and up, up, along almost impassable trails. How the sunlight played! The dryness of the air produced an amazing contrast between light and shadow: in the light there were such flashes, such a wealth of brilliance, that at times it became impossible to look at a rock, at a stream; and in the shadow there was a darkness which absorbed all detail, so that every color lived a magically multiplied life and the coats of the horses changed as they entered the cool of the poplars.

The boom of water in the gorge was enough to stun a man. Head and breast filled with an electric agitation. The water rushed with awesome force—as smooth, however, as molten lead—then suddenly swelled out monstrously as it reached the rapids, its varicolored waves piling up and falling over the lustrous brows of the stones with a furious roar. And then, crashing from a height of twenty feet, out of a rainbow and into darkness, it ran farther, now changed. Seething, smoke blue, and snowlike from the foam, it struck first one side and then the other of the conglomeratic canyon in such a way that it seemed the reverberating mountain fastness could never withstand it. On its banks, meanwhile, in blissful quiet, the irises were in bloom. Suddenly a herd of marals dashed out of a black firwood onto a dazzling alpine meadow and halted, quivering. No, it was only the air quivering; the deer had already vanished.

I can conjure up with particular clarity—in this transparent and changeable setting—my father's principal and constant occupation. I see him leaning down from the saddle, amid a clatter of sliding stones, to sweep in with a swing of his net on the end of its long handle (a twist of the wrist causing the end of



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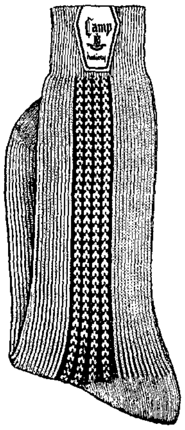

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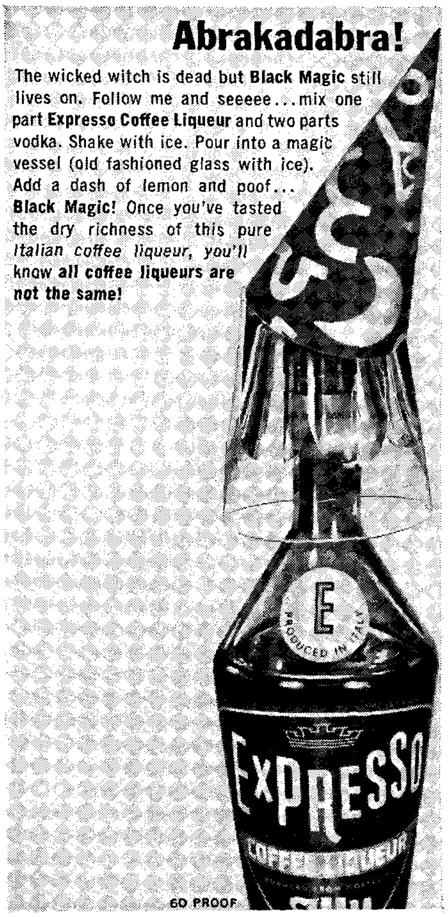

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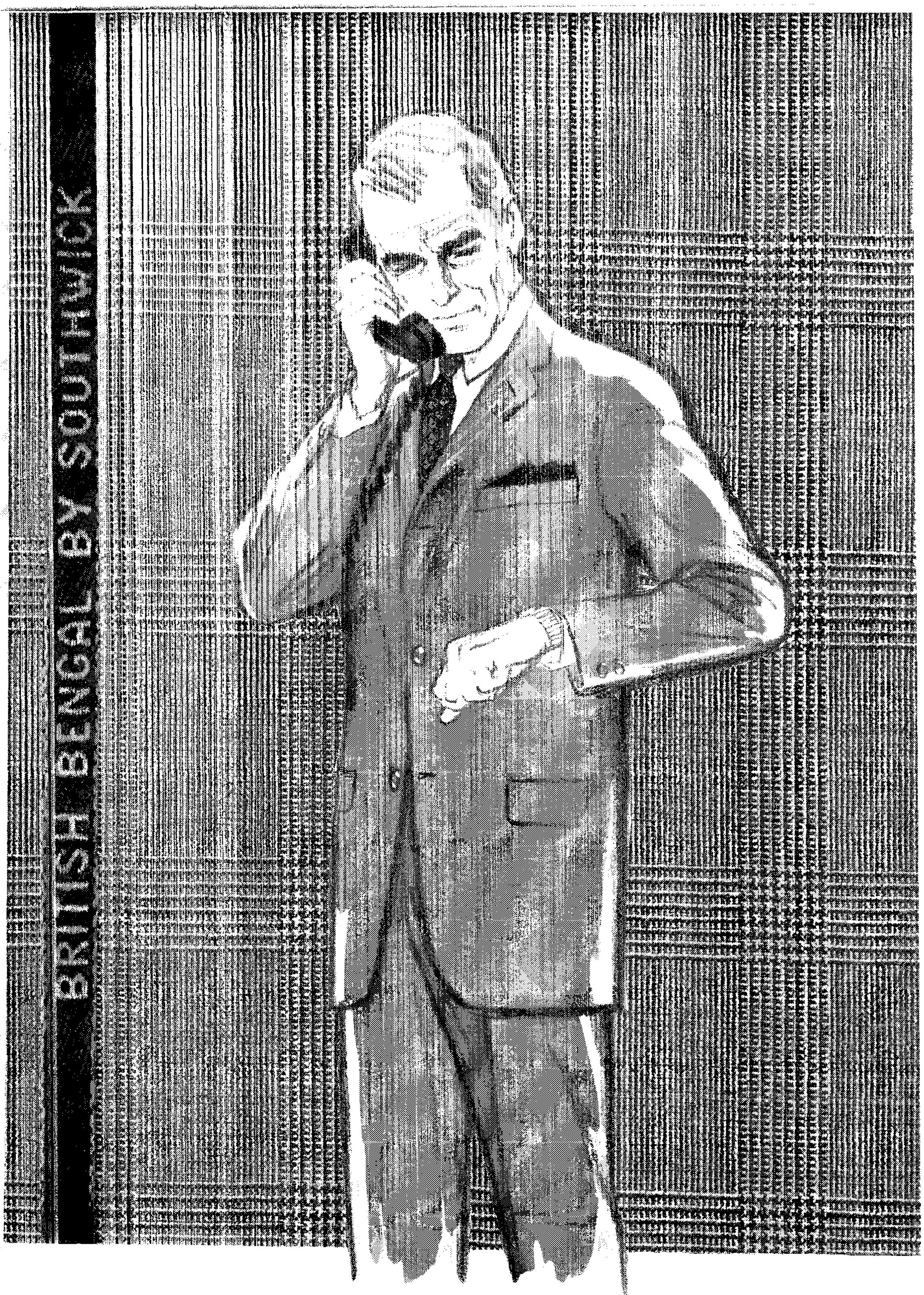

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BY GRIECO BROTHERS

the muslin bag, full of rustling and throbbing, to flip across the ring, thus preventing escape) some royal relative of our Apollos, which had been skimming with a ranging flight over the dangerous screes. And not only Father but also the other riders (the Cossack corporal Semyon Zharkoy, for example, and the Buryat Buyantuyev, and that representative of mine whom I sent in the wake of my father throughout my boyhood) work their way fearlessly up the rocks in pursuit of the white, richly ocellated butterfly, which they catch at last. And here it is in my father's fingers, dead, its hairy yellowish incurved body resembling a willow catkin, and the glazy underside of its crisp folded wings showing the blood-red maculation at their roots.

He avoided dawdling in Chinese roadhouses, especially overnight, because he disliked them for their "bustle devoid of feeling" that consisted solely of shouting without the slightest hint of laughter. But strangely enough, in his memory later, the smell of these inns, that special air belonging to any place where Chinese dwell—a rancid mixture of kitchen fumes, smoke from burned manure, opium, and the stable—spoke more to him of his beloved hunting than the recollected fragrancy of mountain meadows.

Moving across the Tyan-Shan with the caravan, I can now see evening approaching, drawing a shadow over the mountain slopes. Postponing until the morning a difficult crossing (a ramshackle bridge, consisting of stone slabs on top of brushwood, has been thrown across the turbulent river, but the way up on the other side is steepish and, moreover, as smooth as glass), the caravan settles down for the night. While the colors of sunset still linger in the aerial tiers of the sky, and supper is being prepared, the Cossacks, having first taken off the animals' sweatcloths and felt underblankets, wash the wounds made by the packs. In the darkling air, the clear ring of shoeing resounds above the ample noise of water. It has grown quite dark. Father has climbed a rock, looking for a place to suit his calcium lamp for catching moths. Thence one can see in Chinese perspective (that is, from above), in a deep gully, the redness, transparent in the darkness, of the campfire; through the edges of its breathing flame seem to float the broad-shouldered shadows of men, endlessly changing their outlines, and a red reflection trembles, without moving from the spot, on the seething water of the river. But above, all is quiet and dark;

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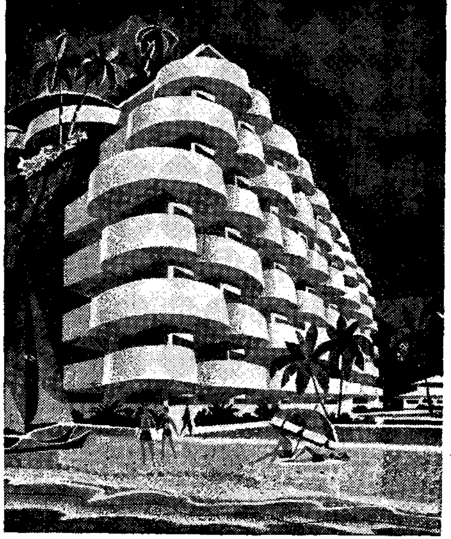

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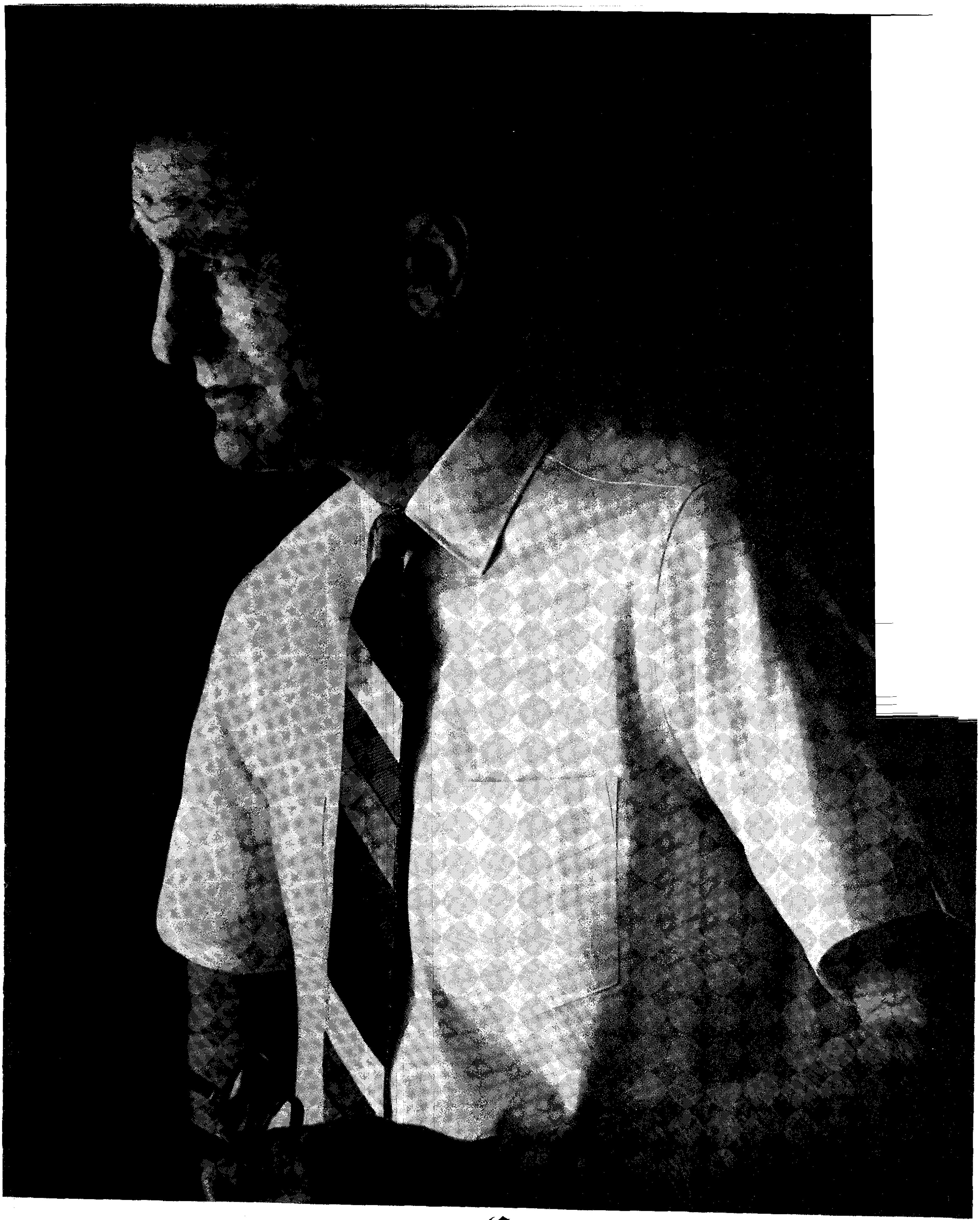

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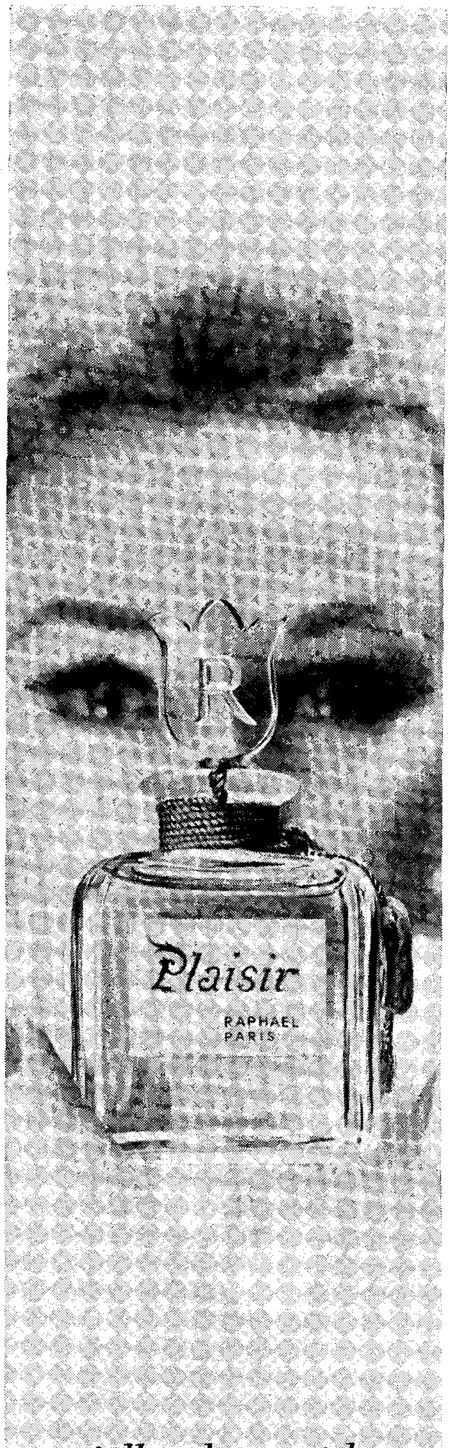

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only rarely does a bell tinkle. The horses, who have already stood to receive their portion of dry fodder, are now roaming among the granite debris. Overhead, frighteningly close, the stars have come out, each conspicuous, each a live orbicle, clearly revealing its globular essence. Moths begin to come to the lure of the lamp. They describe crazy circles around it, hitting the reflector with a ping; they fall, they crawl over the spread sheet into the circle of light, gray, with eyes like burning coals, vibrating, flying up and falling again—and a large, brightly illumined, unhurriedly skillful hand, with almond-shaped fingernails, rakes Noctuid after Noctuid into the killing jar.

Sometimes he was quite alone, without even this nearness of men sleeping in camp tents, on felt mattresses, around the camel bedded down on the campfire ashes. Taking advantage of lengthy halts in places with abundant food for the caravan animals, Father would go away for several days on reconnaissance, and in doing so, carried away by some new pierid, more than once ignored the rule of mountain hunting: never follow a path of no return. And now I continually ask myself, What did he use to *think about in the solitary night?* I try fervently in the darkness to divine the current of his thoughts, and I have much less success with this than with my mental visits to places which I have never seen. What did he think about? About a recent catch? About my mother, about us? About the innate strangeness of human life, a sense of which he mysteriously transmitted to me? Or perhaps I am wrong in retrospectively forcing upon him the secret which he carries now, when, newly gloomy and preoccupied, concealing the pain of an unknown wound, concealing death as something shameful, he appears in my dreams—a secret he did not then have, but simply was happy in that incompletely named world in which at every step he named the nameless.

After spending the whole summer in the mountains (not one summer but several did I spend with him, in my imagination, in different years, which are superimposed one on another in translucent layers) our caravan moved east through a gulch into a stony desert. We saw gradually disappear both the bed of the stream, as it split and fanned out, and those plants that to the last remain faithful to travellers: stunted ammodendrons, lasiagrostis, and ephedras. Having loaded the camels with water, we plunged into spectral wilds, where here and there big pebbles covered complete-

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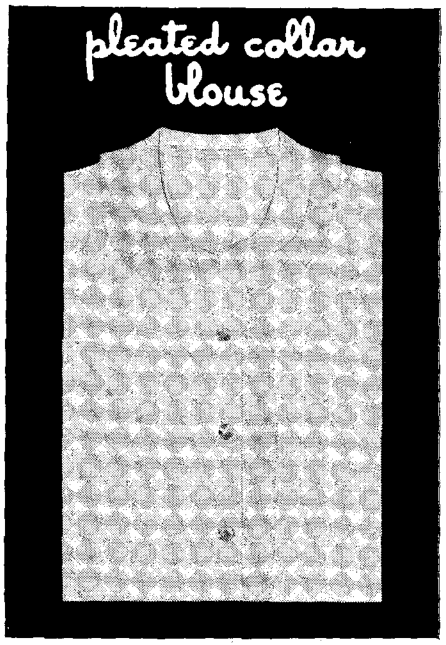

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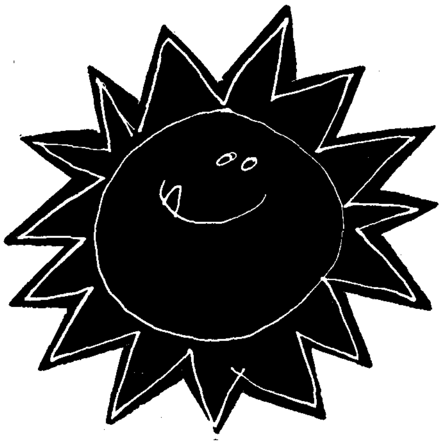

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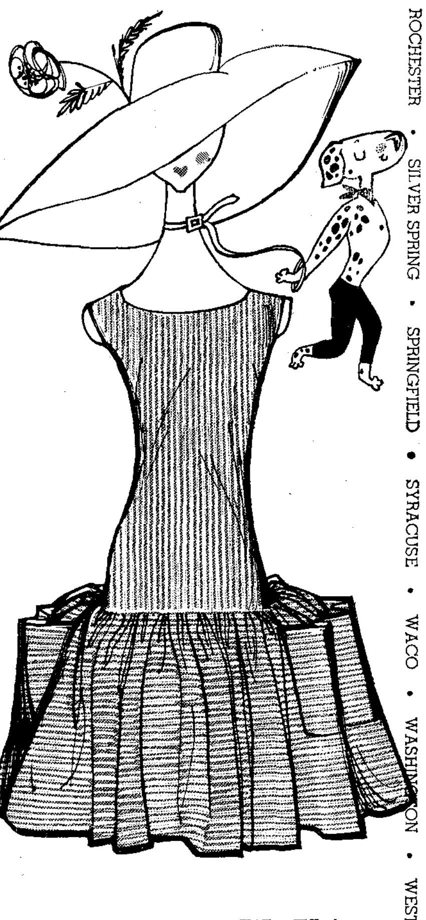
ly the yielding, reddish-brown clay of the desert, in places mottled with crusts of dirty snow and outcrops of salt, which we took in the distance for the walls of the town we sought. The way was dangerous as a result of the terrible storms, during which, at midday, everything was blanketed in a salty brown fog; the wind roared, granules of gravel lashed one's face, the camels lay down, and our tarpaulin tent was torn to shreds. Because of these storms the surface of the land has changed unbelievably, presenting the fantastic outlines of castles, colonnades, and staircases. Or else the hurricane had scoured out a hollow—as if here in this desert the elemental forces that had fashioned the world were still furiously in action. But there were also days of a wonderful lull, when horned larks poured forth their mimetic trills and flocks of ordinary sparrows accompanied our emaciated animals. On occasion we would pass the day in isolated settlements consisting of two or three homesteads and a ruined temple. At other times we would be attacked by Tanguts in sheepskin coats and red-and-blue woollen boots—a brief colorful episode on the way. And then there were the mirages—the mirages where nature, that exquisite cheat, achieved absolute miracles: Visions of water were so clear that they reflected the *real* rocks nearby!

Farther came the quiet sands of the Gobi, dune after dune went by like waves revealing short ochre horizons, and all that was audible in the velvet air was the labored, quickened breathing of the camels and the scrape of their broad feet. The caravan went onward, now ascending to the crest of a dune, now plunging downward, and by the evening its shadow had attained gigantic proportions. The five-carat diamond of Venus disappeared in the west, together with the glow of the sunset, which distorted everything in its blanched, orange-and-violet light. And Father loved to recall how once at such a sunset, in 1893, in the dead heart of the Gobi Desert, he had met with—taking them at first for phantoms projected by the prismatic rays—two cyclists in Chinese sandals and round felt hats, who turned out to be two Americans named Sachtleben and Allen, riding all across Asia to Peking for fun.

Spring awaited us in the mountains of Nan-Shan. Everything foretold it: the babbling of the water in the brooks, the distant thunder of the rivers, the whistle of the creepers which lived in holes on the slippery wet hillsides, the delightful singing of the local larks, and "a mass of



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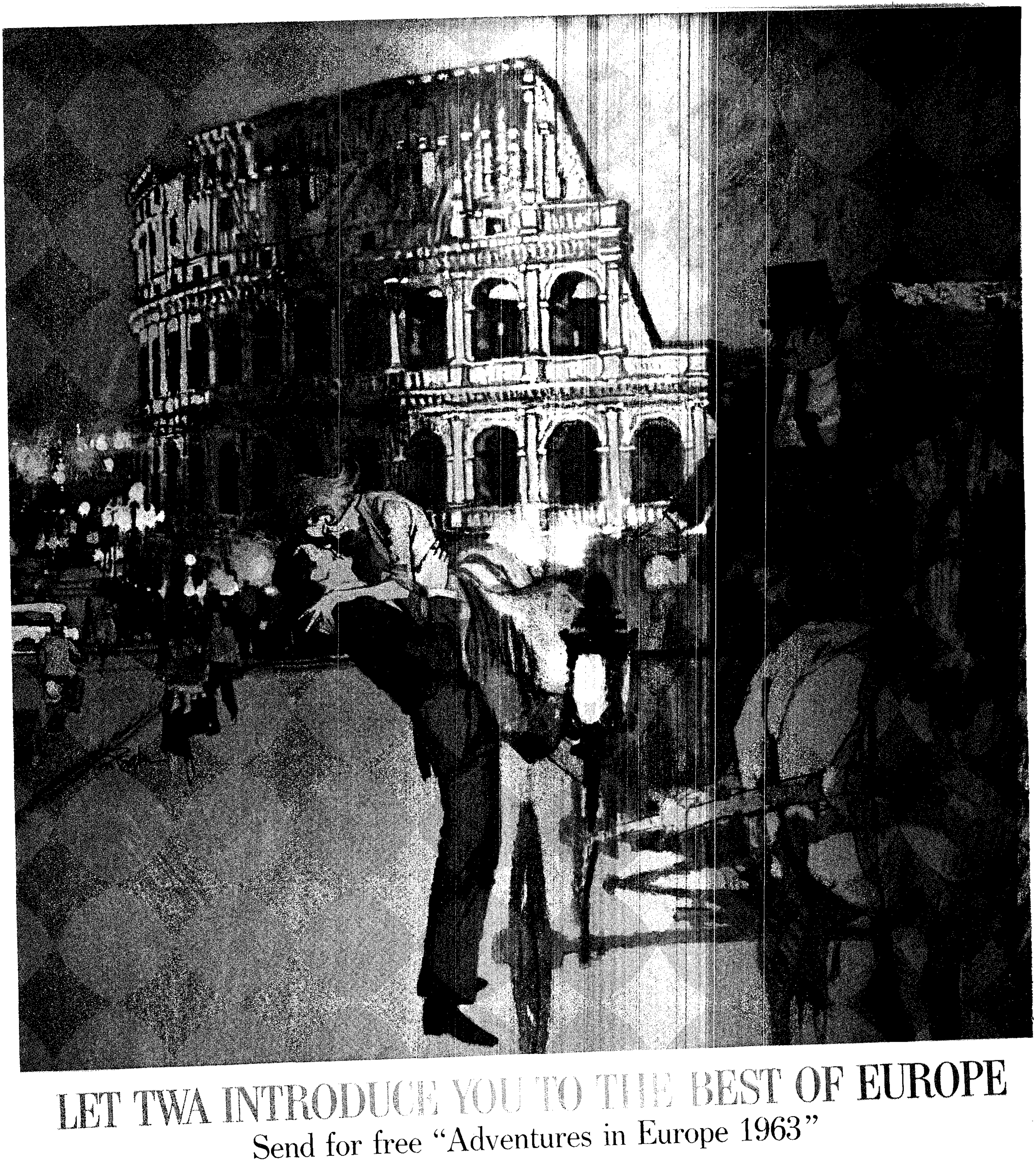

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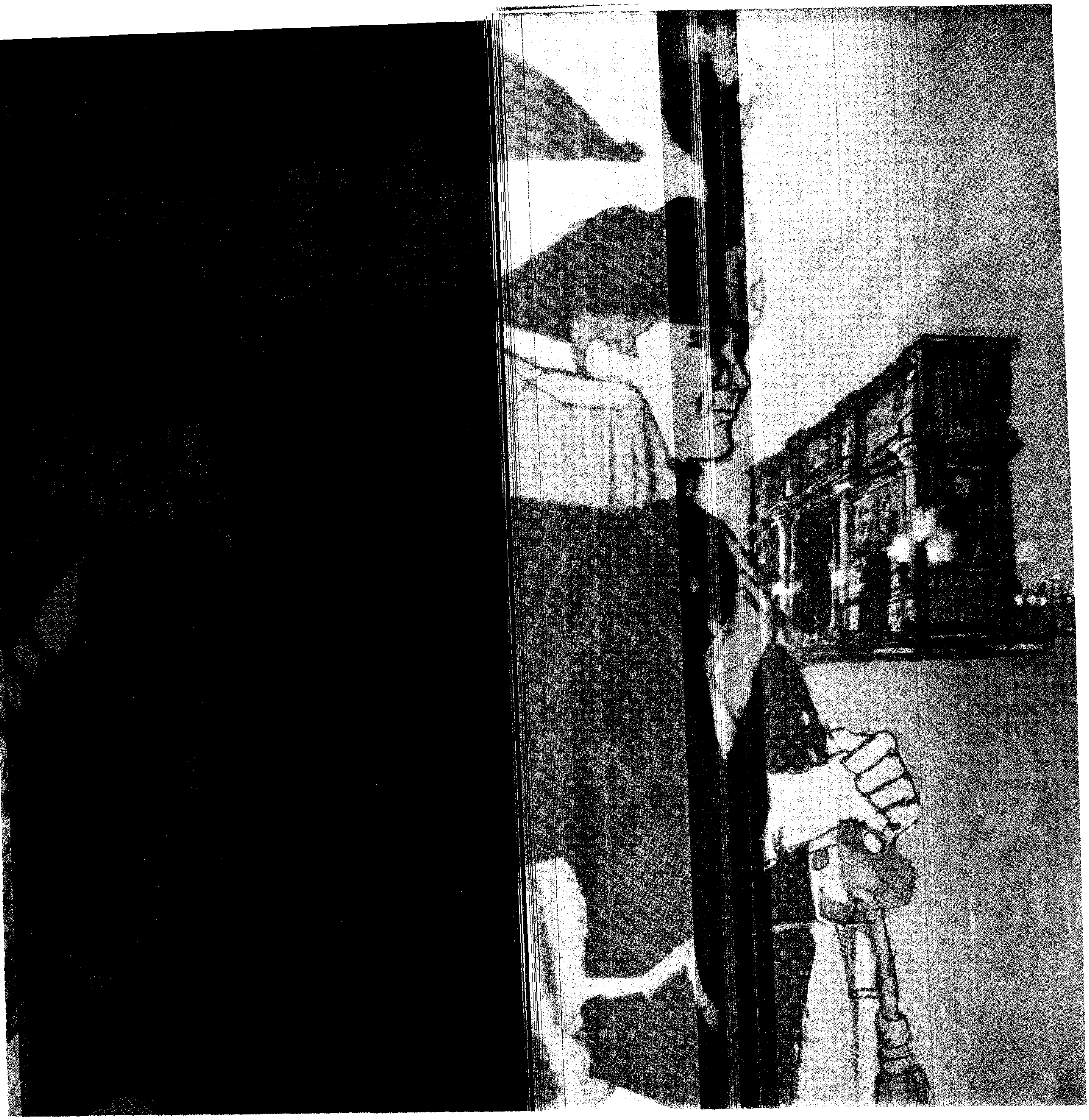

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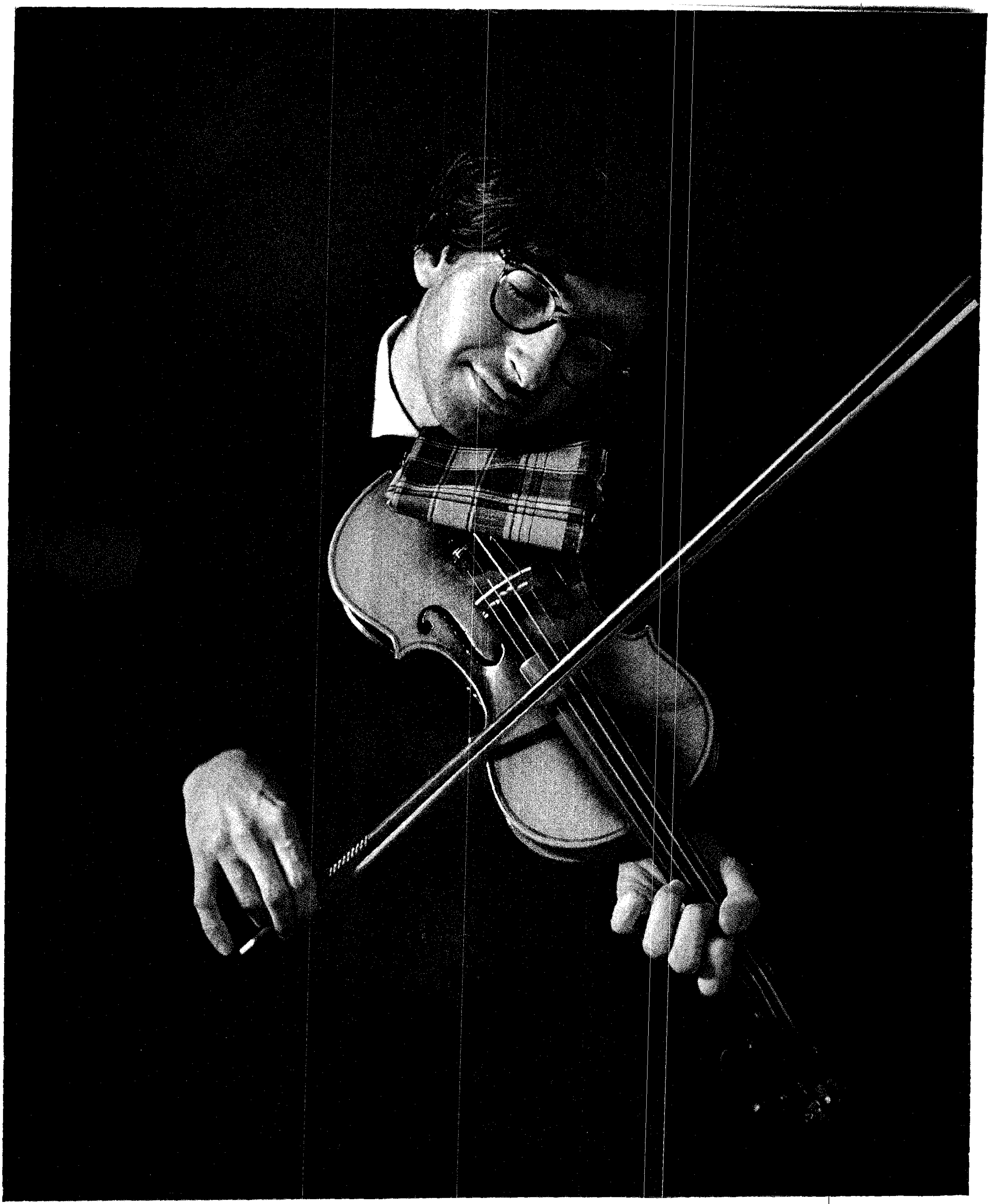

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noises whose origins are hard to explain" (a phrase from the notes of a friend of my father's, Grigoriy Efimovich Grum-Grzhimaylo, which is fixed in my mind forever and full of the amazing music of truth, because written not by an ignorant poet but by a naturalist of genius). On the southern slopes, we had already met our first interesting butterfly—Potanin's subspecies of Butler's pierid—and in the valley to which we descended, by way of a torrent bed, we found real summer. All the slopes were studded with anemones and primulae. Przhevalski's gazelle and Strauch's pheasant tempted the hunters. And what sunrises there were! Only in China is the early mist so enchanting, causing everything to vibrate—the fantastic outlines of hovels, the dawning crags. As into an abyss, the river runs into the murk of the prematutinal twilight that still hangs in the gorges, while higher up, along flowing waters, all glimmers and scintillates, and quite a company of blue magpies has already awakened in the willows by the mill.

Escorted by fifteen Chinese foot soldiers armed with halberds and carrying enormous, absurdly bright banners, we crossed passes through the ridge a number of times. In spite of its being the middle of summer, night frosts were so bad there that in the morning the flowers were filmed with rime and had become so brittle that they snapped underfoot with a surprising, gentle tinkle; but two hours later, just as soon as the sun began to be warm, the wonderful alpine flora again resplended, again scented the air with resin and honey. Clinging to steep banks, we made our way under the hot blue sky. Grasshoppers shot from under our feet. The dogs ran with their tongues hanging out, seeking refuge from the heat in the short shadows thrown by the horses. The water in the wells smelled of gunpowder. The trees seemed to be a botanist's delirium—a white rowan with alabaster berries or a birch with red bark!

Placing one foot on a fragment of rock and leaning slightly on the handle of his net, my father looks down from a high spur, from the glacier boulders of Tanegma, at the lake Kuku Nor—a huge spread of dark-blue water. There down below on the golden steppe a herd of kiangs rushes past, and the shadow of an eagle flicks across the cliffs; overhead there is perfect peace, silence, transparency. . . . And again I ask myself what Father is thinking about when he is not busy collecting and stands there like that, quite still, appearing, as it were, on the crest of my

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recollection, torturing me, enrapturing me, to the point of pain, to an insanity of tenderness, envy, and love, tormenting my soul with his inscrutable solitariness.

There were the times when going up the Yellow River and its tributaries, on some splendid September morning, in the lily thickets and hollows on the banks, he and I would take Elwes' Swallowtail—*a black wonder with tails in the shape of hoofs.* On inclement evenings, before sleeping, he would read Horace, Montaigne, and Pushkin—the three books he had brought with him. One winter, when crossing the ice of a river, I noticed in the distance a line of dark objects strung across it—the large horns of twenty wild yaks which had been caught in crossing by the suddenly forming ice. Through its thick crystal, the immobilization of their bodies in a swimming attitude was clearly visible; the beautiful heads lifted above the ice would have seemed alive if the birds had not already pecked out their eyes. And for some reason I recalled the tyrant Shiusin, who used to cut open pregnant women out of curiosity, and who, one cold morning, seeing some porters fording a stream, ordered their legs to be amputated at the shin in order to inspect the condition of the marrow in their bones.

In Chang, during a fire (some wood prepared for the construction of a Catholic mission was burning), I saw an elderly Chinese at a safe distance from the fire throwing water assiduously, determinedly, and without tiring, over the *reflection* of the flames on the walls of his dwelling; convinced of the impossibility of proving to him that his house was not burning, we abandoned him to his fruitless occupation.

Frequently we had to push our way through, ignoring Chinese intimidation and interdictions; good marksmanship is the best passport. In Tatsienlu, shaven-headed lamas roamed about the crooked, narrow streets, spreading the rumor that I was catching children in order to brew their eyes into a potion for the belly of my Kodak. There on the slopes of a snowy range, which were drowned in the rich, rosy foam of great rhododendrons (we used their branches at night for our campfires), I looked in May for the slate-gray, orange-spotted larvae of the Imperatorial Apollo and for its chrysalis, fastened by means of a silk thread to the underside of a stone. That same day, I remember, we glimpsed a white Tibetan bear and discovered a new snake. It fed on mice, and the mouse I extracted from its stom-

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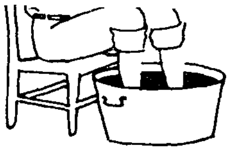

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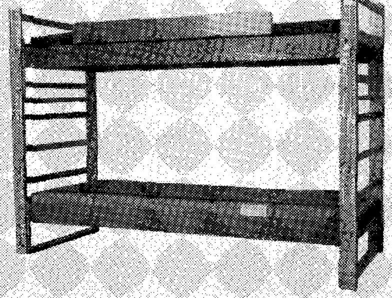

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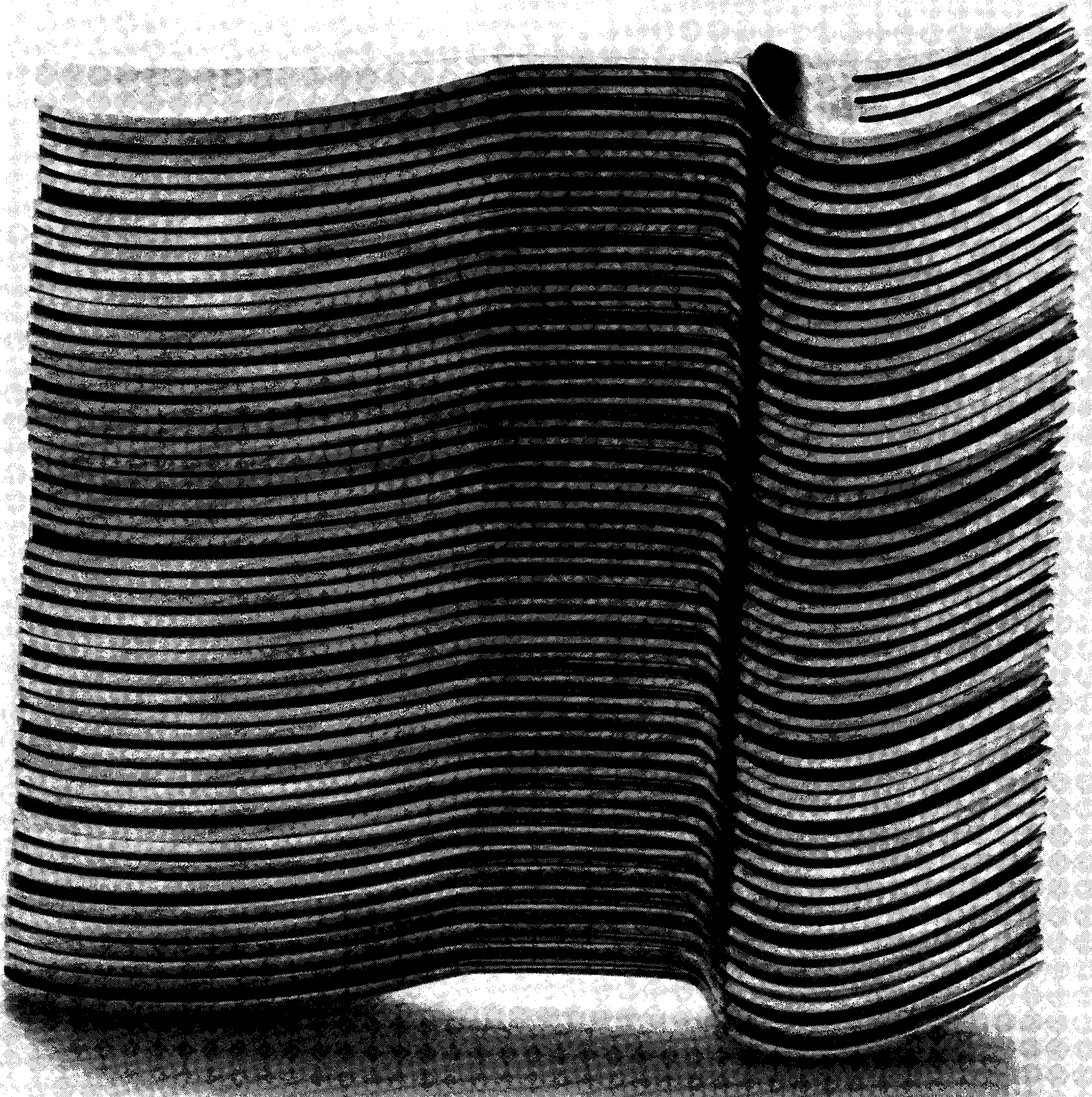

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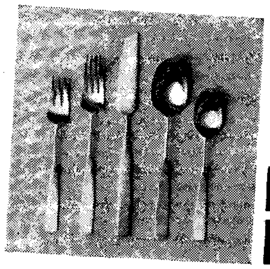

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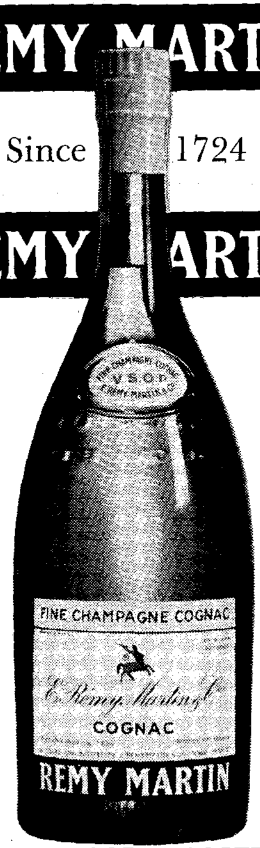

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ach also turned out to be an undescribed species. From the rhododendrons and from the pines draped in lacy lichen came a heady smell of resin. In my vicinity some witch doctors with the wary and crafty look of competitors were collecting for their mercenary needs Chinese rhubarb, whose root bears an extraordinary resemblance to a caterpillar, right down to its prolegs and spiracles—while I, in the meantime, found under a stone the caterpillar of an unknown moth, which represented not in a general way but with absolute concreteness a copy of that root, so that it was not quite clear which was impersonating which, or why.

Everyone tells lies in Tibet. It was devilishly hard to obtain the exact names of places or directions for the right roads. Involuntarily I, too, deceived them; since they were unable to distinguish a light-haired European from a white-haired one, they took me, a young chap with hair bleached by the sun, for an ancient old man. Everywhere on the masses of granite one could read the "mystic formula," a shamanic jumble of words which certain poetic travellers "translate" prettily as "Oh, jewel in the lotus, oh!" Some kind of officials were sent out to me from Lhasa, who conjured me not to do something, and threatened to do something to me. I paid little attention to them. However, I remember one idiot, particularly tiresome, in yellow silk under a red umbrella; he was sitting astride a mule whose natural dolefulness was doubled by the presence under its eyes of thick icicles formed from frozen tears.

From a great height I saw a dark marshy depression all trembling from the play of innumerable springs, which recalled the night sky with stars scattered over it—and that is what it was called: the Starry Steppe. The passes ascended beyond the clouds; marches were tough. We rubbed the pack animals' wounds with a mixture of iodoform and vaseline. On occasion, having camped in a completely deserted spot, I would suddenly see in the morning that around us during the night a wide circle of brigands' tents had grown up like black toadstools—which, however, very quickly disappeared.

Having explored the uplands of Tibet, I headed for Lob-Nor, in order to return from there to Russia. The Tarym, overcome by the desert, exhausted, forms with its last waters an extensive reedy swamp, the present-day Kara-Koshuk-Kul, Przhevalski's Lob-Nor—and Lob-Nor at the time of the khans, whatever Richthofen might say. It is

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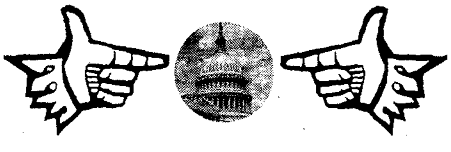

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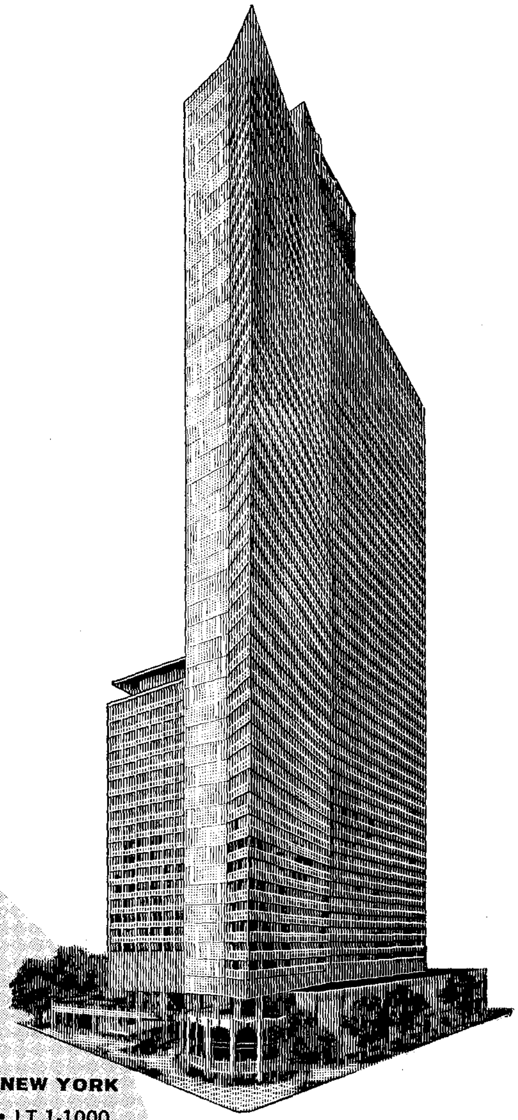

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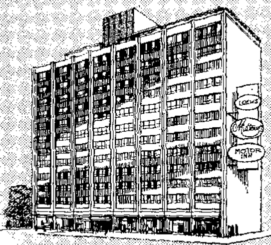

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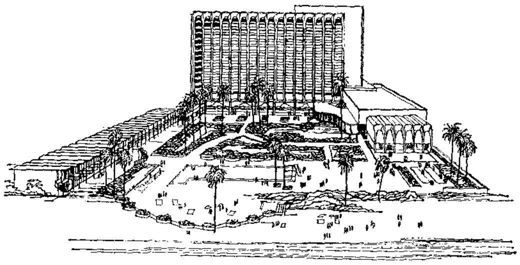

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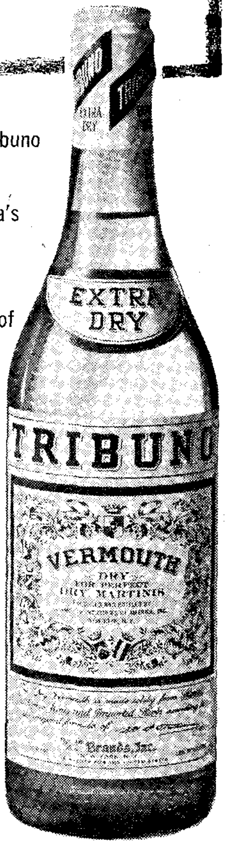

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fringed with salt marshes, but the water is salt only at the edges—for those rushes would not grow around a salt lake. One spring, I was five days going round it. There, in twenty-foot-high reeds, I had the luck to discover a remarkable semi-aquatic moth with a rudimentary system of veins. The bunchy salt marsh was strewn with the shells of mollusks. In the evenings the harmonious, melodic sounds of swan flights reverberated through the silence. The yellow of the rushes distinctly brought out the lustreless white of the birds. In 1862, sixty Russian Old Believers with their wives and children lived for half a year in these parts, after which they went to Turfan, and where they went from there nobody knows.

Farther on comes the desert of Lob: a stony plain, tiers of clay precipices, glassy salt ponds. That pale fleck in the gray air is a lone individual of Roborovski's White, carried away by the wind. In this desert are preserved traces of an ancient road along which Marco Polo passed, six centuries before I did. Its markers are piles of stones. Just as I had heard in a Tibetan gorge the interesting drumlike roar which had frightened our first pilgrims, so in the desert during the sandstorms I also saw and heard, as Marco Polo did, "the whisper of spirits calling you aside" and the queer flicker of the air, an endless progression of whirlwinds, caravans and armies of phantoms coming to meet you, thousands of spectral faces in their incorporeal way pressing upon you, through you, and suddenly dispersing. In the twenties of the fourteenth century, when the great explorer was dying, his friends gathered by his bedside and implored him to reject what in his book had seemed incredible to them, to water down its miracles by means of judicious deletions; but he responded that he had not recounted even a half of what he had in fact seen.

ALL this lingers bewitchingly, full of color and air, with lively movement in the foreground and a convincing backdrop; then, like smoke from a breeze, it shifts and disperses, and I see again the dead and impossible tulips of my wallpaper, the crumbling mound of cigarette butts in the ashtray, and the lamp's reflection in the black windowpane. I throw open the window. The sheets of paper on my desk are disturbed; one folds over, another glides onto the floor. The room immediately turns damp and cold. Down below, an automobile goes slowly along the dark

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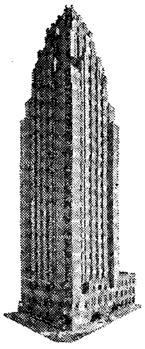

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empty street, and, strangely enough, this very slowness reminds me of a host of petty, unpleasant things—the day just past, a missed lesson. But once the window is closed again, already feeling the void between my bunched fingers, I turn to the patiently waiting lamp, to the scattered first drafts, to the still warm pen, which now quietly slips back into my fingers, and I return at once to that world which is as natural to me as snow to the white hare or water to Ophelia.

I REMEMBER with incredible vividness, as if I had preserved that sunny day in a velvet case, my father's last return, in July, 1912. Mother had already gone the six miles to the station to meet him. She always met him alone, and, as always, no one knew which side they would return on, to the right or left of the house, since there were two roads, one longer and smoother (along the highway and through the village), the other shorter and bumpier (through Peshchanka). I put on my riding breeches, just in case, and ordered my horse saddled, but I could not make up my mind to ride out and meet my father, because I was afraid of missing him. I tried vainly to come to terms with inflated, exaggerated time. A rare butterfly taken a day or two before among the blueberries of a peat bog had not yet dried on the spreading board. I kept touching its abdomen with the end of a pin. Alas, it was still soft, and this *meant* it was impossible to take off the paper strips completely covering the wings, which I was so keen to show Father in all their beauty. I loafed about the manor, feeling the weight and pain of my agitation, and envying the way the others got through these big, empty minutes. From the river came the desperately ecstatic shrieks of the village boys bathing, and this hubbub, playing constantly in the depths of the summer day, sounded like distant ovations. Tanya was swinging enthusiastically and powerfully on the swing in the garden, standing on the seat. The violet shadow of the foliage swept over her flying white skirt in variegations that made one blink, and her blouse now lagged behind, now clung to her back, designating the hollow between her drawn-back shoulders. Beneath her, one fox terrier was barking at her, another was chasing a wagtail. The ropes creaked joyfully, and it seemed that Tanya was soaring up like that in order to see over the trees into the road. Our French governess, under her moiré parasol, with rare politeness was sharing her misgivings

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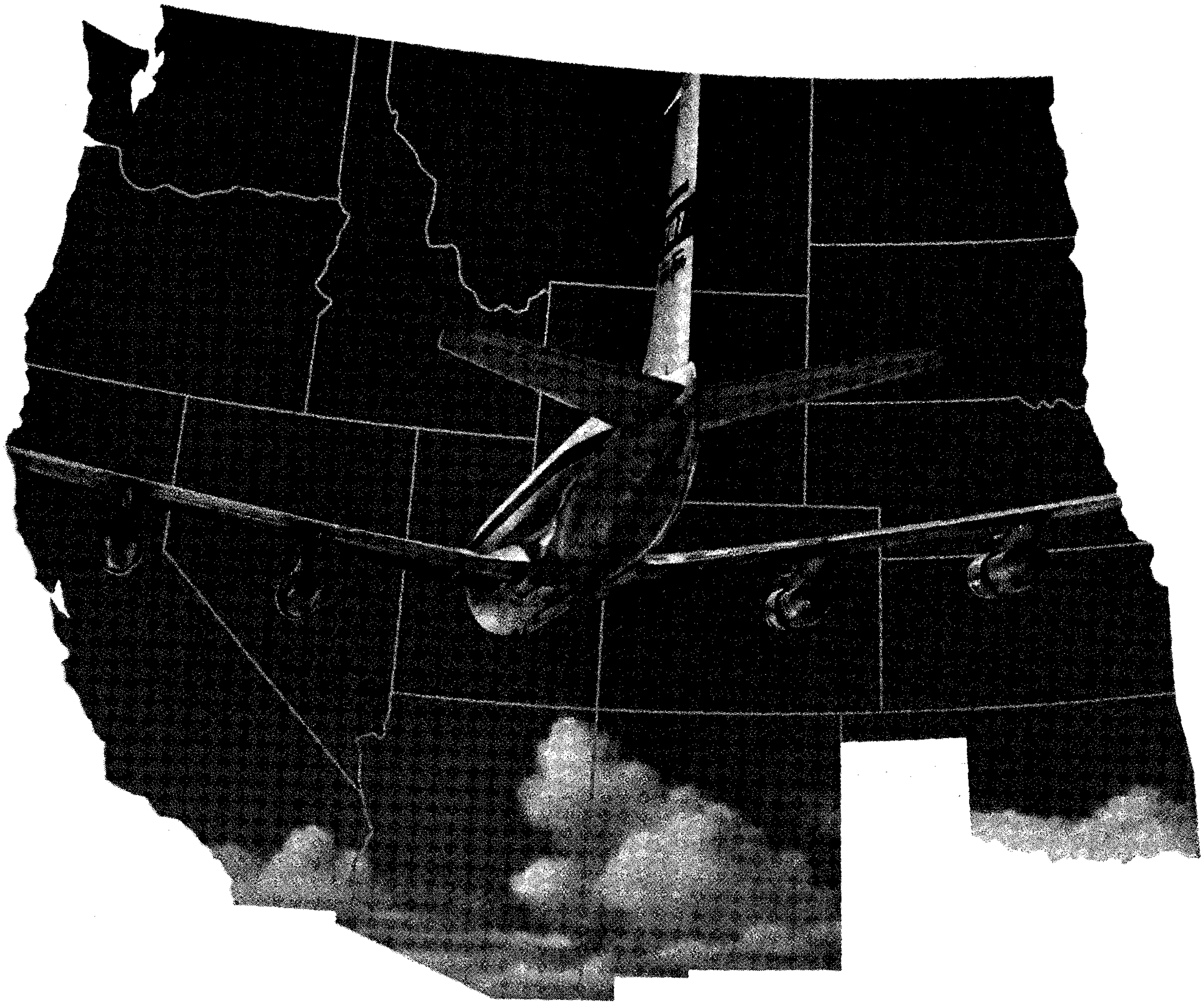

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(the train was two hours late or else would not come at all) with Mr. Browning, my English tutor, whom she hated, while the latter stood slapping his gaiters with a riding stick. The housekeeper, Yvonna Ivanovna, kept visiting first one and then the other veranda with that discontented expression on her small face with which she greeted all joyful events. Around the outbuildings there was especial animation. Servants pumped water and hacked firewood, and the gardener came bringing two oblong, red-stained baskets of strawberries. Zhaksybay, an elderly Kirghiz, thickset, fat-faced, with intricate wrinkles around his eyes, who had saved Konstantin Kirillovich's life in '92 (he had shot a she-bear that was mauling Father) and who now lived in peace, nursing his hernia, in our Leshino house, had put on his blue *beshmet* with half-moon pockets, polished boots, red skullcap with spangles, and silk, tasselled sash, and settled down on a bench near the kitchen porch. He had already been sitting for quite a time, sunning himself, a silver watch chain gleaming on his chest, in quiet and festive expectation.

Suddenly, running heavily up the curved path which led down to the river, there appeared, out of deep shadow, with a wild glint in his eyes and with a mouth that was already shaped for a shout, though still silent, the old, gray, side-whiskered footman, Kazimir. He was running with the news that beyond the nearest bend the sound of hoofs had been heard on the bridge (a swift wooden drumming which was immediately cut off)—a guarantee that the victoria was about to come bowling next minute along the dirt road parallel to the park. I rushed in that direction, between the tree trunks, over the moss and bilberries, and there beyond the marginal path I could see, as they skimmed above the level of the young firs, the driver's head and indigo sleeves sweeping by with the impetuosity of a vision. I dashed back. The abandoned swing was still quivering in the garden, while by the porch stood the empty victoria with its crumpled travelling rug. My mother was walking up the steps, trailing behind her a smoke-colored scarf, and Tanya was hanging on the neck of Father, who had taken a watch from his pocket with his free hand and was looking at it, for he always liked to know how fast he had got home from the station.

THE following year, busy with scientific work, he did not go anywhere, but by the spring of 1914 he had

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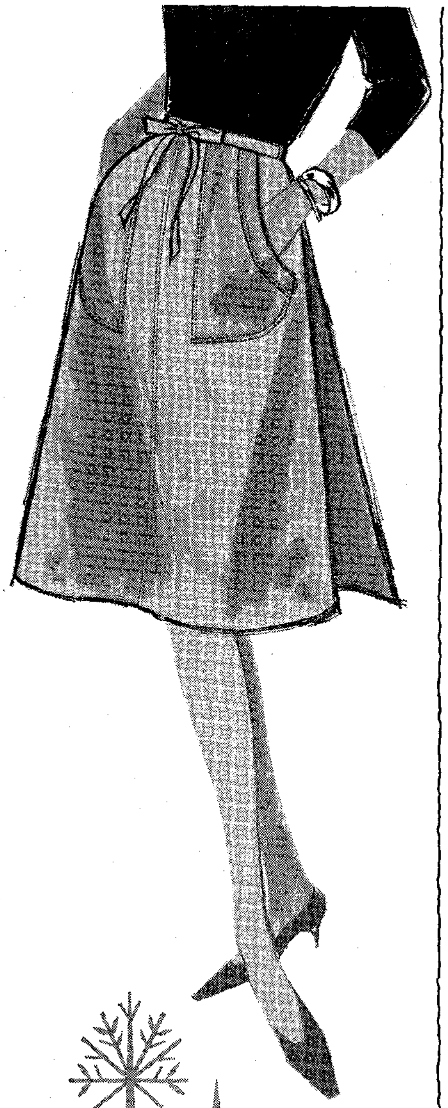

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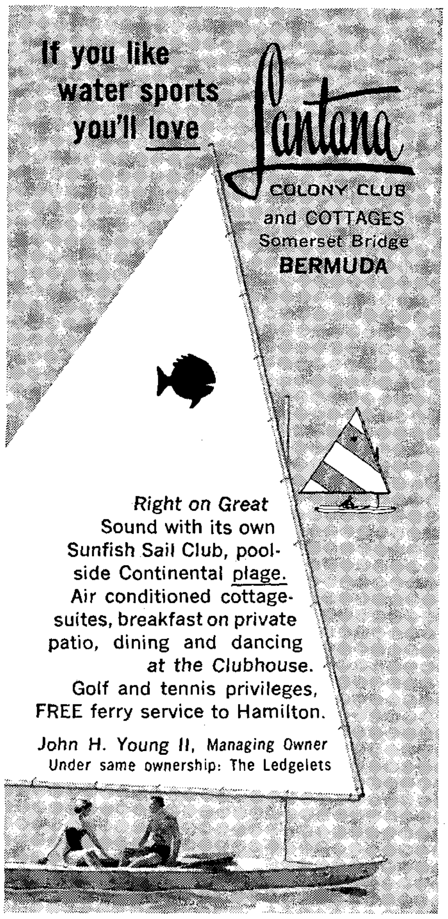
already begun to prepare for a new expedition to Tibet, together with the ornithologist Petrov and the English botanist Ross. War with Germany suddenly cancelled all this.

My father looked upon the war as a tiresome obstacle that became more and more tiresome as time went on. His kinsfolk were for some reason certain that Konstantin Kirillovich would volunteer and set off right away at the head of a detachment; they considered him an eccentric, but a manly eccentric. Actually, Konstantin Kirillovich, who was now over fifty but had retained untapped reserves of health, agility, freshness, and strength (and was perhaps even more ready than before to overcome mountains, Tanguts, bad weather, and a thousand other dangers undreamt of by stay-at-homes), tried not to notice the war, and if he ever spoke about it, did so only with angry contempt. During that time, he not only taught me a great deal but also trained my very thoughts, as a voice or hand is trained, according to the rules of his school. Thus I was rather indifferent to the cruelty of war; I even conceded that one could take a certain delight in the accuracy of a shot, in the danger of a reconnaissance, or in the delicacy of a maneuver; but these little pleasures (which are better represented, moreover, in other special branches of sport, such as tiger hunting, noughts-and-crosses, professional boxing) in no way compensated for that touch of dismal idiocy which is inherent in any war.

However, in spite of "Kostya's unpatriotic position," as Aunt Ksenia expressed it (though in fact she was skillfully using "high connections" to hide her officer husband away in the shadows of the rear), the house was penetrated by the cares of war. My mother was drawn into Red Cross work. Coy nurses appeared in the house, with little curls peeping out from under their regulation headdress and a deft way of tapping cigarettes on their cigarette cases before lighting up. The doorkeeper's son ran away to the front, and Konstantin Kirillovich was asked to assist his return. Tanya began visiting Mother's military hospital to give Russian grammar lessons to a placid, bearded Oriental whose leg was being cut off ever higher in an attempt to overtake the gangrene. Yvonna Ivanovna knit woollen wristwarmers. On holidays, the variety artist Feona entertained the soldiers with vaudeville songs, the hospital staff staged "Vova Makes the Best of It," a play on draft dodgers, and the news-



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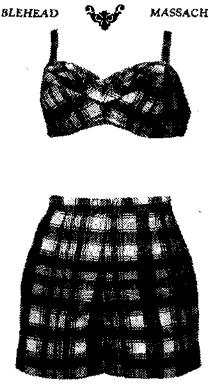

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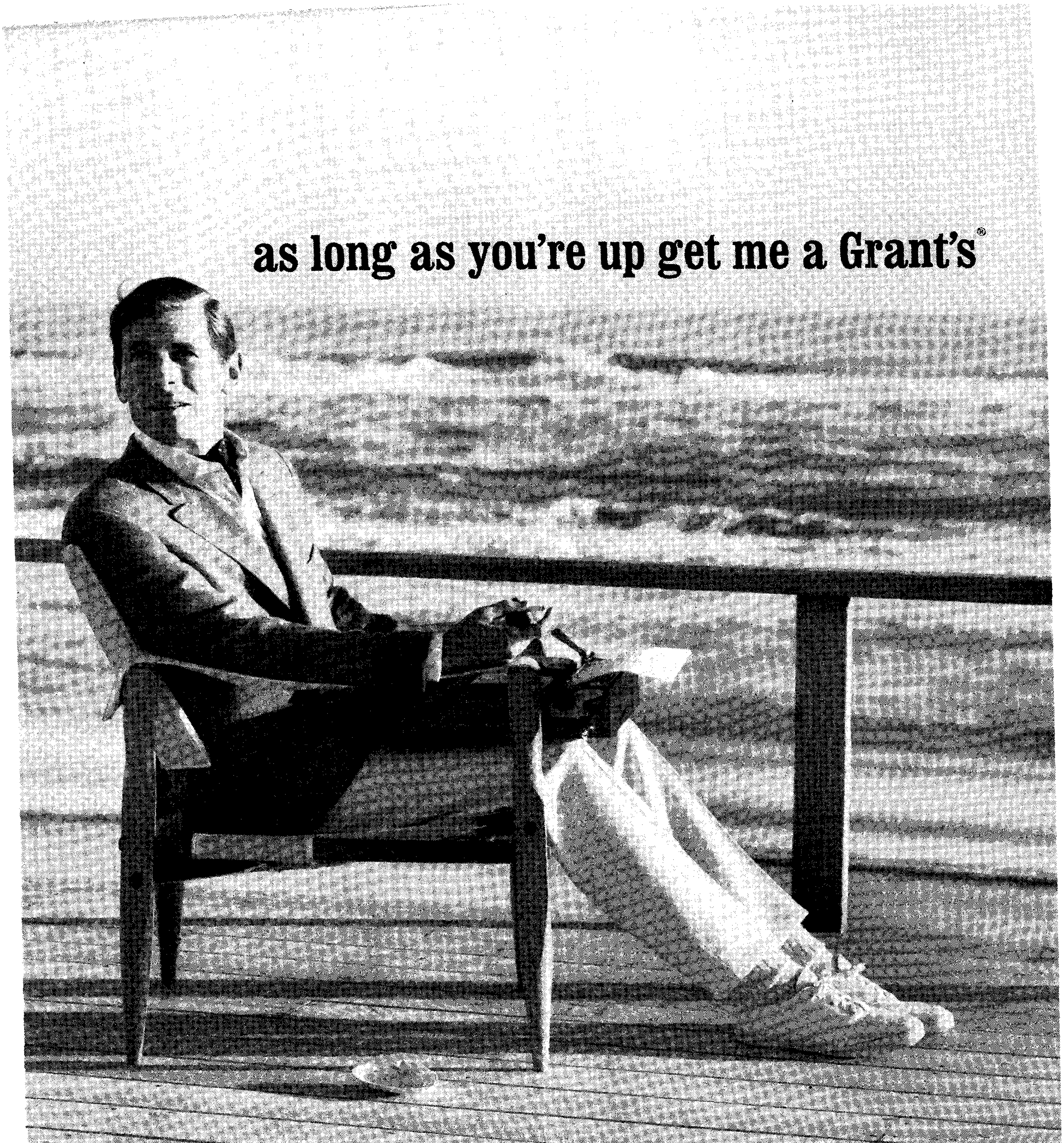

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In the spring of 1915, instead of getting ready to move from St. Petersburg to Leshino, we went for the summer to our Crimean estate, on the coast between Yalta and Alupka. On the sloping lawns, my face distorted with anguish, my hands trembling with happiness, I boxed southern butterflies. The genuine Crimean rarities were to be found not here among the myrtles, wax shrubs, and magnolias but much higher, in the mountains, among the rocks of Ai-Petri and on the grassy plateau of the Yayla. More than once that summer, my father accompanied me up a trail through the pinewoods in order to show me, with a smile of condescension for this European trifle, the Satyrid recently described by Kuznetsov, which was flitting from stone to stone in the very place where some vulgar daredevil had carved his name in the sheer rock. These walks were Konstantin Kirillovich's only distraction. It was not that he was gloomy or irritable but that, putting it simply, he was fretting, and we were perfectly aware of what it was he wanted. Suddenly, in August, he went away for a short time. Where he went no one except those closest to him knew; he covered up his journey so thoroughly as to excite the envy of any travelling terrorist. At the height of the war, Father travelled to Geneva to meet a fat, bald, extraordinarily jovial German professor. A third conspirator was also present—an old Englishman wearing thin-rimmed spectacles and a roomy gray suit. They had come together there in a small room in a modest hotel for a scientific consultation, and having discussed what was necessary (the subject was a work of many volumes, stubbornly continuing publication in Stuttgart, with the long-standing coöperation of foreign specialists on separate groups of butterflies), they peaceably parted, each in his own direction. But this trip did not cheer Father up; on the contrary, the constant dream weighing on him even increased its secret pressure. In the autumn we returned to St. Petersburg. He worked strenuously on the fifth volume of "Butterflies and Moths of the Russian Empire," went out rarely, and—fuming more at his opponent's blunders than at his own—

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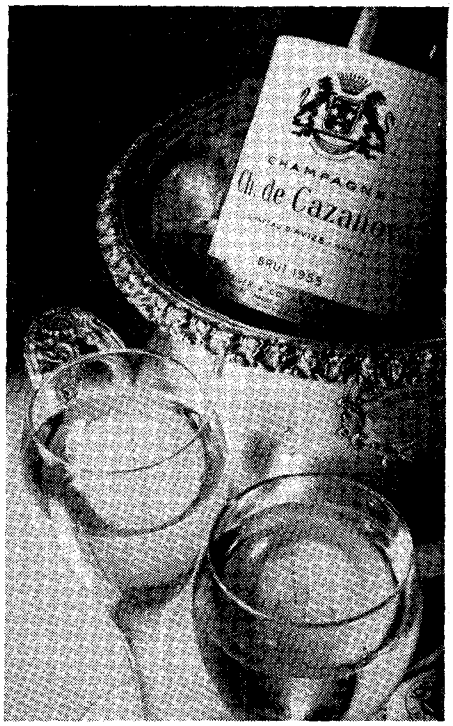

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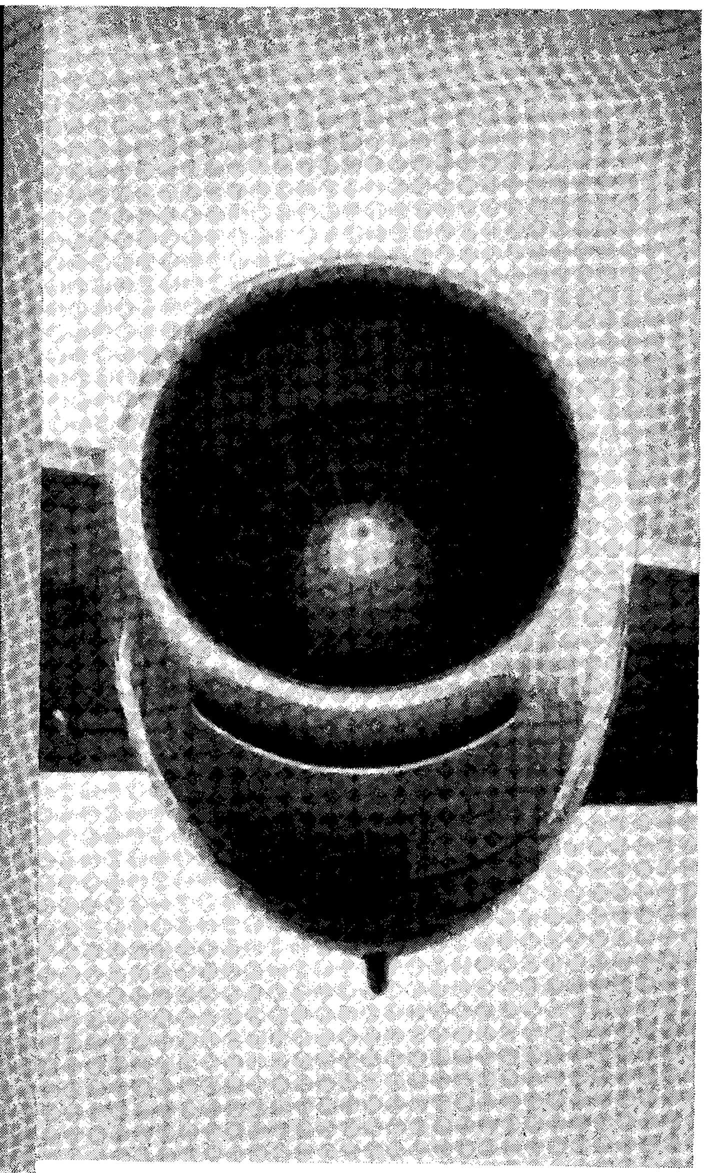

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played chess with the botanist Berg, whose wife had died recently. He would look through the daily papers with an ironical smile. He would take Tanya on his knees, then lapse into pensiveness, and his hand on Tanya's round shoulder would grow pensive, too. In November he was given a telegram at table. He unsealed it, read it to himself, read it again—to judge by the second movement of his eyes—laid it aside, took a sip of port wine from a ladle-shaped goblet of gold, and imperturbably continued his conversation with a poor relative of ours, a little old man with freckles all over his skull who came to dinner twice a month and invariably brought Tanya soft, sticky toffees. When the guests had departed, Father sank into an armchair, took off his glasses, passed his palm from top to bottom over his face, and announced in an even voice that Uncle Oleg had been dangerously wounded in the stomach by a grenade fragment while working at a first-aid post under fire, and immediately there stood out in my soul, tearing it with its sharp edges, one of those numberless deliberately grotesque dialogues that the brothers had till so recently indulged in at table:

Uncle Oleg (*in a bantering tone*): Well, tell me, Kostya, did you ever happen to see on the Wie reservation the little bird So-was?

Father (*curtly*): I'm afraid I did not.

Uncle Oleg (*warming up*): And Kostya, did you never see Popovski's horse stung by Popov's fly?

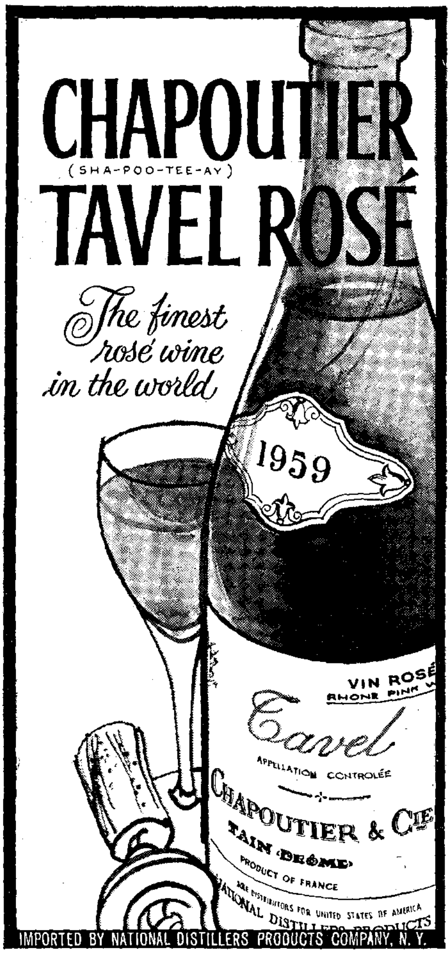
Father (*even more curtly*): Never.

Uncle Oleg (*ecstatic*): And have you never had occasion, for example, to observe the diagonal motion of entoptic swarms?

Father (*looking him straight in the eye*): I have.

That same night, he set out for Galicia to get Uncle Oleg, and brought him back quickly and comfortably, obtained the best of the best doctors—Gershenzon, Yezhov, Miller-Melnitski—and himself attended two protracted operations. By Christmas his brother was well.

And then something suddenly changed in Konstantin Kirillovich's mood. His eyes came to life and softened; one again heard that musical humming which he used to emit on the move when he was particularly pleased about something. He went off somewhere, certain boxes arrived and departed, and in the house, around all this mysterious gaiety of the master's, one



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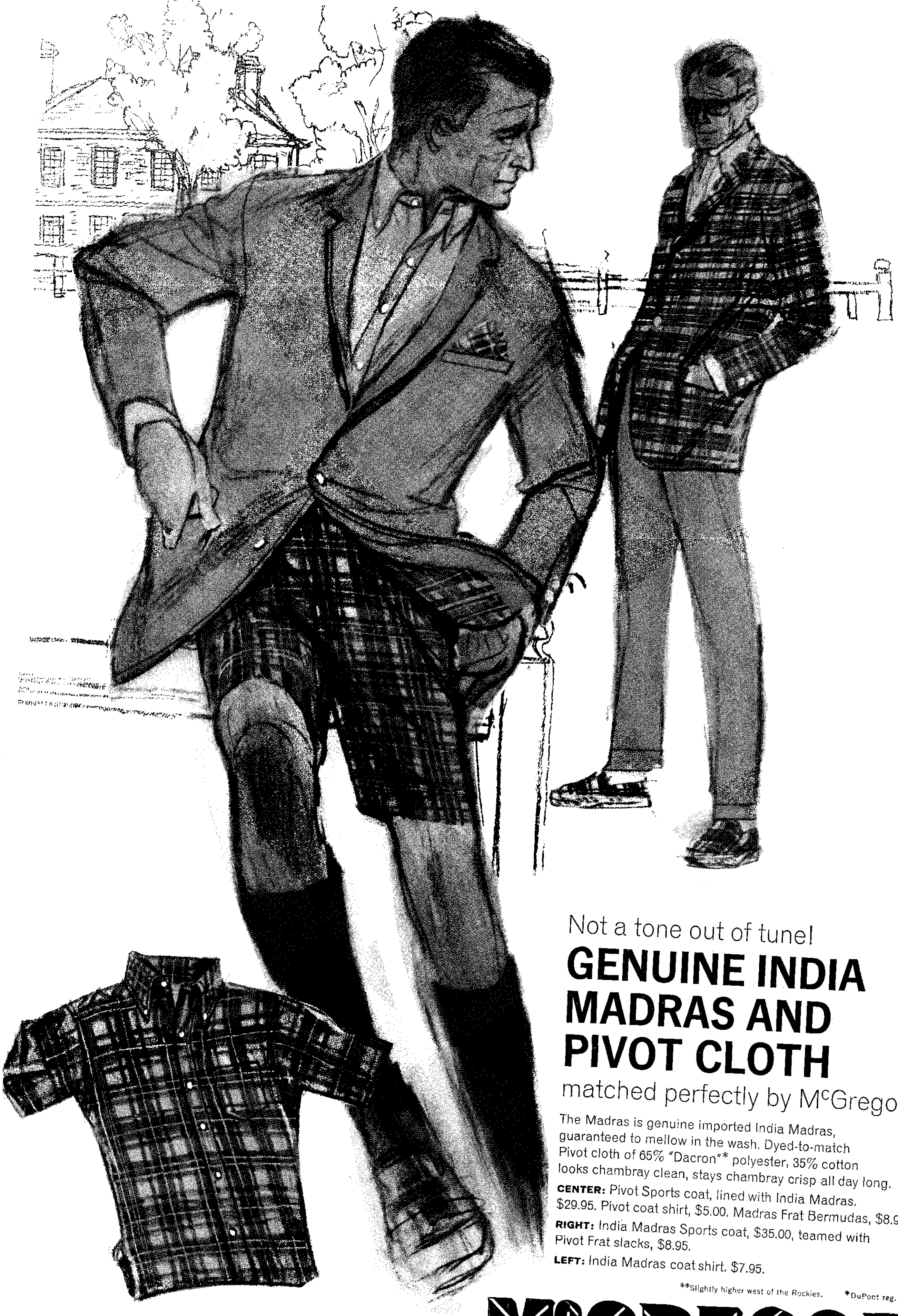

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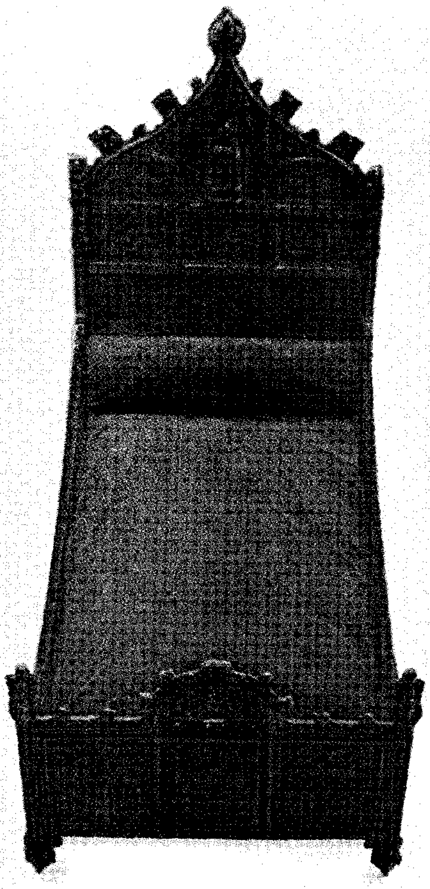

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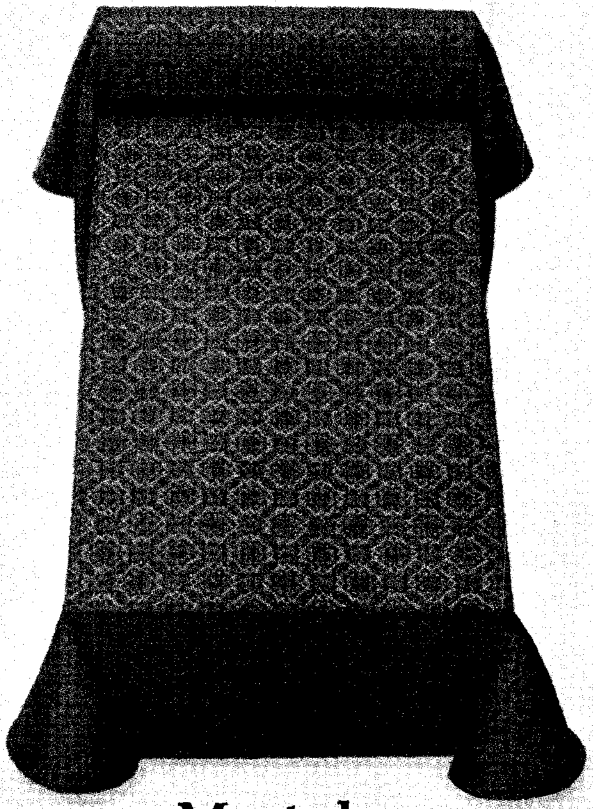

Most do.

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The fact that at such an alarming time, when Russia's borders were crumbling and her inner flesh was being eaten away, Konstantin Kirillovich suddenly planned to abandon his family for two years for the sake of a scientific expedition into a remote country struck most people as a wild caprice, a monstrous frivolity. There was even talk that the government "would not permit purchase of provisions," that "the madman" would get neither travelling companions nor pack animals. But no farther away than in Turkestan the peculiar smell of the epoch was hardly perceptible. Just before Father's departure in June, 1916, he came from town to Leshino to bid us farewell. Until the very last minute, I dreamed that he would take me with him—he had once said he would do so as soon as I was fifteen. "At any other time I would take you," he said now, as if forgetting that for him time was always *another* one.

In itself this last farewell was in no way different from preceding ones. After the orderly succession of embraces worked out by family custom, both parents, donning identical amber goggles with suède blinkers, settled themselves in a red touring car. All around stood the servants; leaning on his stick, the old watchman remained at a distance by the lightning-split poplar. The driver, a short, fat round little man in velveteen livery and orange gaiters—with a carroty nape and a topaz on his pudgy hand—straining horribly, jerked, jerked again, started the engine (Mother and Father began to vibrate in their seats), got quickly behind the steering wheel, shifted a lever on it, pulled on his gauntlets, and turned his head. Konstantin Kirillovich gave him a pensive nod and the car moved off. The fox terrier choked with barking as it squirmed wildly in Tanya's arms, turning over onto its back and

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twisting its head over her shoulder. The red back of the car disappeared round the bend, and then, from behind the fir trees, on top of a rising whine there sounded the sharp change of gears, followed by a comfortably receding murmur. All was still, but a few moments later, from the village beyond the river, came again the triumphant roar of the engine, which gradually faded away. Yvonna Ivanovna, weeping profusely, went for some milk for the cat. Tanya, affecting to sing, returned to the cool, resonant, empty house. The shade of old Zhaksybay, who had died the preceding autumn, slipped off the porch bench and went back to its quiet, handsome paradise, rich in roses and sheep.

I walked across the park, opened the tuneful wicket gate, and cut across the road where the thick tires had just imprinted their tracks. A familiar black-and-white beauty rose smoothly off the ground and described a wide circle, also taking part in the seeing-off. I turned into the trees and came by way of a shady path, where golden flies hung aquiver in transversal sunbeams, to my favorite clearing, boggy, blooming, *moistly glistening* in the hot sun. The divine meaning of this wood meadow was expressed in its butterflies.

Freshly emerged and, because of their fresh, almost orange coloration, merry-looking Selene Fritillaries floated with a kind of enchanting demureness on outstretched wings, flashing ever so rarely, like the fins on a goldfish. An already rather bedraggled but still powerful Swallowtail, minus one spur and flapping its panoply, descended on a camomile, took off as if backing from it, and the flower it left straightened up and started to sway. A few Black-veined Whites flew about lazily; one or two were spattered with bloodlike pupal discharge (spots of which on the white walls of cities predicted to our ancestors the fall of Troy, plagues, earthquakes). The first chocolate *Aphantopus* Ringlets were already fluttering, with a bouncy, unsteady motion over the grass, and pale micros rose from it, immediately falling again. A blue-and-red Burnet moth with blue antennae, resembling a beetle in fancy dress, was settled on a scabiosa in company with a midge. Hastily abandoning the meadow to alight on an alder leaf, a female cabbage butterfly, by means of an odd upturn of her abdomen and the flat spread of her wings (somewhat reminiscent of flattened-back ears), informed her badly rubbed pursuer that she was already impregnated. Two violet-tinged Coppers (*their* females were not yet out)

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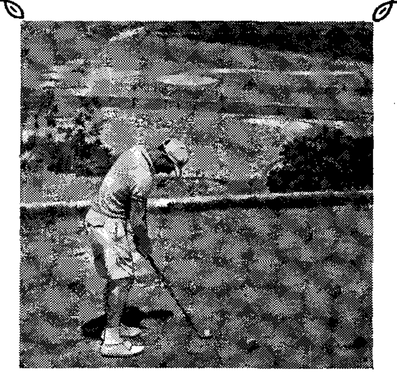

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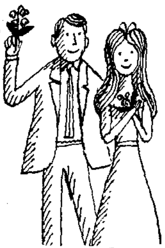
How a Frenchman buys his kisses on the first day of May



As May Day dawns in Paris, the city smiles itself awake. And a lovely legend comes to life again. The legend of Muguet des Bois (lily-of-the-valley).

The flower carts come first . . . trundling into the city with the first Muguet of the year . . . picked that very dawn in the forests surrounding Paris. Down cobblestone alleys, up grand boulevards these merry flowers bob . . . sweet symbol of spring, of good luck, of love.

Tradition says that you may give a fragrant sprig of Muguet to anyone you meet on May Day—and get a kiss in return! Frenchmen of every age empty their pockets, and by nightfall, the last sprig of Muguet is sold. Almost everyone in Paris has been kissed at least once. It's a very popular day. Make your May Day as friendly as the French do... with Muguet des Bois by Coty.

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tangled in lightning-swift flight in mid-air, zoomed, spinning one around the other, scrapping furiously, ascending ever higher and higher, and suddenly shot apart, returning to the flowers. An Amandus Blue in passing annoyed a bee. A dusky Freya Fritillary flicked by among the Selenes. A small hummingbird moth, with a bumblebee's body and glasslike wings that beat invisibly, from the air tried a flower with its long proboscis, darted to another and then to a third. All this fascinating life, by whose present blend one could infallibly *tell not only the age of the summer* (with an accuracy almost to within one day) but also the geographical location of the area, and the vegetal composition of the clearing—all this that was living, genuine, and eternally dear to me I perceived in a flash, with one penetrating and experienced glance. Suddenly I placed a fist against the trunk of a birch tree and, leaning on it, burst into tears.

ALTHOUGH my father had no liking for folklore, he used to cite one remarkable Kirghiz fairy tale. The only son of a great khan, having lost his way during a hunt (thus begin the best fairy tales and thus end the best lives), caught sight among the trees of something sparkling. Coming closer he saw it was a girl gathering brushwood, *in a* dress made of fish scales; however, he could not decide what precisely was sparkling so much, the girl's face or her clothing. Going with her to her old mother, the young prince offered to give her as bride money a nugget of gold the size of a horse's head. "No," said the girl, "but here, take this tiny bag—it's little bigger than a thimble, as you can see—go and fill it." The prince, laughing ("Not even one," he said, "will go in"), threw in a coin, threw in another, a third, and then all that he had with him. Extremely puzzled, he went off to consult his father.

All his treasures gathering,
public funds and everything,
in the bag the good khan threw;
shook, and listened, shook anew;
threw in twice as much again:
just a dingle in the drain!

They summoned the old woman. "That," she said, "is a human eye—it wants to encompass everything in the world." Then she took a pinch of earth and filled up the bag immediately.

THE last reliable evidence concerning my father (not counting his own letters) I found in some notes by the French missionary (and learned botanist) Barraud, who in the summer

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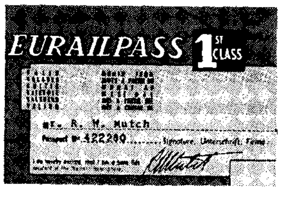

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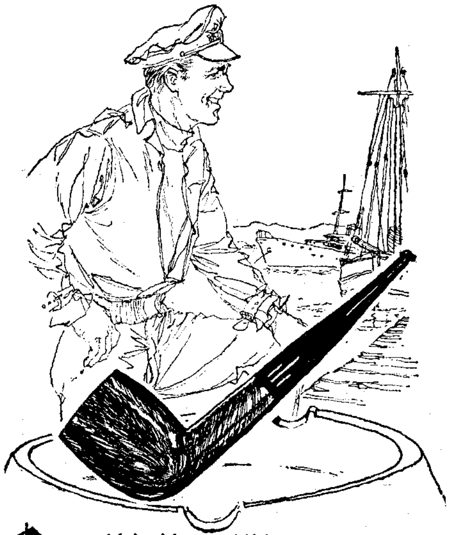
of 1917 chanced to meet him in the mountains of Tibet, near the village of Chetu. "I was amazed to see," writes Barraud (*Exploration Catholique* for 1923), "a saddled white horse grazing in a mountain meadow. Presently a man in European dress appeared, descending from the rocks. He greeted me in French and turned out to be the famous Russian traveller Godunov. I had not seen a European for over eight years. We passed several delightful minutes on the sward in the shade of a rock, discussing a fine nomenclatorial point in connection with the scientific name of a tiny, light-blue iris which grew in the vicinity, and then, exchanging an amicable farewell, we parted, he to his companions calling him from a ravine and I to Father Martin, dying in a remote hostelry."

Beyond this there is fog. Judging by my father's last letter, brief as usual but unusually alarmed, which was delivered to us by a miracle at the beginning of 1918, he was preparing soon after he met Barraud to make the return journey. Having heard of the revolution, he asked us to move to Finland, where our aunt had a country house, and he wrote that according to his calculations he would be home "with the maximum haste" by the summer. We waited two summers for him, until the beginning of the winter of 1919. We lived some of the time in Finland and some in St. Petersburg. Our house had long since been plundered, but Father's museum, the heart of the house, as if retaining the invulnerability inherent in sacred objects, survived whole (later coming under the jurisdiction of the Academy of Sciences), and this joy completely compensated for the demise of chairs and tables familiar since childhood. We lived in St. Petersburg in two rooms in Grandmother's flat. For some reason or other, she was twice taken off for questioning. She caught cold and died. A few days after that, on one of those terrible winter evenings, hungry and hopeless, which played such an ominously close part in the civil disorder, an unknown youth visited me, in pince-nez, unprepossessing and uncommunicative, and asked me to call immediately on his uncle, the geographer Berezovski. He did not know or did not want to say what for, but suddenly everything somehow crumbled inside me and I began to live mechanically. Nowadays, several years later, I sometimes meet this Misha in the Russian bookshop in Berlin where he works—and every time I see him, although we talk little, I feel



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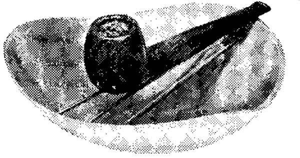

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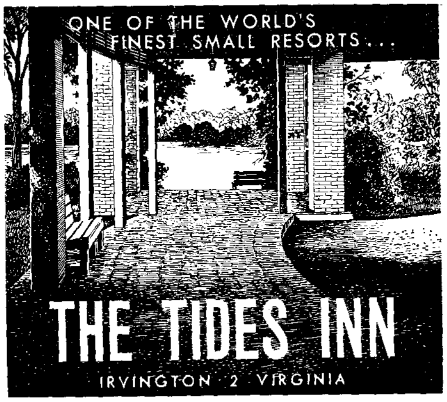

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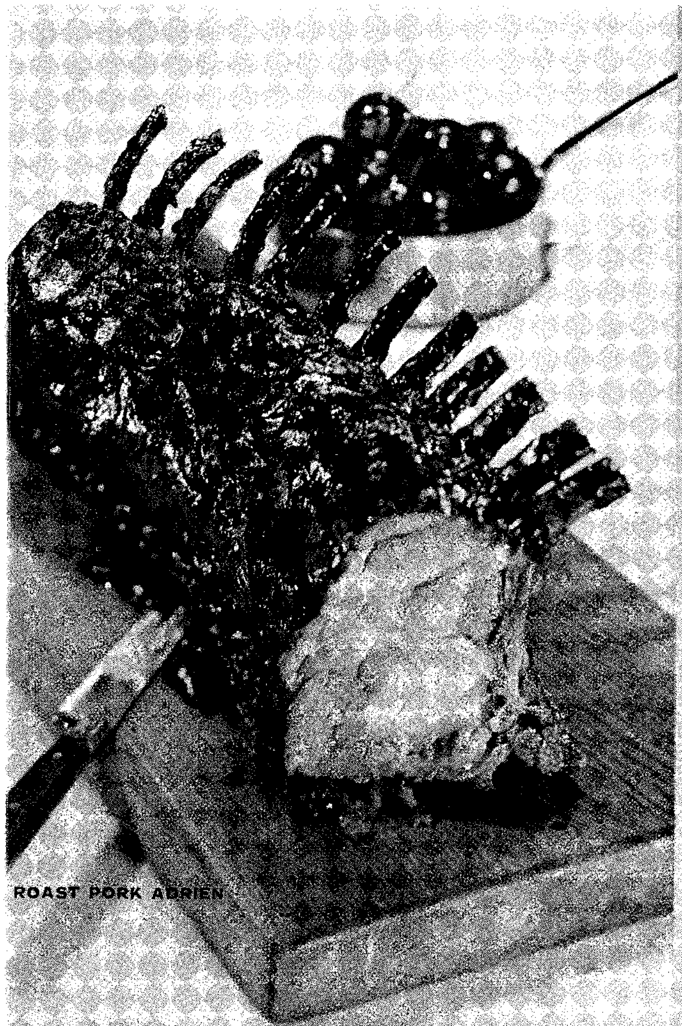

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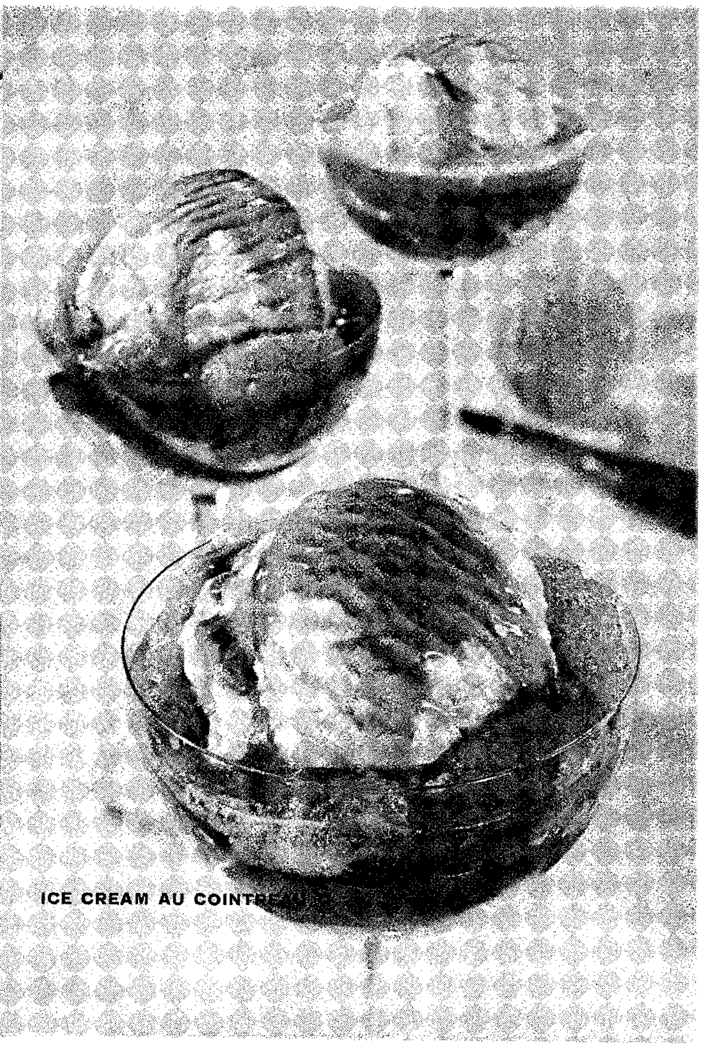

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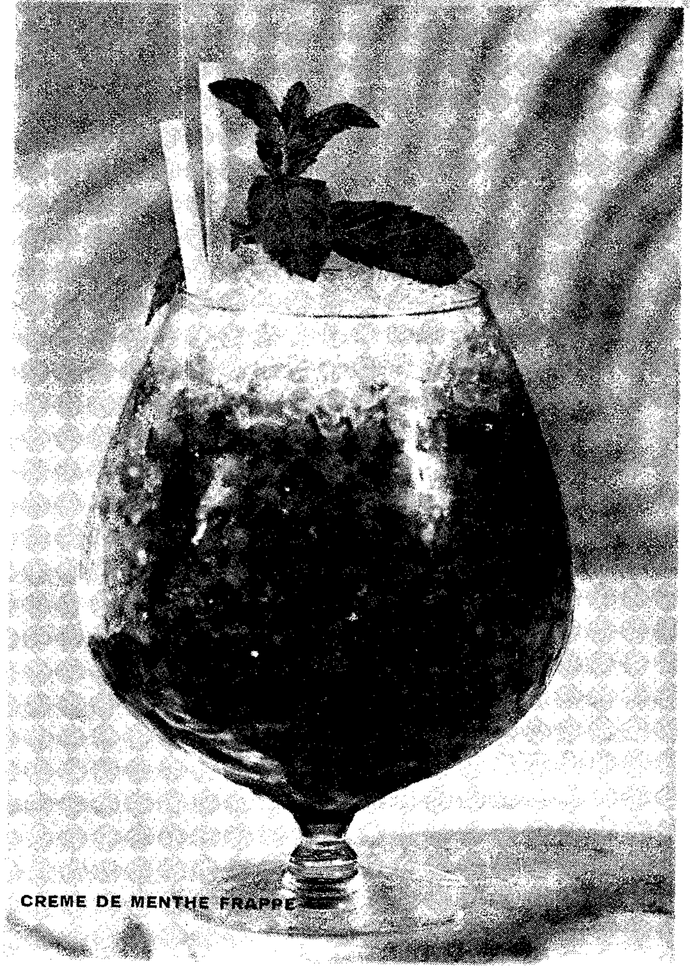

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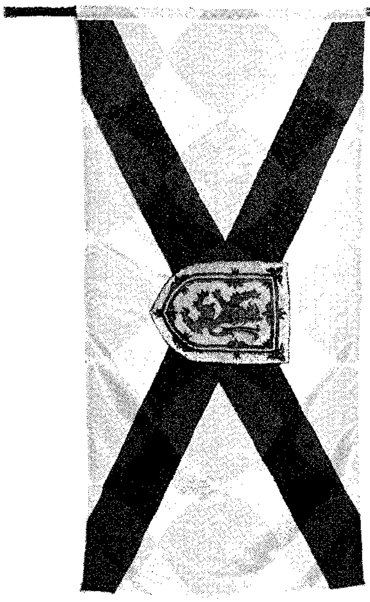

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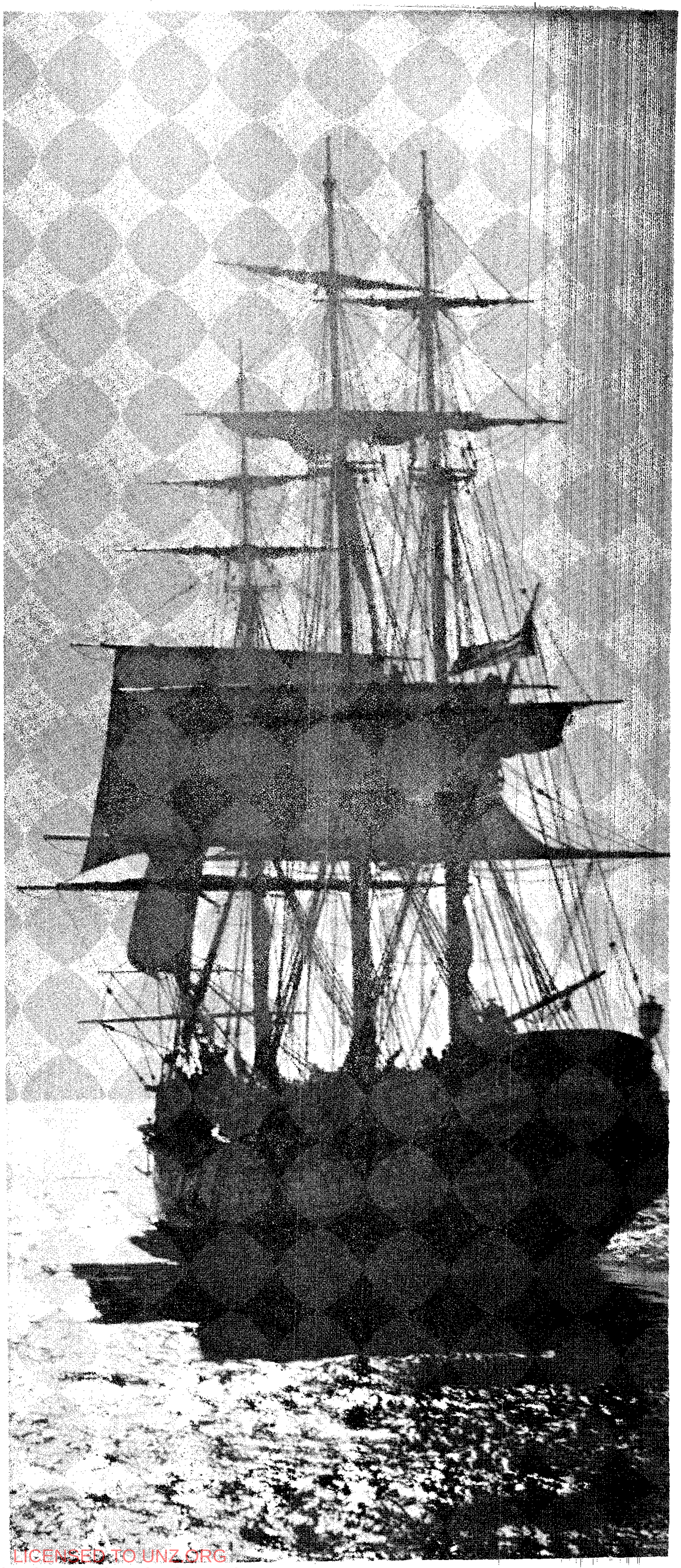

a hot shiver run down the whole of my spinal column, and my whole being re-lives our brief road together.

My mother was not there when this Misha (this name I shall also remember forever) came, but we met her on our way downstairs. Not knowing my companion, she asked anxiously where I was going. I replied I was going for some hair clippers, of which we had happened to be speaking a few days beforehand. (Later, I often dreamed about them, those nonexistent clippers, which took the most unexpected forms—mountains, landing stages, coffins, hand organs—but I always knew with a dreamer's instinct that they were clippers.) "Wait," cried Mother, but we were already downstairs. We walked along the street quickly and silently, he slightly ahead of me. I looked at the masks of the houses, at the humps of the snowdrifts, and I tried to outwit fate by imagining to myself (and thus destroying its possibility in advance) the still uncomprehended, black, fresh grief which I would carry back home. We entered a room which I recall as being completely yellow, and there an old man with a pointed beard, wearing a field jacket and jackboots, informed me without preamble that according to still unverified information my father was no longer living. Mother was waiting for me below, on the street.

DURING the next six months (until Uncle Oleg almost forcibly took us abroad), we tried to find out how and where my father had perished, and, indeed, whether he had perished at all. Apart from the fact that it happened in Siberia (Siberia is a big place!) on the return journey from Central Asia, we found out nothing at all. Can it be that they hid from us the place and circumstances of his mysterious death and have continued to hide them to this day? (His biography in the Soviet Encyclopedia ends simply with the words: "He died in 1919.") Or did the contradictoriness of the vague evidence truly rule out any explicitness in their answers?

Once we were in Berlin, we learned one or two supplementary things from various sources and from various people, but these supplements turned out to be nothing but new layers of uncertainty rather than glimpses through it. Two shaky versions, both more or less of a deductive nature (and telling us nothing, moreover, about the most important point: how exactly did he die—if he died), were entangled in one another and mutually contradictory. According to one of them,

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news of his death was brought to Semipalatinsk by a Kirghiz; according to the other, it was brought by a Cossack to Ak-Bulat. What was my father's route? Was he going from Semirechye to Omsk (by way of the feather-grass steppe, with the guide on a piebald pony) or from the Pamirs to Orenburg through the Turgay region (by way of the sandy steppe, with the guide on a camel, he himself on a horse, birch-bark-stirruped, from well to well, avoiding villages and railway lines)? How did he pass through the storm of the peasant war? How did he steer clear of the Reds? I cannot make anything out. And then, what kind of cap of invisibility could have fitted him, who would have worn even that at a rakish angle? Did he hide in fishermen's huts (as Krüger supposes) at the post "Aralskoye More" among the stolid Urals Old Believers? And if he died, how did he die? ("What is your profession?" Pugachyov asked the astronomer Lowitz. "Counting the stars," Lowitz answered, whereupon they hanged him so he could be nearer the stars.) . . . Oh, how did he die? From illness? From exposure? From thirst? By the hand of man? And if by somebody's hand, can that hand be still living, taking bread, raising a glass, chasing flies, stirring, pointing, beckoning, lying motionless, shaking other hands? Did he return their fire for a long time? Did he save a last bullet for himself? Was he taken alive? Did they bring him to the parlor car at the railway headquarters of some punitive detachment (I can see its hideous locomotive stoked with dried fish), having suspected him of being a White spy (and not without reason: he knew well the White general, Lavr Kornilov, with whom once in his youth he had travelled over the Steppe of Despair and whom in later years he had seen in China)? Did they shoot him in the ladies' room of some godforsaken station (broken looking-glass, tattered plush), or did they lead him out into some kitchen garden one dark night and wait for the moon to peep out? How did he wait with them in the dark? With a smile of disdain? And if a whitish moth had hovered among the shadowy burdocks, he would, even at that moment, I *know*, have followed it with that same glance of encouragement with which, on occasion, after evening tea, smoking his pipe in our Leshino garden, he used to greet the pink hawks sampling our lilacs.

SOMETIMES I get the impression that all this is a rubbishy rumor, a tired legend. So much the better. Once

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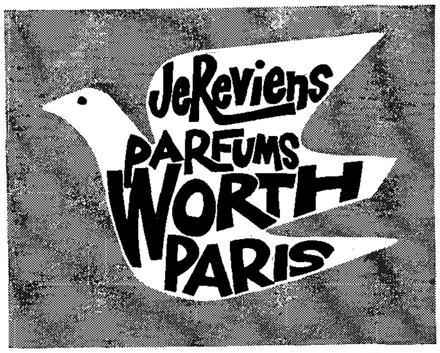

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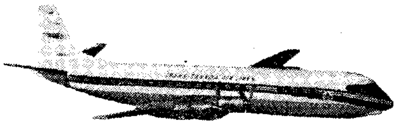

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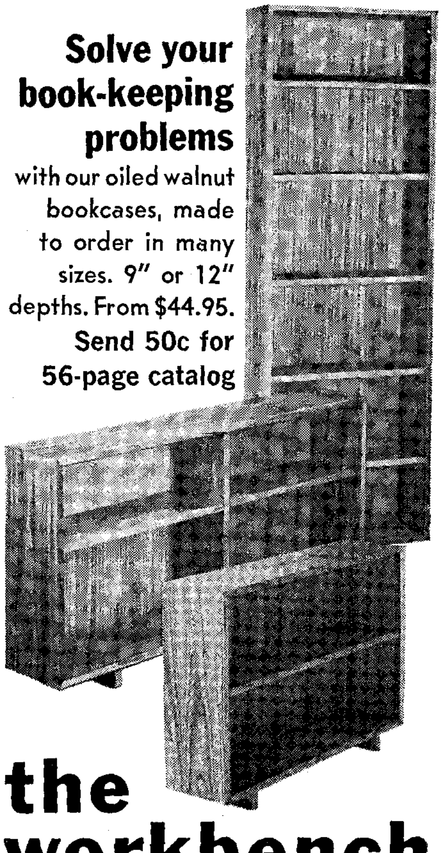
the rumor of my father's death is admitted to be a fiction, must it not then be conceded that his very journey out of Asia is merely attached, in the shape of a tail, to this fiction, and that if my father ever did set out on this return journey (and was not dashed to pieces in an abyss, not held in captivity by Buddhist monks), he perhaps chose a completely different road? I have even heard it surmised that he could well have proceeded west to Ladakh in order to go south into India. Or why could he not have pushed on to China and from there, on any ship, to any port in the world?

"WHETHER it was this way or that, Mother, all material connected with his life is now collected at my place. Out of swarms of drafts, long manuscript extracts from books, indecipherable jottings on miscellaneous sheets of paper, pencilled remarks straggling over the margins of other writings of mine; out of half-crossed-out sentences, unfinished words, and improvidently abbreviated, already forgotten names, hiding from full view among my papers; out of the fragile staticism of irredeemable information, already destroyed in places by a too swift movement of thought, which in turn dissolved into nothingness—out of all this I must now make a lucid, orderly book. At times I feel that somewhere it has already been written by me, that it is here, hiding in this inky jungle, that I have only to free it part by part from the darkness and the parts will fall together of themselves. . . . But this labor of liberation now seems to me so difficult and complicated, and I am so afraid I might dirty it with a flashy phrase, or wear it out in the course of transfer onto paper, that I already doubt whether the book will be written at all. You yourself wrote to me of the demands which in such a task should be presupposed. I am now of the opinion that I would fulfill them badly. Do not scold me for weakness and cowardice. Sometime I shall read you at random disjointed and inchoate extracts from what I have written: how little it resembles my statuesque dream! All these months while I was making my research, taking notes, recollecting, and thinking, I was blissfully happy. I was certain that something unprecedentedly beautiful was being created, that my notes were merely small props for the work, trail marks, pegs, and that the most important thing was developing and being created of itself. But now I see, like waking up on the floor, that besides these



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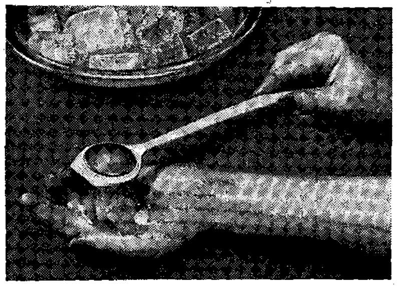

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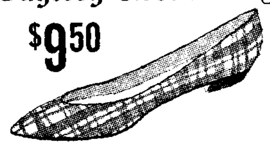

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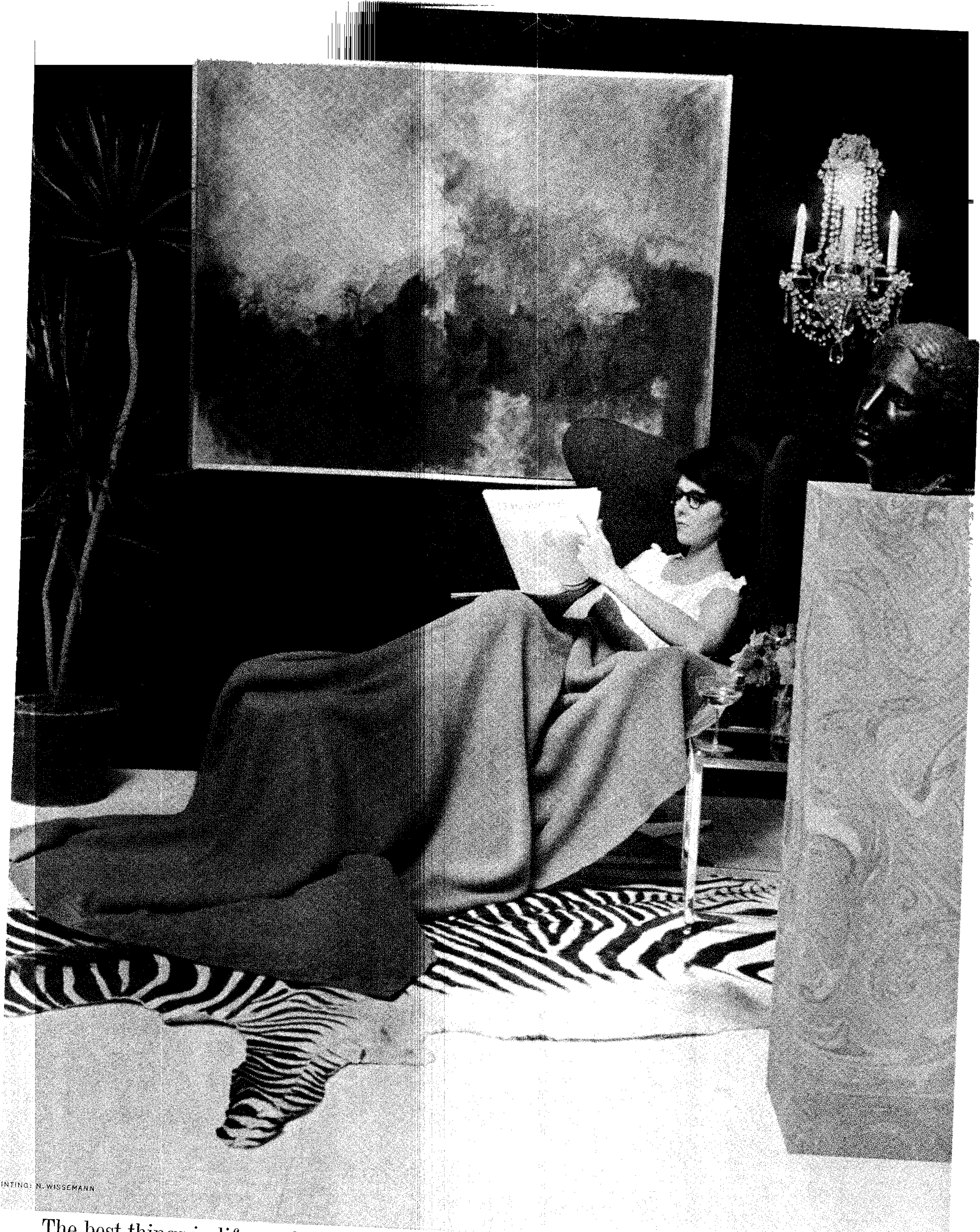

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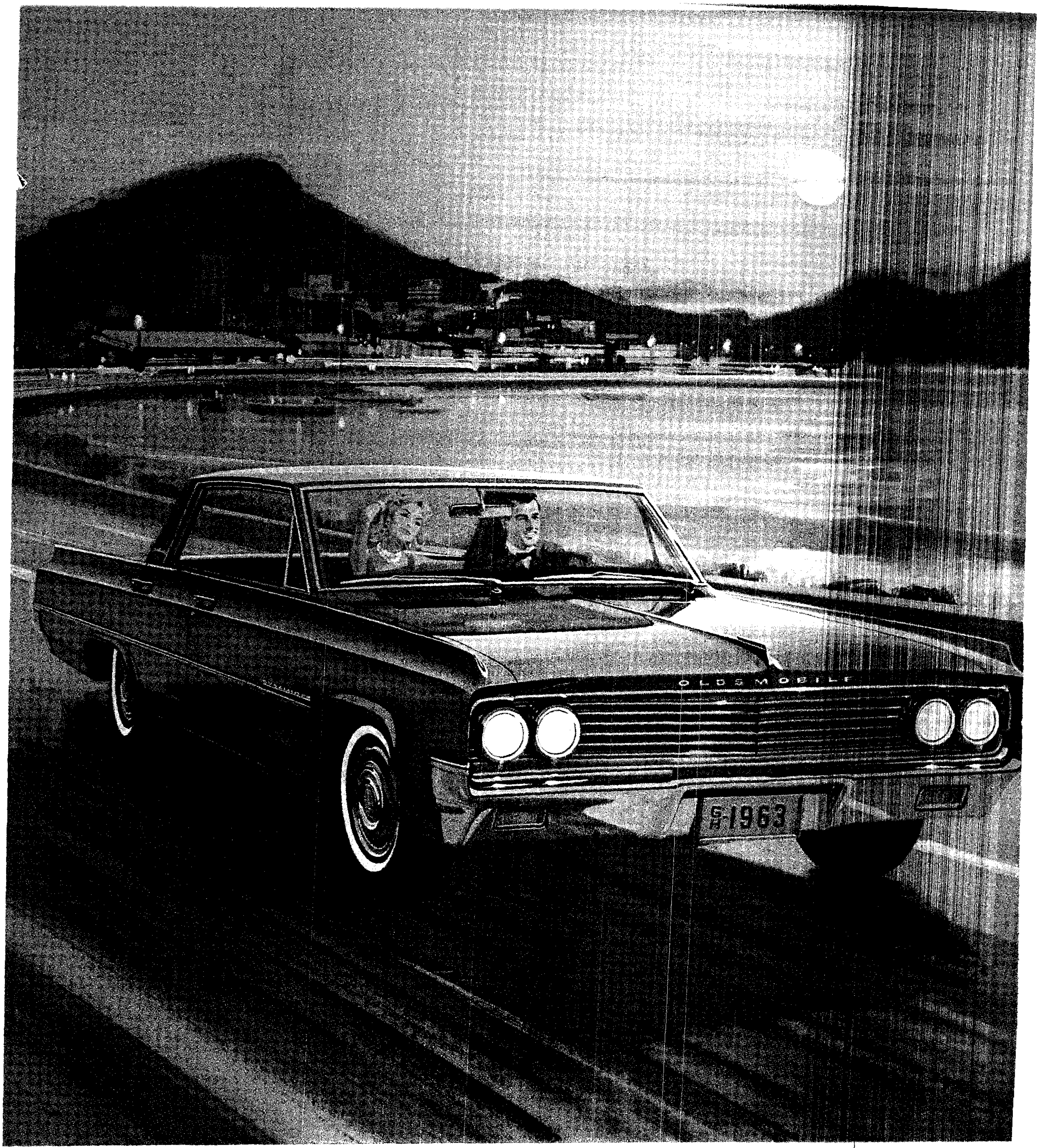

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NINETY-EIGHT · SUPER 88 · DYNAMIC 88 · STARFIRE · F-85 · JETFIRE pitiful notes there is nothing. What shall I do? You know, when I read his or Grum's books and I hear their entrancing rhythm, when I study the position of the words that can neither be replaced nor rearranged, it seems to me a sacrilege to take all this and dilute it with myself. If you like, I'll admit it: I myself am a mere seeker of verbal adventures, and forgive me if I refuse to hunt down my fancies on my father's own collecting ground. I have realized, you see, the impossibility of having the imagery of his travels germinate without contaminating them with a kind of secondary poetization, which keeps departing further and further from that real poetry with which the live experience of these receptive, knowledgeable, and chaste naturalists endowed their research. . . ."

"Of course I understand and sympathize," my mother wrote back. "It is a pity you cannot manage it, but of course you must not force yourself. On the other hand, I am convinced that you are exaggerating a little. I am convinced that, if you thought less about style, about difficulties, about the poetaster's cliché that 'with a kiss starts the death of romance,' etc., you would produce something very good, very true, and very interesting. Only if you imagine him reading your book, and you feel it grates upon him, and makes you ashamed, then, of course, give it up, give it up. But I know this cannot be, I know he would tell you, 'Well done.' Even more: I am convinced that someday you shall yet write this book."

THE external stimulus to the cancelling of my work was provided for me by my removal to another lodging. To my landlady's credit, it must be said that she had put up with me for a very long time—for two years. But when she was offered the chance of obtaining an ideal roomer—an elderly spinster who rose at seven-thirty, worked in an office till six, dined at her sister's, and retired at ten—Frau Stoboy requested me to find myself another roof within the month.

I continually postponed my inquiries, not only out of laziness and an optimistic tendency to endow a stretch of granted time with the rounded shape of eternity but also because I found it unbearably nasty to invade alien worlds for the purpose of discovering a place for myself. Mme. Chernyshevski, however, promised me her assistance. March was drawing to an end when, one evening, she said to me, "I think I have something for you. You once saw here Ta-

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mara Grigorievna, the Armenian lady. She has had a room in the flat of a Russian family but now wants to turn it over to somebody."

"Which means it's a bad room, if she wants to get rid of it," I remarked carelessly.

"No, it's simply that she's going back to her husband. However, if you don't like it in advance, then I won't do anything about it."

"I didn't mean to offend you," I said. "I like the idea very much, really I do."

"Naturally, there's no guarantee the room is not already disposed of, but still I would advise you to give her a ring."

"Oh, of course," I said.

"Since I know you," continued Mme. Chernyshevski, already leafing through a black notebook, "and since I know you'll never ring, yourself . . ."

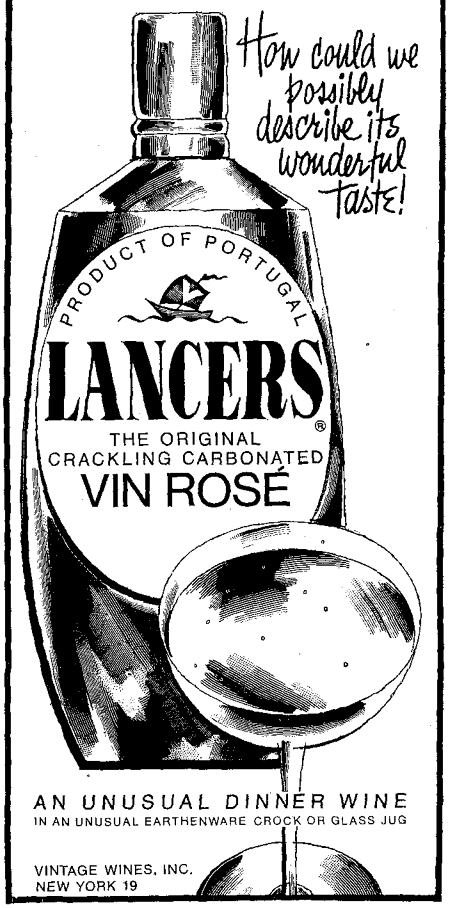
"I'll do it first thing tomorrow," I said.

". . . *since you will never do it*—Uhland forty-eight thirty-one—I'll do it myself. I'll get her right now, and you can ask her everything."

"Stop, wait a minute," I said anxiously. "I have no idea what to ask."

"Don't worry, she'll tell you herself." And Mme. Chernyshevski, rapidly repeating the number under her breath, stretched her hand toward the little table with the telephone.

EVERY morning just after eight I was guided out of my slumber by the same sound behind the thin wall, two feet from my temple. It was the clean, round-bottomed ring of a tumbler being replaced on a glass shelf; after which the landlady's daughter cleared her throat. Then the bizarre internal whine of a bath tap that finally turned into the rustle of a shower. A slip-bolt clacked, and footsteps receded past my door. From an opposite direction came other footsteps, dark and heavy, with a slight shuffle; that was Marianna Nikolavna hurrying to the kitchen to get some coffee for her daughter. One could hear the gas at first refusing with noisy bursts to catch light; subdued, it flared and hissed steadily. The first footsteps returned, now heeled. In the kitchen a fast, angrily agitated conversation started up. Just as some people speak with a southern or Moscow pronunciation, so did mother and daughter invariably speak to one another in the accents of a quarrel. Their voices were similar, both swarthy and smooth, but one more coarse and somehow cramped, the other freer and purer. In the rumble of the mother's there was a pleading, even a guilty pleading; in the daughter's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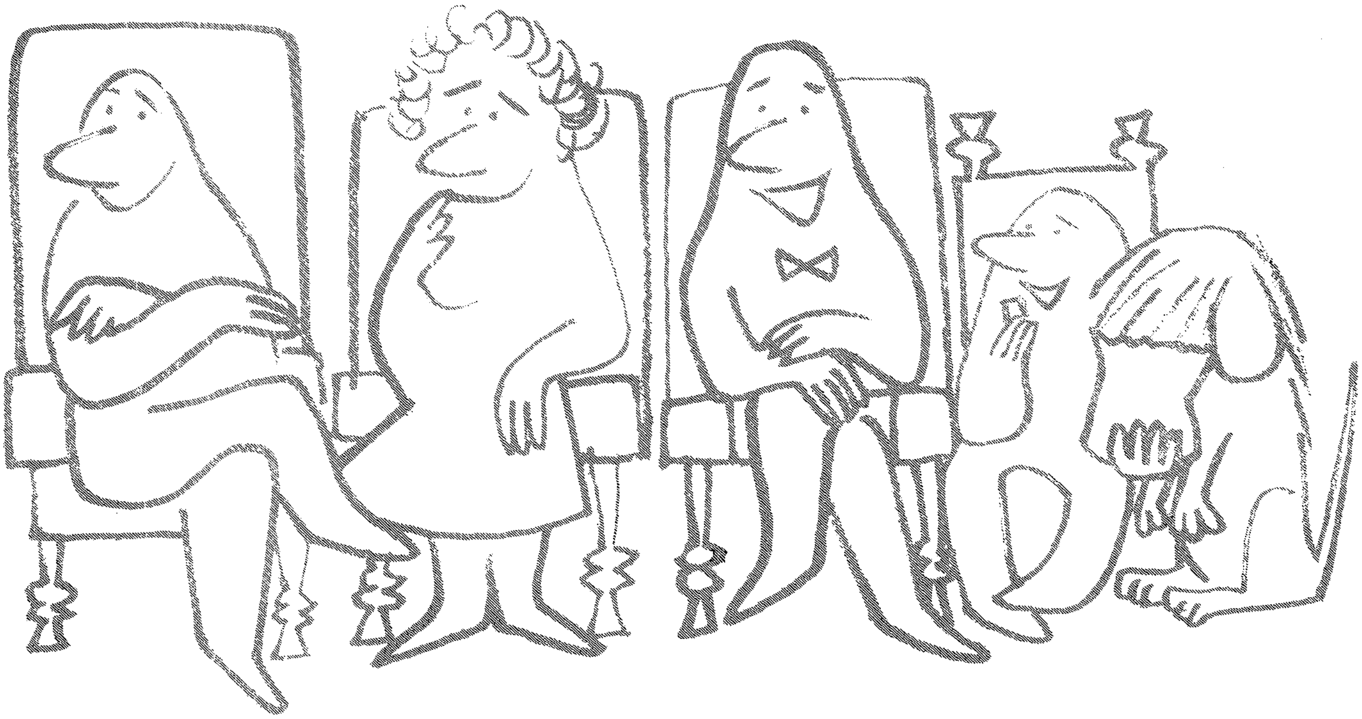

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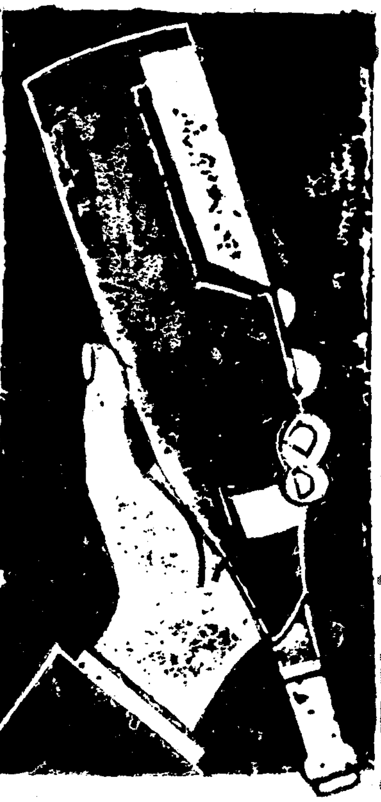

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increasingly short replies there rang hostility. To the accompaniment of this indistinct morning storm, I would again fall peacefully asleep.

Through my patchily thinning slumber I made out the sounds of cleaning. The wall would suddenly collapse on me; that meant a mop handle that had been insecurely leaning against my door. Once a week the janitor's wife, fat, heavily breathing, reeking of stale sweat, came with a vacuum cleaner, and then all hell broke loose; the world was shattered to bits, a hellish grinding pervaded one's very soul, destroying it, and drove me out of my bed, out of my room, and out of the house. But usually, around ten o'clock, Marianna Nikolavna took her turn in the bathroom, and after her came Ivan Borisovich. He flushed the toilet as many as five times but did not use the bath, contenting himself with the murmur of the little washbasin. By half past ten everything in the house was quiet. Marianna Nikolavna had gone away to do her shopping, her husband on his shady affairs. I descended into a blissful abyss where the warm remnants of my slumber mingled with a feeling of happiness, both from the previous day and still to come.

Quite often now I began the day with a poem. Lying supine with the first satisfyingly tasty, large, and long-lasting cigarette between my parched lips, I again, after a break of almost ten years, was composing a love poem. I lay and smoked, and gently composed, revelling in the womblike warmth of the bed, the quietness of the flat, and the lazy passage of time: Marianna Nikolavna would not be returning for a while, and dinner was not earlier than one-fifteen. During the past three months the room had been completely domesticated, and its movement in space now coincided exactly with that of my life. The ring of a hammer, the hiss of a pump, the roar of an engine being checked, German bursts of German voices—all this humdrum complex of noises coming every morning from the left of the yard, where there were garages and car workshops, had long since become familiar and harmless, a barely noticeable pattern in the stillness, and not a violation of it. I could touch the little table by the window with my toe if I stretched it from under the army blanket, and with a sidewise projection of my arm I could reach the wardrobe by the left wall (which sometimes, for no reason, suddenly opened with the officious look of some fool of an actor who has come onto the stage at the wrong time). On the table stood the Leshino photograph,

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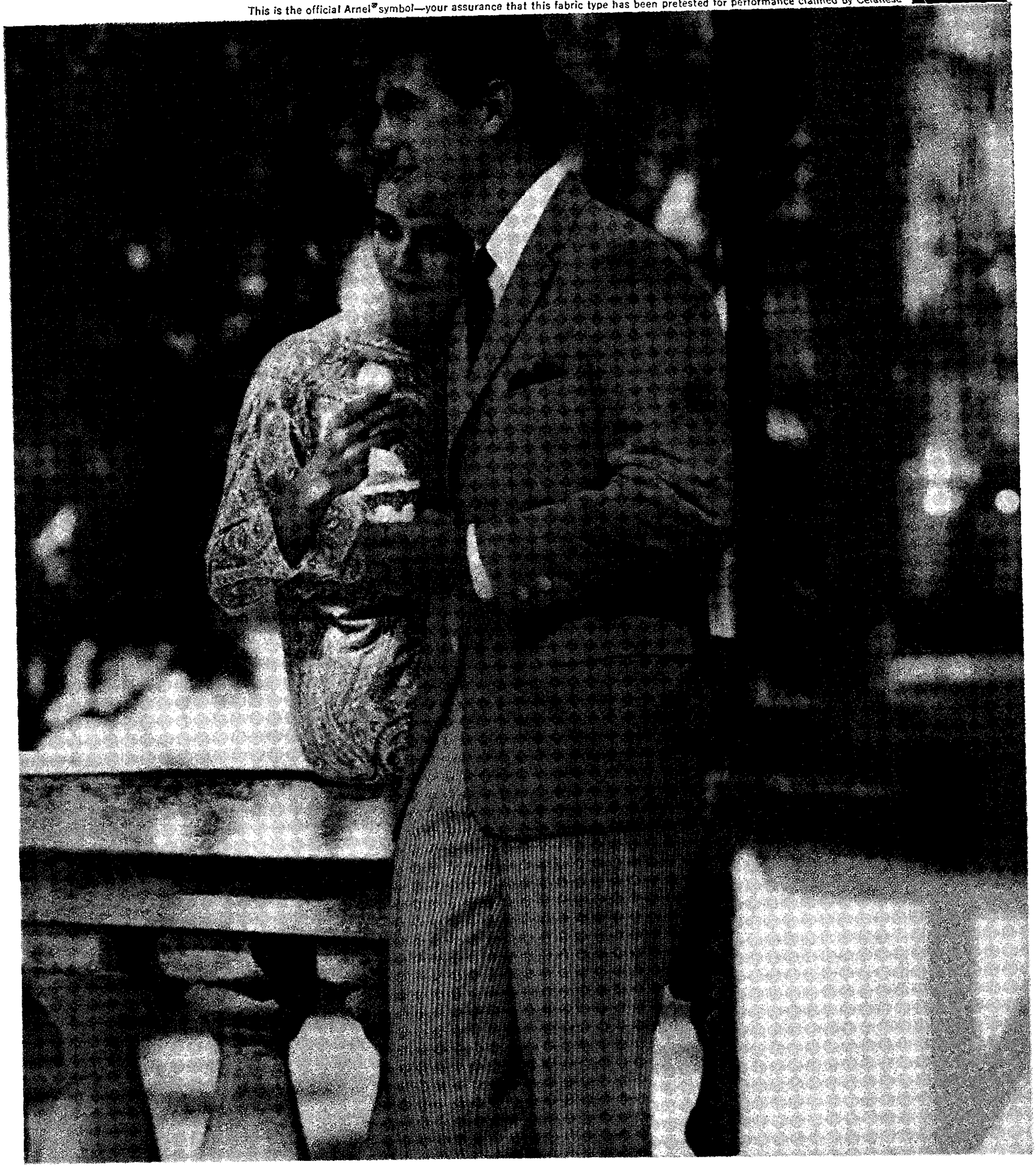

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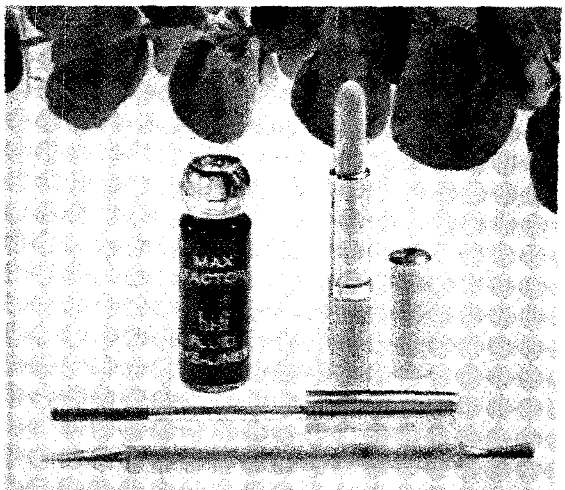

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None of this did I see for the moment, but it was all there—a small society of objects schooled to become invisible and in this finding their purpose, which they could only fulfill through the constancy of their miscellaneousness. My euphoria was all-pervading, a pulsating mist that suddenly began to speak with a human voice. Nothing in the world could be better than these moments. . . . Love only what is fanciful and rare, what from the distance of a dream steals through, what knaves condemn to death and fools can't bear. To fiction be as to your country true. Now is our time. Stray dogs and cripples are alone awake. Mild is the summer night. A car speeds by. (Forever that last car has taken the last banker out of sight.) Near that street light, veined lime leaves masquerade in chrysoprase with a translucent gleam. Beyond that gate lies Baghdad's crooked shade, and yon star sheds on Pulkovo its beam. . . .

From the hall came the jangling peal of the telephone. By tacit consent I attend to it when the others are out. And what if I don't get up now? The ringing went on and on, with brief pauses to catch its breath. Unable to hold out, with a curse I got up and answered it. A Russian voice asked irritably who was speaking. I recognized it instantly; it was an unknown person—by the whim of chance a fellow-countryman—who the day before had got the wrong number and now again, because of the similarity of the numbers, had blundered into the same wrong connection. "For Christ's sake, go away," I said, and hung up. I visited the bathroom for a moment, drank a cup of cold coffee in the kitchen, and dashed back into bed.

As always on the border between consciousness and sleep, all sorts of verbal rejects, sparkling and tinkling, broke in: "The crystal crunching of that Christian night beneath a chrysolitic star" . . . and my mind began to add of its own: *Extinguished, Yasnaya Polyana's light, and Pushkin dead, and Russia far* . . . but since this was no good, the stipple of rhymes extended further: *A falling star, a cruising chrysolite, an aviator's avatar* . . . My

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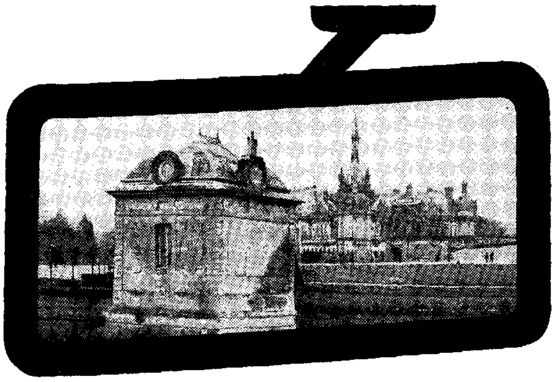

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mind sank lower and lower into a hell of alligator alliterations, into infernal coöperatives of words. Through their nonsensical accumulation a round button on the pillowcase prodded me in the cheek. I turned on my other side, and against a dark backdrop naked people ran into the Grunewald lake, and a monogram of light resembling an infusorian glided diagonally to the highest corner of my subpalpebral field of vision. Behind a certain closed door in my brain, holding on to its handle but turning away from it, my mind commenced to discuss with somebody a complicated and important secret, but when the door opened for a minute it turned out that they were talking about chairs, tables, stables. Suddenly in the thickening mist, by reason's last tollgate, came the silver vibration of a telephone bell, and I rolled over onto my face, falling. . . . The vibration stayed in my fingers, as if a nettle had stung me.

In the hall, having already put the receiver back into its black box, stood the landlady's daughter, Zina Mertz. She seemed frightened. "That was for you," she said in a low voice. "Your former landlady, Frau Stoboy. She wants you to come over immediately. There's somebody waiting for you at her place. Hurry."

I pulled on a pair of flannel trousers and, gasping for breath, went along the street. At this time of year in Berlin there is something similar to the St. Petersburg white nights. The air was transparently gray, and the houses swam past like a soapy mirage. Some nightworkers had wrecked the pavement at the corner, and one had to creep through narrow passages between planks, everyone being given at the entrance a small lamp which at the exit was to be left on a hook screwed into a post or else simply on the sidewalk next to some empty milk bottles. Leaving my bottle as well, I ran farther through the lustreless streets, and the premonition of something incredible, of some impossible superhuman surprise, splashed my heart with a snowy mixture of happiness and horror. In the gray murk, blind children wearing dark spectacles came out of a school building in pairs and walked past me; they studied at night (in economically dark schools, which in the daytime housed seeing children), and the clergyman accompanying them resembled the Leshino village schoolmaster, Bychkov. Leaning against a lamppost and hanging his tousled head, his scissorlike legs in striped pantaloons splayed wide and his hands stuffed in his pockets, a lean drunkard stood as

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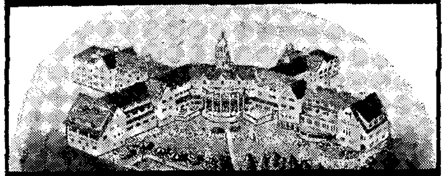

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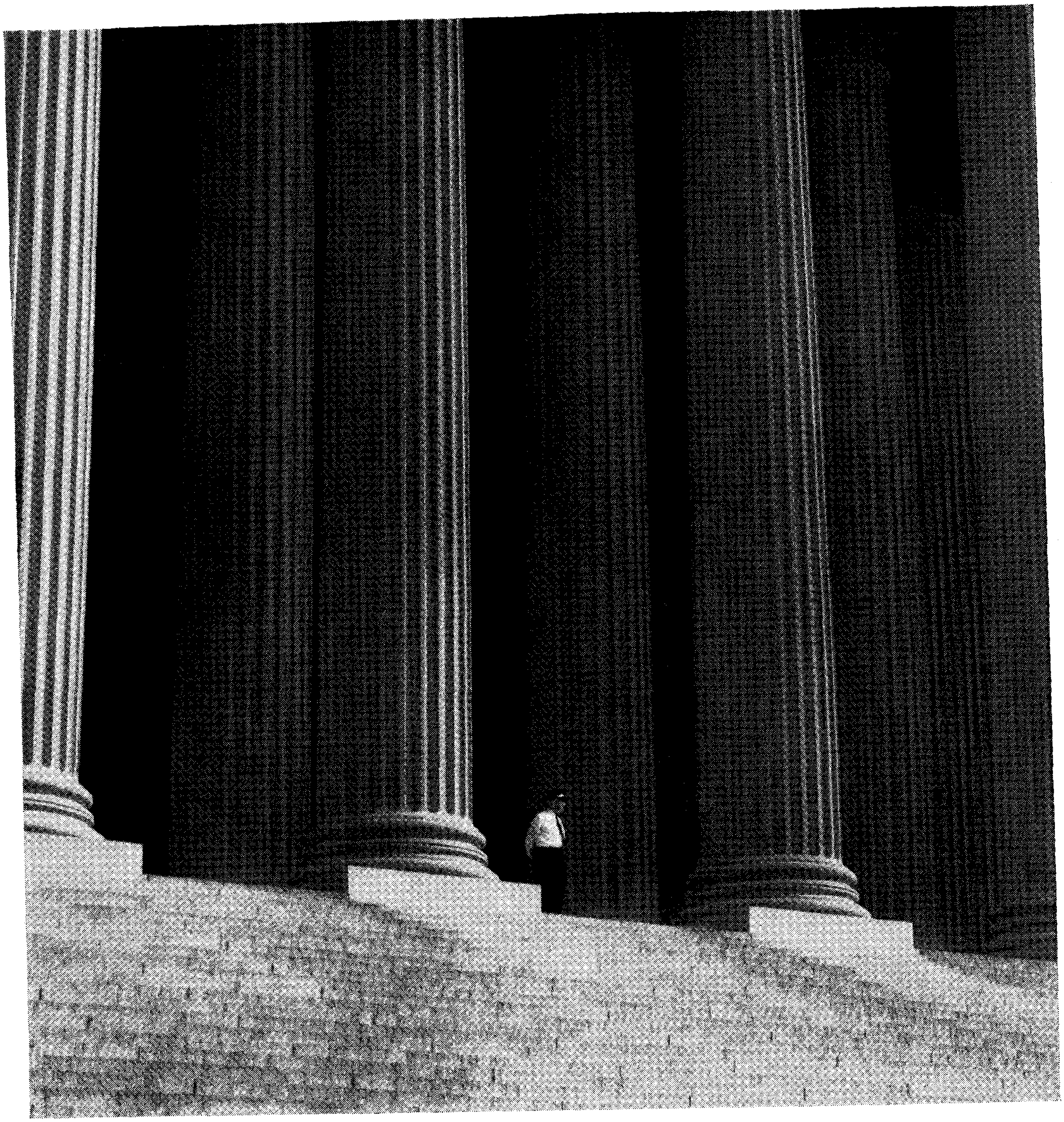

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if just come from the pages of an old Russian satirical rag.

There was still light in the Russian bookstore—they were serving books to the night taxicab drivers, and through the yellow opacity of the glass I noticed the silhouette of Misha Berezovski, who was handing out Petrie's black atlas to someone. Must be hard to work nights! Excitement lashed me again as soon as I reached my former haunts. I was out of breath from running, and the rolled-up lap robe weighed heavy on my arm—I had to hurry, but I could not recall the layout of the streets, and the ashy night confused everything, changing as in a negative image the relationship between dark and light parts, and there was no one to ask; everybody was asleep. Suddenly a poplar loomed, and behind it a tall church with a violet-red window divided into harlequin rhombuses of colored light. Inside, a night service was in progress, and an old lady in mourning, *with cotton wool under the bridge of* her spectacles, hastened to mount the steps. I found my street, but at the end of it a post with a gauntleted hand on it indicated that one had to enter from the other end, where the post office was, since at this end a pile of flags had been prepared for tomorrow's festivities. But I was afraid of losing it in the course of a detour, and moreover the post office—that would come afterward, if Mother had not *already* been sent a telegram. I scrambled over boards, boxes, and a toy grenadier in curls, and caught sight of the familiar house, and there the workmen had already stretched a strip of red carpet across the sidewalk from door to curb, as it used to be done in front of our house on the Neva Embankment on ball nights. I ran up the stairs, and Frau Stoboy immediately let me in. Her cheeks glowed, and she wore a white hospital overall—she had formerly practiced medicine. "Only don't get all worked up," she said. "Go to your room and wait there. You must be prepared for anything," she added, and pushed me into the room which I had thought I would never in my life enter again. I grasped her by the elbow, losing control over myself, but she shook me off. "Somebody has come to see you," said Frau Stoboy. "He's resting. . . . Wait a couple of minutes."

The door banged shut. The room was exactly as if I had been still living in it: the same swans and lilies on the wallpaper, the same painted ceiling wonderfully ornamented with Tibetan butterflies. (There, for example, was *Thecla bieti.*) Expectancy, awe, the frost of happiness, the surge of sobs

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merged into a single blinding agitation as I stood in the middle of the room, incapable of movement, listening, and looking at the door. I knew *who* would enter in a moment, and was amazed now that I had doubted this return. Doubt now seemed to me to be the obtuse obstinacy of one half-witted, the distrust of a barbarian, the self-satisfaction of an ignoramus. My heart was bursting, like that of a man before execution, but at the same time this execution was such a joy that life faded before it.

Suddenly the door shuddered (another, remote one had opened somewhere beyond it) and I heard a familiar tread, an indoor morocco-padded step. Noiselessly, but with terrible force, the door flew open, and on the threshold stood my father. He was wearing a gold-embroidered skullcap and a black cheviot jacket with breast pockets for cigarette case and magnifying glass; his brown cheeks, with their two sharp furrows running down from both sides of his nose, were particularly smoothly shaven; hoary hairs gleamed in his dark beard like salt; warmly, shaggily, his eyes laughed out of a network of wrinkles. But I stood and was unable to take a step. My father said something, but so quietly that it was impossible to make anything out, although one somehow knew it to be connected with his return, unharmed, whole, human, and real. And even so it was terrible to come closer—so terrible that I felt I would die if the one who had entered should move toward me. Somewhere in the rear rooms sounded the warningly rapturous laughter of my mother, while my father made soft chucking sounds, hardly parting his lips, as he used to do when making a decision or seeking something on the page of a book. . . . Then he spoke again, and this again meant that everything was all right and simple, that this was the true resurrection, that it could not be otherwise, and also that he was pleased—pleased with his captures, his return, my book about him. And then at last everything grew easy, a light broke through, and my father with confident joy spread out his arms. I stepped toward him, and in the collective sensation of woollen jacket, big hands, and the tender prickle of trimmed mustaches there swelled an ecstatically happy, living, enormous, paradisal warmth in which my icy heart melted and dissolved.

—VLADIMIR NABOKOV

(*Translated from the Russian by Michael Scammell, with the collaboration of the author.*)

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THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

IT is possible to have quite a good time at the revival of "Best Foot Forward," at Stage 73—partly the good time that comes from nostalgia, and partly the good time that comes from watching a bunch of refreshing beginners and picking out ones with talent or the hint of talent to come. The songs still sound fine; the members of the cast, for the most part, sing and dance and perform at least enthusiastically, and sometimes quite skillfully; and the story—set in a prep school and concerned with a movie actress, just a trifle faded, who accepts an invitation to the prom as a publicity stunt—works all right. Even so, the show lacks the real snap and sparkle, the drive and humor, and the occasional tenderness that a more disciplined and professional company might have given it. But how appealing beginners can be! The pick of the lot is, I think, a young actress named Karin Wolfe, playing the girl whose date has dated the movie star and who goes to the prom by herself, with blood in her eye. Her "Shady Lady-Bird" is a delightful song and routine, and I don't see how it could have gone better in anybody's hands. Opposite her, as the poor, stunned fellow who finds himself escorting a Hollywood queen, Glenn Walken made a rather muffled start but got better and funnier as things went on, and his brother Ronald Walken, as another undergraduate, is a good enough singer and a very good dancer. Liza Minnelli, who is Judy Garland's daughter, makes her professional début in Nancy Walker's original role of a bashful undergraduate's blind date. Miss Minnelli, an arresting-looking girl, has charm and quality, but she does not seem ideally cast in a comedy part. She is a lovely singer, though, and a passable dancer, and her natural wistfulness is effective and touching when she is given the opportunity to show it. I also admired Edmund Gaynes, a small (well, runty, really) comedian, as Miss Minnelli's escort. The more mature members of the cast are forgettable.

As for the score, "Buckle Down Winsocki" is an all-time indestructible, and it came off with great excitement, about a third of which was supplied by the audience; even the single-piano accompaniment somehow managed, for a few minutes, to sound like a full pit band. "What Do You Think I Am?," a dandy quartet sung by Miss Minnelli and three of her colleagues, also came off very well. "Best Foot Forward" is no classic—just a good musical—but the boys and girls on Seventy-third Street haven't muffed what there is of it. If their production is an incomplete success, it makes a pleasant evening all the same. —EDITH OLIVER

• •

FOR GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE

The day is colorless like Swiss characters in a novel
And I sit at a desk in an old house, left to the arts,
Teaching your poems English.
I have read the French words in the dictionary, starting with "W."
They are borrowings, too: *wesleyen*, *wigwam*, *wisigoth*,
And *wattman*, an archaic electrical-tram driver.
If you were alive this summer you'd be 82.

The fourth floor of the mansion, just less than an acre,
Is servants' country. For years it was settled—
Chambermaids, kitchenmaids, footmen, a butler, a cook.
Somewhere there must be almost an acre of them now
Laid out in the Romanesque floor plan under the sod,
And the lady who rang for them.
The house is a good place to work. But these poems—
How quickly the strangeness would pass from things
if it were not for them.

—WILLIAM MEREDITH

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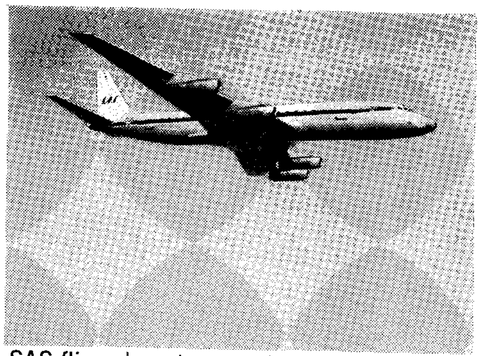

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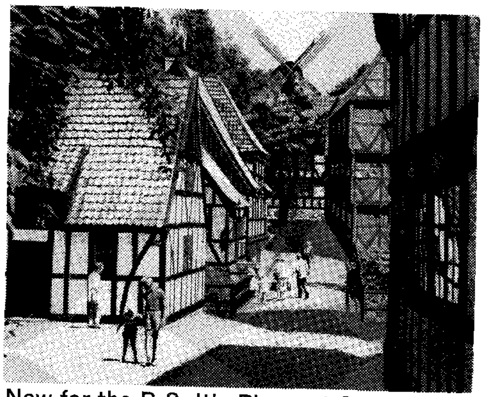

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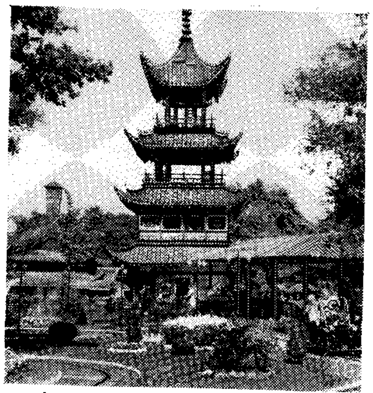

and wonderful Copenhagen, with its extraordinary restaurants, shopping—and famous Tivoli!

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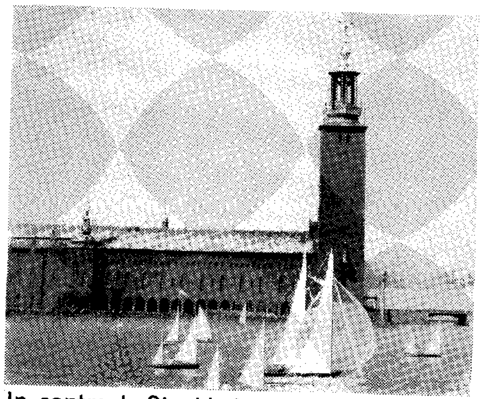

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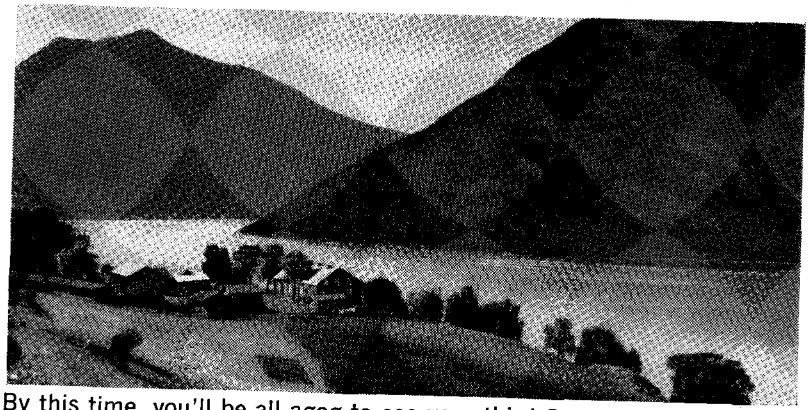

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As a result, our package carries four adults, and their luggage, at about 32 miles to a gallon of regular gas and 40,000 miles to a set of tires.

We've made a few external changes, of course. Such as push-button doorknobs.

Which is one up on the egg.

THE WAYWARD PRESS

STEP BY STEP WITH MR. RASKIN

THE return to print of six of the seven New York dailies of general circulation after an absence of a hundred and fourteen days predictably produced a mass of how-glad-you-must-be-to-see-me-again prose, in which might be occasionally discerned a tinge of apprehension, as in the mien of a newly freed divorcée stepping off a plane from Nevada. Suppose, she thinks, the fellow who is supposed to be waiting for me has formed other habits? She smiles overbrightly, and is not at her best. In this she resembles stories like

CITY
GOBBLES
PAPERS

from page 1 of the newly freed *World-Telegram*, which began:

> After seemingly endless months without their newspapers, jubilant New Yorkers saw their world return to normal today as they gobbled up millions of copies of the city's dailies at their newsstands. The 114-day newspaper strike—longest by far in the city's history and costliest ever in the nation—was finally over. The toll in money and anguish was enormous.

The picture of anguished millions stuffing wood pulp into their faces as if they were termites was hardly more depressing than the picture drawn by Richard Starnes, a deep thinker on the *W.-T.'s* split page. "The cost in money can never be calculated, the price in disrupted lives is astronomical, and the loss of the city's identity with itself inevitably will take a long time in being restored," he wrote in boldface, and I found myself taking a long time to wonder what city New York identifies with now, before restoration. Columbus, Ohio? Evansville, Indiana? Covington, Kentucky? They are all Scripps-Howard towns, and if you're reading Mr. Starnes, who appears in the Scripps papers in all three, you can't be sure that you are not in one of them. "The terrible need for newspapers (and not just for newspapers with which we agree, but for all newspapers) was terribly apparent during the strike," Mr. Starnes went on to remind us. I felt retrospectively astronomically terrible. He wound up, "We were missed, we do know it, and we will continue to try to justify the esteem in which we are held." At this point, the little lady from Nevada seemed to have given up on her *promesso sposo* and turned in to one of the bars in the air terminal for a couple of jolts.

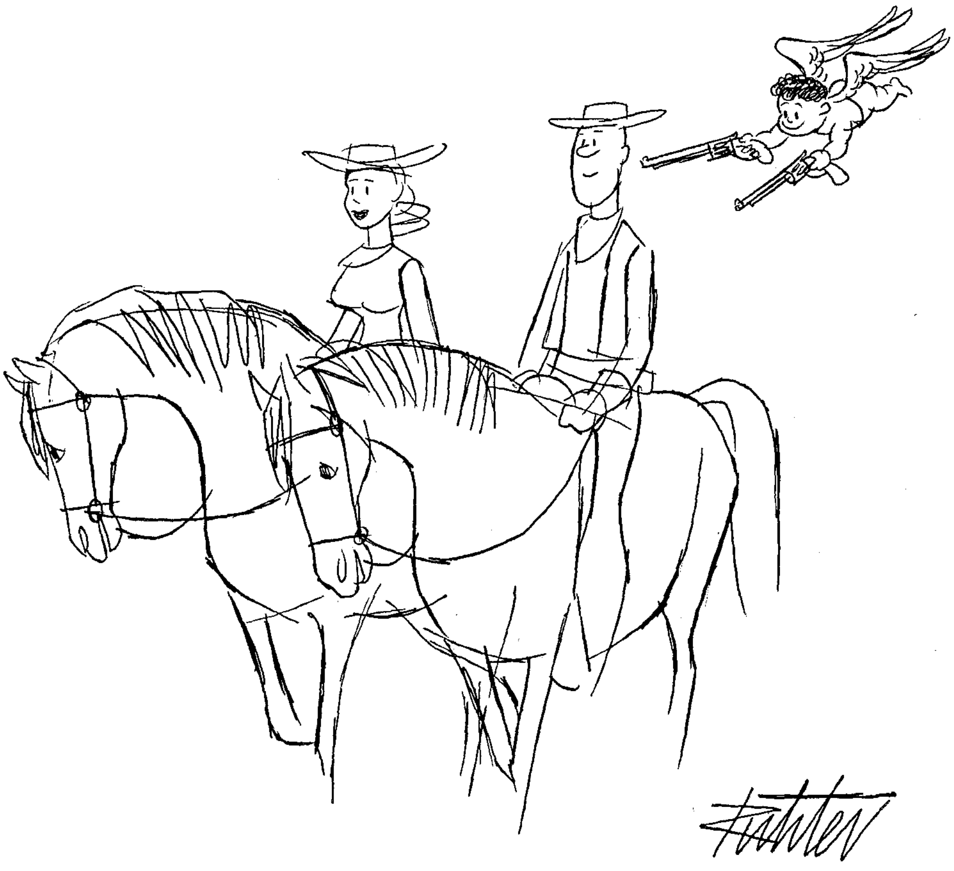
This whole aspect of the first day's papers could have been anticipated; some of the happy-to-be-back headlines looked as if they had been kept permanently in type against such occasions, which have become increasingly frequent with the years. Another facet that could have been foreseen was that all six of the recrudescents acted as if there had been no papers since December 8th, when the stoppage began; they scarcely acknowledged the existence of the *Post*, which had withdrawn from the Publishers' Association of New York City and returned to life voluntarily on March 4th, printing eight hundred thousand copies a day. The *Post*, while it took cognizance of the return of the other papers, kept the story in perspective, on page 3, reserving page 1 for

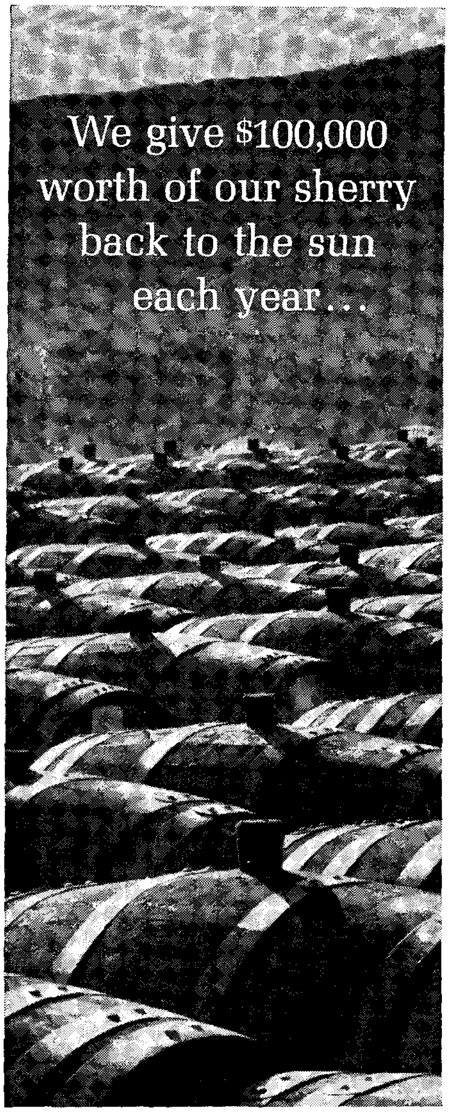
MORHOUSE GOT 18G
FROM 'PLAYBOY'

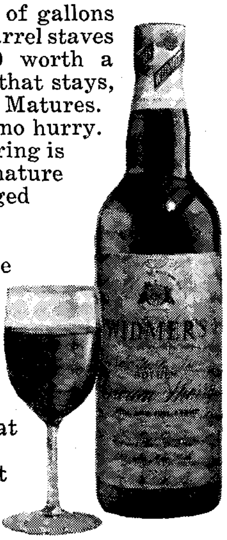
This was a story about the former New York State Republican Chairman, who, it has been said, helped a law-*cum*-public-relations client, the *Playboy* complex of enterprises, get a state liquor license for one of its offshoots—the Playboy Club. (Naturally, the story had the charm of a subliminal cheesecake association.) The rest of the front page was given over to a picture of the Kennedys at Gettysburg and a house ad for the paper's feuilleton of the week, giving the impression, unless you looked inside, that the *Post* was still the only paper in town.

The harrying question of the moment for the newspapers' business managers was not, so far as I know, expressed on any page of any paper. That is whether the commerce and industry of Babylon, proclaimed to have languished without stimulus of newspaper advertising, will in fact vault with its return. There has been going about what *Editor & Publisher*, the frightened handmaiden of the newspaper industry, calls a Big Lie, to the effect that retail sales held up during the blackout better than anybody could have expected; the Big Lie is a product, *E. & P.* thinks, of a cabal of salesmen of television and radio time. A month, or a couple of months, will have to pass before space salesmen and time salesmen have comparative statistics from which to drag opposite conclusions for prospective clients. No time at all passed, though, before the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* raised their prices, from a nickel to ten cents.

"THE *Times*, ironically, would have covered the strike and the stoppage more thoroughly," I wrote in January, complaining of the way in which the ancillary papers, like the *Wall Street Journal*, were reporting the struggle. What I did not foresee was that the *Times* would publish, in its first







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resumption, a story as remarkably good as the one by A. H. Raskin, headlined "THE STRIKE: A STEP-BY-STEP ACCOUNT." Beginning with a couple of paragraphs on the front page, Mr. Raskin's piece ran on for just short of eighteen columns—a total, I estimate, of close to twenty thousand words. This would make only a mighty slim book, but Raskin has more to say about the tangle between management and labor than you will find in any four thick books. His piece gives new evidence of what newspapers at their best are for—turning a first-class reporter loose on a story, giving him ample time to develop it, and then printing what he brings in.

Raskin, a veteran labor reporter who has now, except for such special occasions, retreated to the editorial rooms, starts by quoting a bilateral avowal of failure, from an official of the Publishers' Association and from a union officer. The stoppage, both admit, was an uncompensated-for disaster. Raskin then sets out to recount it, but not as the agent of either party—and here the *Times* earns the highest marks for letting him go his way. "New Yorkers, baffled by sixteen weeks of hearing little more than that negotiations were on or off, may find some clue to the answers in the untold story of what went on," he begins. Then, as a historian should, he goes back to the last previous important episode in the relations between his principals—a defeat for the publishers. This was the seventy-three-day strike of the New York Newspaper Guild against the *World-Telegram* in 1950, which was won by the Guild "primarily through the strength it gained from a newly forged 'blood brotherhood' with nine other newspaper unions." He might have gone much farther back, to the foundation of the Guild, in the thirties, but what he does is enough to establish a perspective. "These unions, representing printers, pressmen and other mechanical employes," he says, "forced the paper to suspend by refusing to cross picket lines set up by the reporters, copy editors, and clerical employes in the Guild." (This is a point that a number of Guildsmen recently seemed to have forgotten, or never even heard of.) The publishers, aghast at this rising of the villein rabble, then welded a united front of their own, Raskin continues, and "the result was a bargaining system, under which a contract negotiated with one union fixed a pattern for all the unions and a strike called against one paper generated an employer-enforced blackout of all the papers." Raskin does not cry woe over the possible immorality

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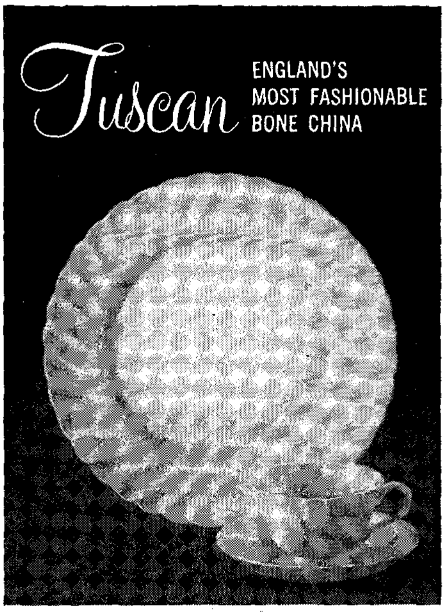

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of either arrangement, nor does he decry any advantage enjoyed by one side over the other. (If either side *had* enjoyed such an advantage, the strike could not have lasted so long.) "A chief goal of the strike of the Big Six printers was to establish a single expiration date for all the contracts so that the printers' union would no longer have to accept a follow-the-leader status [the leader in this case being, of course, the Guild, which had settled with the publishers in November]. . . . Long before the strike showdown there had been a joint recognition by the publishers and all the unions that they were at the end of the road on the old negotiating pattern. . . ." Last November, five weeks before the strike began, Raskin says, Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz, having summoned a meeting of publishers in the apartment of Richard E. Berlin, president of the Hearst Corporation, "stressed the danger of a Big Six strike in what one publisher later described as 'terms far more solemn and far more urgent than any we had ever heard from our own professionals.' " This, then, was no sudden flareup; actually, negotiators for both the Publishers' Association and the union dawdled from last July until the strike began, four months later, never coming to grips with their differences. "Both negotiating teams recognized that the standards set here on economic and noneconomic matters would have a compelling effect on contract terms and on the survival of newspapers in most major cities," Raskin writes, and that made them nervous, like two small champions out to represent rival juvenile gangs.

Raskin next passes to the leaders, the Raoul and Bernier of this *chanson de geste*. Bertram Powers, the tall president of the New York local of the International Typographical Union, he says, was described by "one of the army of Government peacemakers who got to know him well" as " 'honest, clean, democratic—and impossible,' " and by another as " 'cold, ambitious, and utterly incapable of setting any realistic priorities for himself' " but " 'so superior to anyone he had to negotiate against that it was like matching Sonny Liston with a Golden Glove champion.' " Moreover, Raskin says, "Pro-Powers unionists term him 'incomparably the ablest and most forward-looking of the men in the graphic arts unions.' " Amory H. Bradford, head of the publishers' negotiating committee and vice-president and general manager of the *Times*, is two inches taller than Powers and, on Raskin's showing, just as hard to bear: "One top-level mediator said Mr. Brad-

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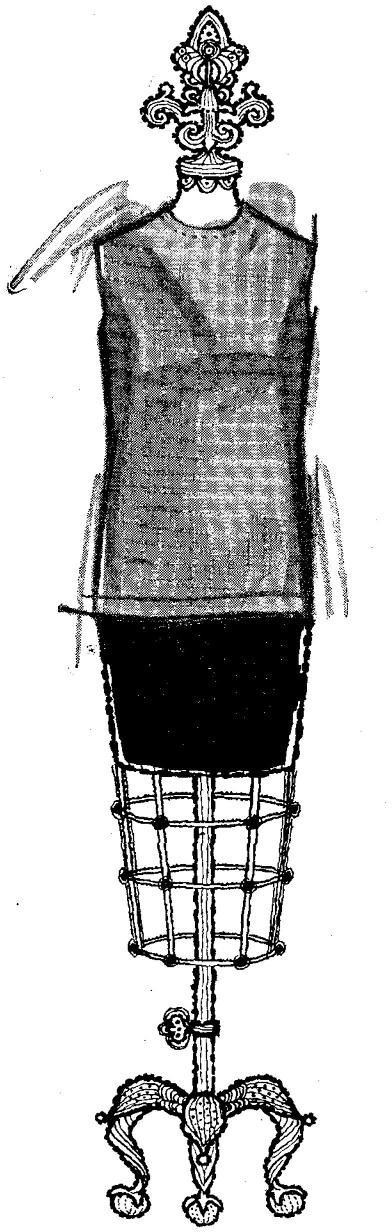

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ford brought an attitude of such icy disdain into the conference rooms that the mediator often felt he ought to ask the hotel to send up more heat. Another mediator, who called Mr. Bradford the possessor of the keenest mind on the management side, said he operates on a 'short fuse.'. . . With the deadline only eight hours off, Mr. Bradford expressed to other members of the publishers' group his opinion that there would be no walkout. His judgment reflected the sentiment of most of the labor relations experts attached to the employers' negotiating committee."

The deadline was two o'clock on the morning of December 8th. A few hours before that, after four months of so-called negotiations, the publishers declared their terms—that the printers sign for a small money package and that they drop their demands on what Raskin calls "issues more complex than the money gap . . . underlying the shutdown." Powers presented his counter-offer at 1:45 A.M. Like an Arab with a turnip to sell, he asked for far more than he hoped to get, as he later admitted. This was a completely unrealistic confrontation, at best. Of the underlying "issues more complex"—a common expiration date for contracts between the publishers and the unions, a thirty-five-hour week, and limits on the introduction of automation—the printers were destined to win all three, after a costly and anguished period, during which, according to Mr. Starnes, the city forgot who it was. But in money they were destined to receive very little more than the publishers had demanded that they accept. They got a "package" valued at $12.63 a week instead of the publishers' proposal of $9.20. The magnitude of one of the underlying issues may be judged from Raskin's summary of the shorter work week: "The printers wanted their basic work time cut from 36¼ hours a week to 35, the standard already in force for the Guild." With a five-day week, this means a difference of fifteen minutes a day, but the printers said they would sacrifice, in return, fifteen of the thirty minutes of wash-up time for which they had been receiving pay. "The publishers resisted on the ground that there was no real assurance the printers would actually stop taking the wash-up time," Raskin says. Time clocks in the lavatories might have averted terribly apparent astronomical disruption.

Having oriented the *Times*' readers and set forth the Lilliputian issues and Brobdingnagian forces involved, Raskin goes into the narration of the

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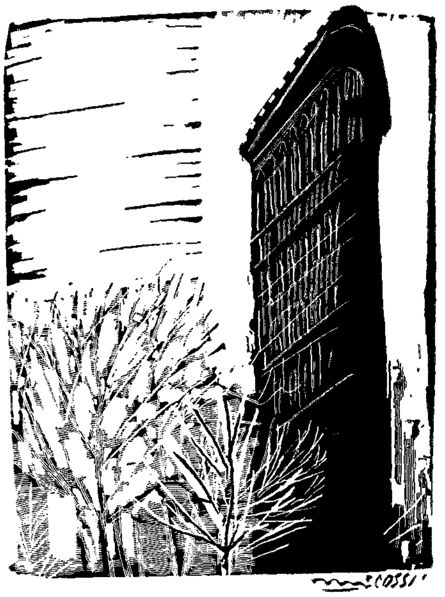
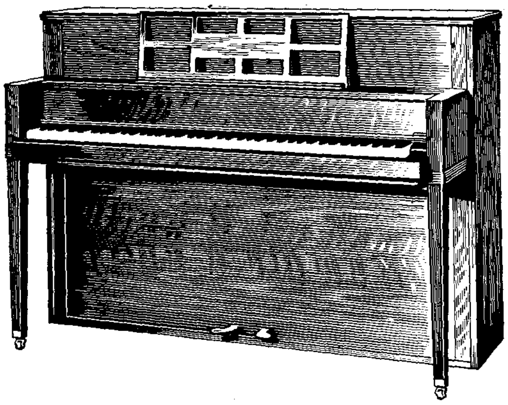
feckless squabbles that filled the next hundred and fourteen days. The first "substantial" bargaining began under the auspices of Mayor Wagner and Harry Van Arsdale, Jr., who is the city's A.F.L.-C.I.O. chief, at Gracie Mansion on December 30th, he reports, and it proceeded so hopefully that "at one stage . . . discussion centered on how soon Mr. Powers could assemble the Big Six members for a ratification vote and how long after that it would require to get the presses rolling again." The union president, it seemed, had reduced his package demand to $16.42 a week—$3.79 more than he would ultimately accept eighty-three days of seemingly endless anguish later. But, to pick up Raskin, "Mr. Bradford asked: 'How do we fit that into a $10 bill?' "—ten dollars being $2.63 less than *he* would agree to when the time came. Van Arsdale, having sat through one session with the pair, announced that he wouldn't walk a block in any direction to help settle the strike. A couple of weeks later, Powers, acting like the stores that run penny sales on odd Wednesdays, put ten dollars back into his package demand. The publishers thereupon "turned actively to efforts to crack the union front," but "no union ever got a tempting enough offer to make it want to take the lead." On January 16th, Charles Collingwood, of C.B.S., got Powers and Walter N. Thayer, president of the *Herald Tribune*, together, and Powers came down to $16.42 again, which at least marked progress back to December 30th. On January 21st, Mrs. Dorothy Schiff, publisher of the *Post*, offered to sit in on negotiations, but her fellow-publishers, all of them men, did not invite





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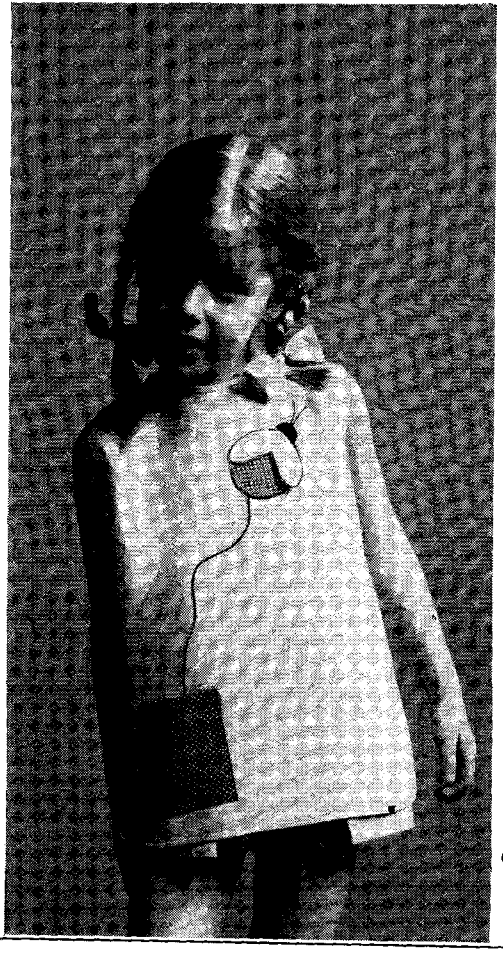

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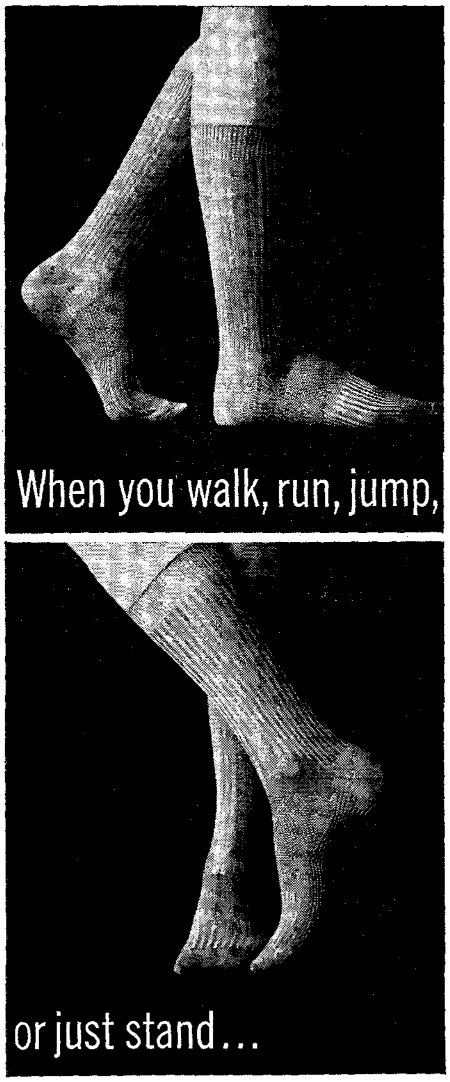

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her, and the labor people suggested that she send a male representative. History proves that she brooded. "At midnight the next day, Jan. 22," Raskin writes, "another new face popped into the negotiations"—Pierre Salinger, President Kennedy's press secretary. The Secretary of Labor joined him. "By [the following] evening, when they were scheduled to meet with Mr. Powers and Mr. Van Arsdale, Secretary Wirtz was predicting to Mr. Salinger that a settlement could be arranged for a $12.50 package. This was within 13 cents of the figure that emerged when the final peace formula was hammered out by Mayor Wagner six weeks later." But "Mr. Powers showed up without Mr. Van Arsdale." This was a bad omen. Powers "began ticking off a list of demands much stiffer than the ones he had sketched out the night before . . . [and] asserted *that he had been misunderstood.*" New face Salinger then popped out.

This is the real fabric of history. Negotiators do not reach a deadlock, which would be static, but a wiggly relationship, in which they continually set up propositions that they go on to modify or withdraw or that are not meant to be accepted. (It would be priceless to have this sort of account of the test-ban conversations at Geneva.) Governor Rockefeller now came briefly on the scene, with a proposal to set up by law a State Commission of Public Concern to recommend terms for settling strikes in unspecified vital industries. Nobody knew quite where this might lead, and it got no encouragement. But it spurred Mayor Wagner into another try. On January 25th, Theodore W. Kheel, the Mayor's labor expert, called Wirtz in Washington and asked what Wagner could do next. Wirtz, according to Raskin, came up with the suggestion that eventually paid off—to summon publishers and union representatives to continuous negotiations in City Hall, that 1811 survivor of the Era of Good Feeling. "The publishers got their telegrams on their return from a private meeting with the Governor, at which they had informed him they had no use for his bill," Raskin says. "Their initial reaction to the Mayor's intervention was no more cordial. In fact, Mr. Bradford telephoned the Mayor at once and told him his action was the most foolish he had ever taken." Wagner persisted. Bradford then told his fellow-members of the Publishers' Association that he was opposed to accepting the Mayor's summons, because the Mayor would lean to the

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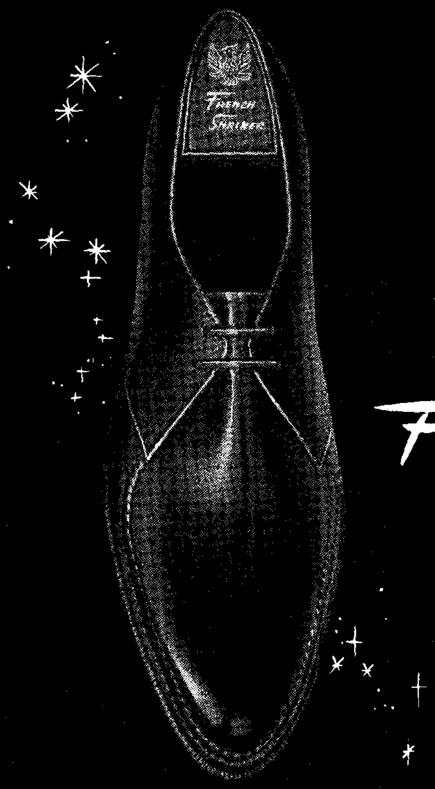
printers. The big bosses overruled him, because, they said, it would be bad public relations to turn the Mayor down when the strike had gone on so long. "Confronted with their unanimous decision . . . Mr. Bradford put on his hat and coat and said he was not going," Raskin says. For the publishers, it must have been like delegating a man to patch up a quarrel and then finding out that he thought you wanted him to act as your second in a duel.

The next day, Bradford was persuaded to change his mind, and now the long grind began. "Both sides came to City Hall with meager enthusiasm," according to Raskin, but "the first few days at City Hall were unusually fruitful." Powers came down to $13.75, the publishers went up to $11.04—respectively $1.12 above and $1.59 below where they were going to meet in a couple of months. "Just when a new optimism was taking hold, the talks started moving backward again on the 35-hour week." (Wash-up time.) Kheel came up with a new formula, perhaps based on the substitution of a cheaper brand of soap. "At this Mr. Bradford told the Mayor that he was sick and tired of the whole proceedings and could see no reason why the publishers had to keep wasting time by coming to City Hall. 'If that's the way you feel,' Mr. Kheel exclaimed, 'why don't you leave? Because if you don't I will.' . . . The next day Orvil E. Dryfoos, president and publisher of the *Times*, visited the mediator at his home and assured him that the employers wanted him to stay. Mr. Kheel, in turn, told Mr. Dryfoos that it was very important that Mr. Bradford also remain in the negotiations." But the meetings went into the doldrums, without even a good fight. Powers got on his bicycle again and began to escape. Kheel described him as a " 'jitterbug bargainer—he giveth and he taketh away.' " Everybody, on both sides and in the middle, complained about Powers' changes of mind. Unionists began snapping at unionists, and publishers at publishers. The head of one morning newspaper said to the head of another after a meeting of the Association, " 'That was like trying to move around in a barrel of molasses.' "

On February 6th, the International Typographical Union voted to assess its members everywhere to support the strike, and this put the printers in a virtually impregnable economic position. The war had now reached a fortress period, with both belligerents safely entrenched and flying flags that read, "I'm all right, Jack!" It wiggled through



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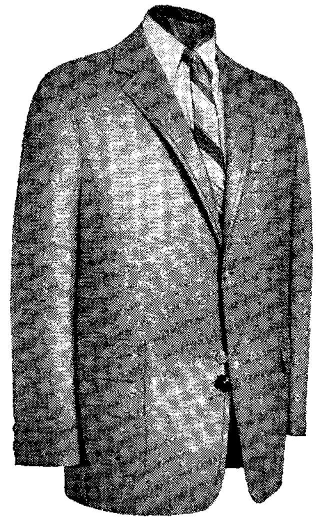

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what Colonel John R. Stingo would call endless episodia ending in nothing, such as the near intervention of Justice Arthur J. Goldberg, of the United States Supreme Court, who remembered just in time that his status had changed from player to referee, and a near agreement on the thirty-five-hour wash-up, which failed when the Hearst and Scripps-Howard papers, "concerned about the impact of a 35-hour schedule on their papers in other cities, exercised their veto." Unanimity is necessary before the Association can agree to anything, which makes it effectual, apparently, only when a majority stands for the negative, like the Polish Diet of the eighteenth century, with its *liberum veto*. (In this case, the anguished New York public seems to have been sacrificed to the higher necessity of the budgets of the chain papers in Cincinnati and San Antonio.) Rockefeller Republicans tried to infiltrate the Mayor's show but couldn't make it. The unions that had no rich big brothers like the I.T.U. grew restive. Salinger, still mad at Powers, induced the President himself to rap the union leader, which immediately revived sympathy for Powers among his colleagues, on the principle of "We must all stand together or . . ." Philip L. Graham, the publisher of the Washington *Post* and of *Newsweek*, attempted to irrupt into the New York picture but was extruded by unanimous petition. From the way things looked in February, the situation had, if anything, disimproved from the day before the walkout.

"The first important power shift," Raskin says, "came on Feb. 28, when Mrs. Schiff announced that the *Post* would resume publication on Monday, March 4. She explained that she believed the tie-up had gone on long enough, that she saw no evidence of a quick settlement and that she felt the city should have at least one regular newspaper." In retrospect, this sounds sensible. "The Schiff defection and the arrival of the heavy Easter advertising season injected a new intensity into the Mayor's revived negotiations," says Raskin. (Seeing the *Post* heavy with that good Easter-Passover stuff, I imagine, had the same effect on the other publishers that the smell of jack mackerel has on a cat.) "The Mayor and Mr. Kheel spent endless hours putting together the intricate mosaic of a contract that would satisfy both sides." It didn't satisfy either side, of course, nor could any contract have done so short of an unconditional surrender, including a deed to the other fellow's shirt,

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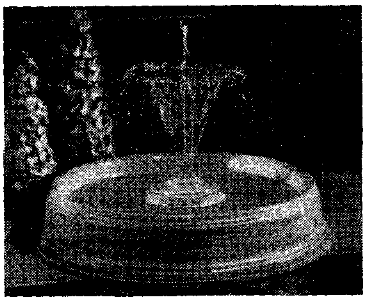

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but it is hard to see why a compromise much like it couldn't have been reached without any strike at all. It was a peace of exhaustion.

Powers, however, had some ground for claiming victory. "On all three of Mr. Powers's key issues of principle, the union achieved breakthroughs," Raskin says. It was at this moment that Powers began to give a chilling impersonation of a stunned football player running the ball toward his own goal line. He proposed to reject the settlement that the publishers had already accepted. Here, again, Raskin is good. He quotes Harry Van Arsdale, who said, " 'This is crazy. He'll destroy himself and the whole labor movement. He has all his issues of principle. How much more can he want?' " And experienced labor men like Van Arsdale himself and Elmer Brown, the I.T.U. president, had to persuade Powers to persuade the members of his own negotiating committee to accept what prizefight people would call a split decision—and a pretty lucky one at that. Like Waterloo, it had been a near thing. After that, the membership of the Big Six further messed things up by rejecting the settlement that their officers had accepted, thus justifying—for one week, at least—the old charge that it's no good dealing with unions because they repudiate their agreements. And then, after the printers had rejected their rejection, a couple of less potent unions that had waited for the printers to settle went into their own acts, all eager to wring a couple of cents more than $12.63 from a presumably exhausted foe. Raskin quotes Kheel on the latecomers: " 'These union fellows are like Janus. They have eyes in the front of their head and in the back of their head. They see what the other fellow got and what he is going to get, and they want it all.' "

IN Mr. Raskin's calm piece of reporting there is little credit for anybody but the Mayor and his faithful mediators. Raskin's revelation of the world behind the strike is not pretty. ("Both sides deserve each other" was the Mayor's own opinion of the principals in the dispute.) "There is virtual unanimity that the indispensable element in nursing the agreement through all its dismal moments of near collapse was provided by the Mayor with the aid of Mr. Kheel and Mr. Van Arsdale," Raskin says, and he quotes "a high Federal official" who said, " 'Nobody sufficiently appreciates Wagner's ability to take a beating when he feels it is necessary to keep the city going. His patience is inexhausti-

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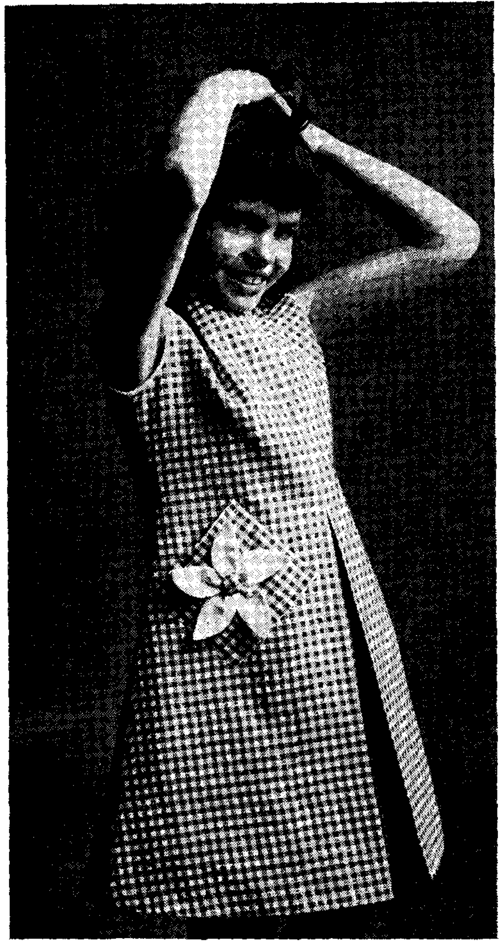

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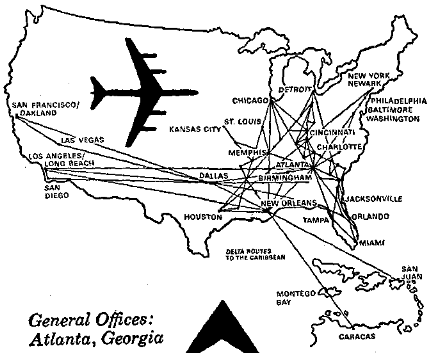

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ble. He didn't browbeat the parties as Fiorello LaGuardia would have done, and he didn't go on TV to read the comics, but he did stick with this through all the frustrations and affronts that came from both sides and finally he made it come out right.' "

Wagner is, for the moment, the fair-haired boy of all the papers he rescued from limbo, and I am waiting anxiously to see which of them will break the truce of gratitude and hurl the first brickbat; almost all of them were sharply critical of him before the blackout. He is any*thing* but spectacular, and observers have often wondered why he attracts the voters. The reason is possibly that they sense his willingness to "take a beating" and get up off the floor.

Great credit, too, redounds to Raskin's superiors on the *Times* for wanting a story that would tell what happened, and for letting him write it. The idea, as far as I can learn, originated with Theodore Bernstein, the assistant managing editor, and Frank Adams, the city editor, who called the writer into conference early in March and gave him the assignment—a story originally intended to fill four columns. Raskin, with a vast accumulation of sources both in labor and in the Labor Department, is a methodical man. He had kept newspaper and press-association clippings on the stoppage almost from the beginning, and these served as a chronological thread along which he made his way backward, interviewing participants. He was working in two worlds he knew especially well—labor and newspapers—and the persistence of the stoppage through March gave him more time than he had expected. When he began to write, he found that he had an awful lot of material, and his bosses had the good judgment to tell him to let it run. Raskin, Bernstein, and Adams, my sources say, had the full support of the *Times'* managing editor, Turner Catledge, but what I find almost unbelievable is that Raskin's story had the *nihil obstat* of his publishers. I doff my bowler.

—A. J. LIEBLING

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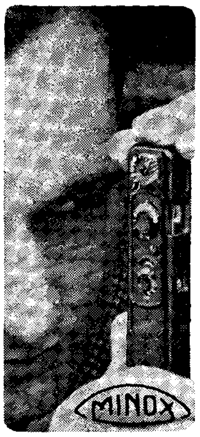

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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Main Stream

I SUSPECT that when all the fads and fashions of contemporary music have died down, and the wars between the snobs and the countersnobs are at an end, Samuel Barber may turn out to have been the finest American symphonic composer of his generation. To be sure, this is not necessarily inordinate praise, since the art of composing symphonic music is not at the moment enjoying one of its most vital periods. Still, there is a consistently dependable quality about Mr. Barber's work that commands respect. He has composed a large quantity of music, and practically all of it maintains a high and serious level of thought and an admirable standard of workmanship. The music, moreover, is concerned with expression rather than with the mere juggling of forms and techniques, and what is expressed is usually dramatic, dignified, and accessible to others besides Mr. Barber himself. His writing for orchestra is never either cheap or arcane. Although it has its own recognizable style, it never pursues style as an end in itself. Like the work of all the great composers of the past, it is modelled on the work of great precursors. In an age when revolution is all the rage, and nearly every tyro is busy thumbing his nose at the accepted masterpieces of the past, Mr. Barber has distinguished himself by not being a revolutionary. But he is not an academic composer, either. He has long since left behind the conventional formulas of the imitators and developed his own personal method of composing. His method, however, has its roots in the past, and shows a clear comprehension of music as a traditional art, which is something that music most emphatically is. If one seeks out influences in his style, the first influence that one is likely to hit upon is that of Richard Strauss. This fact not only is not surprising but indicates a notable soundness of musical judgment, for Strauss was unquestionably the greatest of the last great orchestral composers, and his music is the obvious jumping-off place for those who hope to continue in the grand manner of musical composition. Mr. Barber has jumped a good way, and his symphonic writing resembles that of Strauss only superficially, but it does recognize aims and means that would have been intelli-

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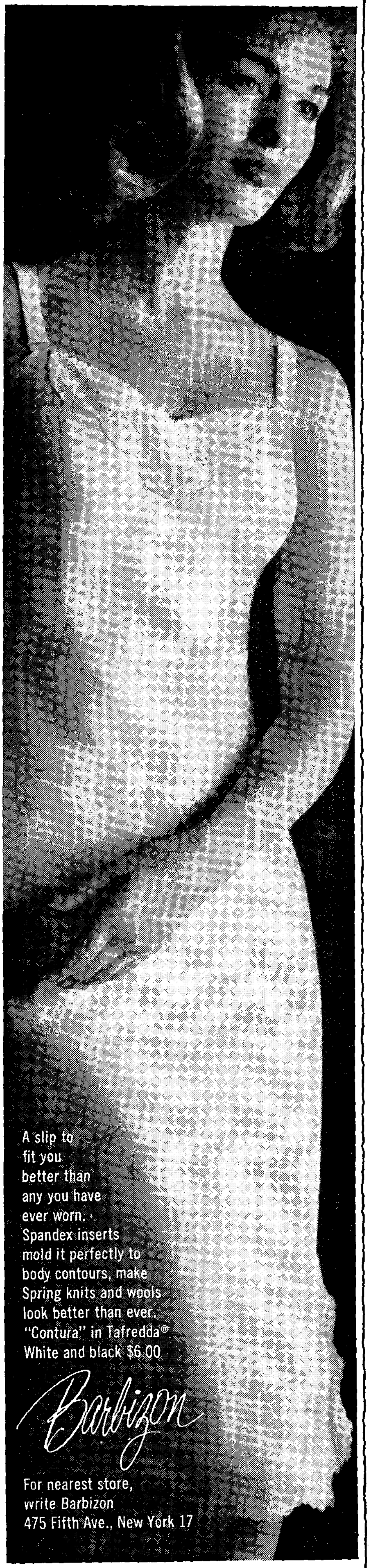

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gible to the older master, and it often speaks with something of the emotional eloquence and fantastically perfected technique that are Strauss's legacy.

"Andromache's Farewell," the latest of Mr. Barber's compositions, received its première on Thursday evening of last week at Philharmonic Hall, at the hands of the New York Philharmonic, under Thomas Schippers. It is a sort of *scena*, lasting a little over ten minutes and depicting the episode from Euripides' "The Trojan Women" in which Andromache laments the impending execution of her son by the conquering Greeks. It thus calls for a soprano soloist to declaim Andromache's lines, which have been nobly translated into English for the purpose by the American poet John Patrick Creagh. The soloist on this occasion was Martina Arroyo, a singer with a rich voice and a capacity for emotional involvement. Perhaps because of unconscious associations with Strauss's "Elektra," the most imposing modern version of Greek tragedy, one may have read a little more Strauss into the score than was actually there. Nevertheless, Mr. Barber has created an intense and stirring study of feminine anguish, and the result had a powerful effect the other night.

Mr. Schippers, being a very intense conductor, proved to have just the right temperament to bring the thing off successfully. He also proved to have the assertive and meticulously neat temperament required for a fine performance of Benjamin Britten's early Variations on a Theme by Frank Bridge, which preceded the Barber work on the program, and which is an essay in pure virtuosity that does about everything that can be done with an orchestra of strings. The remaining composition was Sibelius's Second Symphony, which requires a less dramatic and more subjectively poetic touch. Here, I felt, Mr. Schippers was less in his element. Like many a younger conductor of the present crop, Mr. Schippers is a superb technician and a brilliant interpreter but seems unable to relax. There is a mystical serenity about Sibelius's music that demands a mature spirit of renunciation on the part of the conductor. You cannot attack it like a bullfighter, and there was a good deal in Mr. Schippers' approach to this symphony that was too aggressive.

SUNDAY afternoon's television production of the last part of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," by the N.B.C. Opera (I missed the first part, which had been broadcast the previous Sunday), continued a laudable effort to

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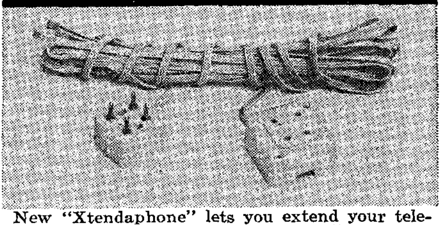

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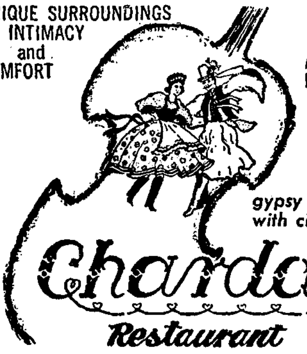

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bring this great work to audiences that would not have had the patience to digest it in the concert hall. It tackled a very nearly insoluble problem: the creation of a visual spectacle out of a vast musical composition that not only is essentially undramatic but even lacks a clearly defined set of dramatis personae. It is a tribute to the resourcefulness of the N.B.C. Opera—including its producer, Samuel Chotzinoff; its director, Kirk Browning; and its conductor, Alfred Wallenstein—that what was shown on the television screen was all done with the utmost good taste. The décor was mostly a neutral haze. The costumes, fortunately, resisted any temptation toward the Cecil B. deMille manner, and settled for something simpler, more or less in the Oberammergau tradition. The portions allotted to the Evangelist were done by the tenor John McCollum in modern dress, while the historical episodes surrounding the Crucifixion looked appropriately ancient and timeless. Closeups of crowd faces—of Romans and Jews denouncing Jesus or, later, staring awe-struck at the Cross—seemed a little monotonous, but it would be an ingenious man indeed who could suggest how they might have been improved upon. A group of first-rate singers participated, including—besides Mr. McCollum—John Boyden, as Jesus; Judith Raskin, as the general soprano soloist; and Donald Gramm, as the general bass soloist. (I use the term "general" because the portions sung by these artists function in somewhat the same way as Greek choruses and are not referable to specific characters.) Perhaps the most imposing singing of all was that of Maureen Forrester, that queen of contemporary contraltos, who had the biggest of the general roles. For the musical purist, the production had an inevitable disadvantage. Television tone quality has not yet attained the sensitivity required to reproduce all the gradations of contrast between loud and soft that one hears in the concert hall, and this remained true even though special pains were taken by Mr. Wallenstein to suggest the subtlety of Bach's original orchestral framework. However, accepting this production for what it was, one could find much in it to praise, and Bach's score is such a tremendous pageant by itself that its conversion into opera was bound to be a grand and moving thing.—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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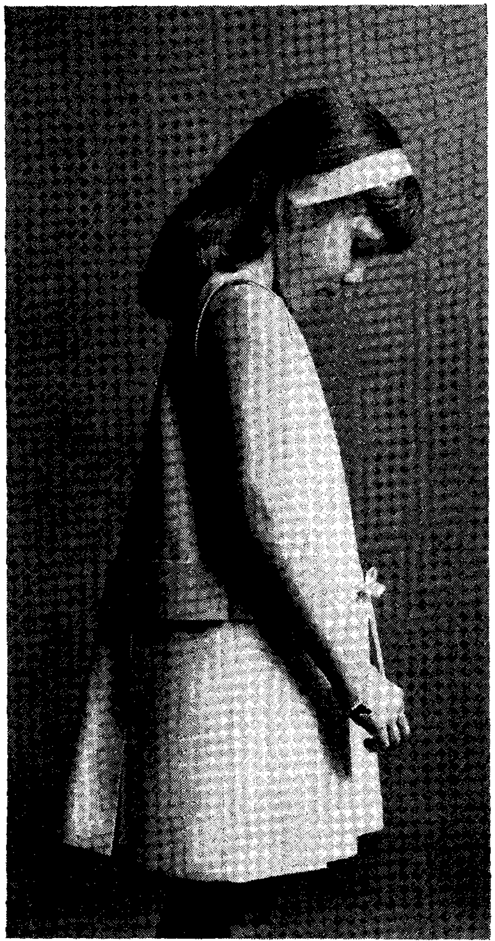

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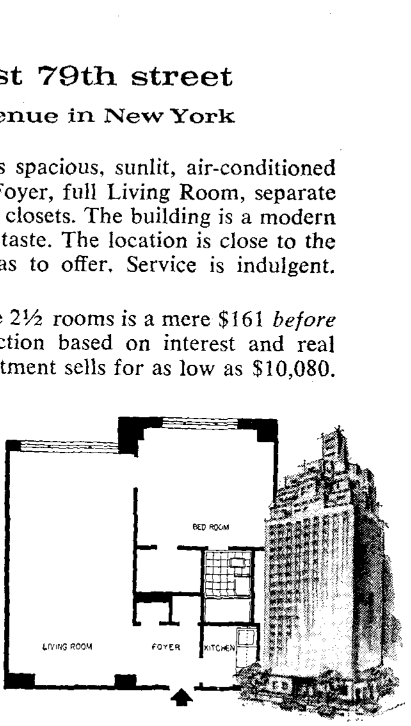

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Old Worlds

"LAZARILLO" is a modest, delightful Spanish movie, written and directed by Cesar Ardavin and starring a gifted Italian child actor named Marco Paoletti. Señor Ardavin has drawn the screenplay from a famous novel, "Lazarillo de Tormes: His Fortunes and Adversities," which, I'm told, founded the literary genre of the picaresque novel. The book was published, anonymously, in 1554, and for a few years, on the ground that it was anticlerical, enjoyed the distinction of appearing in the Index Expurgatorius. The movie recounts the adventures of a resourceful urchin who, his father being dead and his impoverished mother unable to take proper care of him, throws in his lot with a blind beggar. This wretch has volunteered to teach the boy the ways of the world, which soon prove to consist largely of starvation and beatings; luckily, Lazarillo is a quick learner and has no difficulty in becoming the beggar's equal at perfidy and knavish pranks. Parting from his harsh master, he attaches himself first to a gluttonous, cheese-paring priest; then to a squire, who, for all his fine manners, splendid wardrobe, and kind heart, is as penniless as the boy; and at last to an itinerant actor who, between performances, makes a good thing of masquerading as a monk and selling papal indulgences.

It's a long way back, by camera, into the sixteenth century, but if one is to make the trip at all, then I've no doubt that Spain is the country to make it in. For there, bathed in that extraordinary light and looking the more beautiful for being old, the Golden Age still speaks its mind in a rhetoric of high-piled stone, iron, tile, and timber. Señor Ardavin's acute eye has taken advantage of all this visible treasure, perfectly marrying his young hero's artful dodges to their appropriate settings—the porch of a church, the arch of a bridge, a city shining against the escarpment of a range of distant mountains. "Lazarillo" has been filmed, thank goodness, in black-and-white, and our pleasure in it owes almost as much to the artistry of the cameraman,

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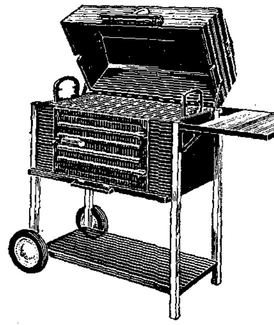

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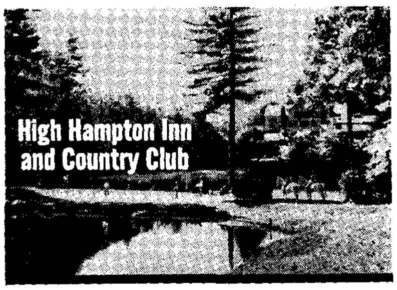

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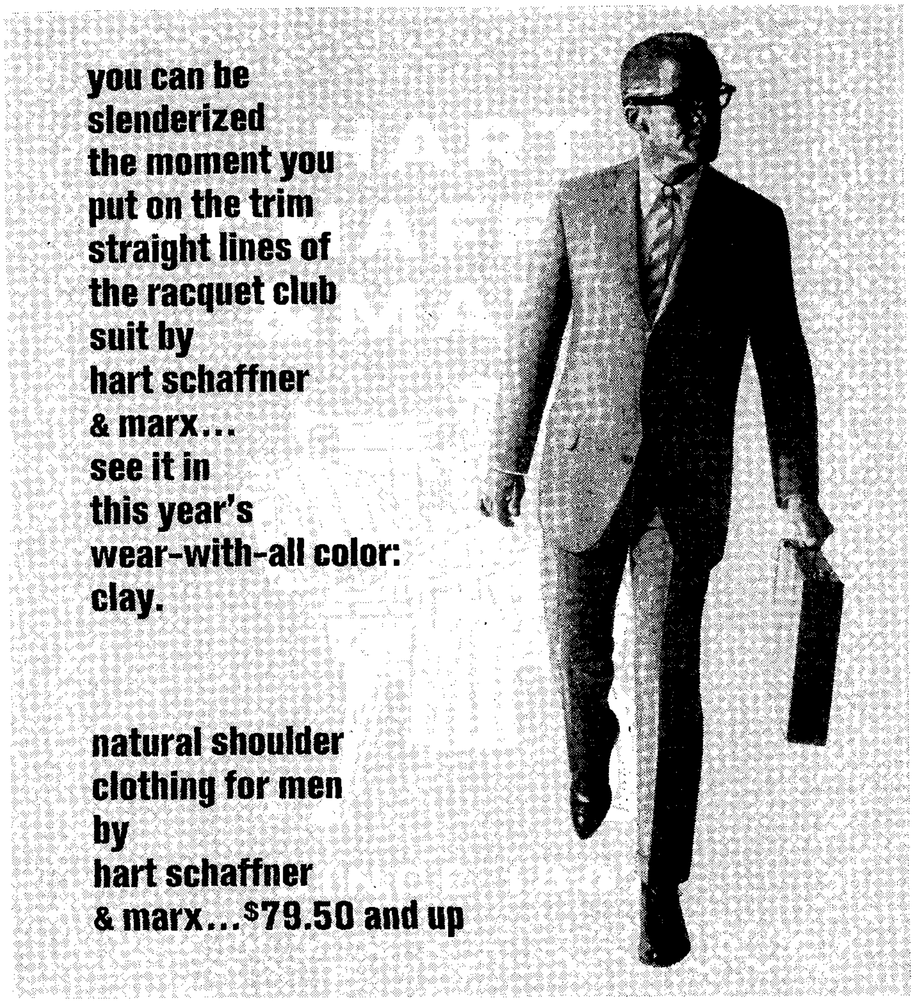
Manuel Berenguer, as it does to the combined skills of Señor Ardavin and Master Paoletti, who has an unspoiled and, I hope, unspoilable charm, and whose evident relish in his own wickedness immensely enhances the rather mild comic turns of the plot. This is an excellent movie for children, though its moral is by no means a conventional one, being roughly to the effect that the wages of sin is life.

"NINE HOURS TO RAMA" is a curious mishmash of a melodrama. In a foreword, it describes itself as "historical fiction," and this casual schizophrenic impertinence toward both history and fiction, to say nothing of semantic common sense, is a fair hint of what is wrong with the picture. The nine hours of the title are those immediately preceding the assassination of Mahatma Gandhi, in 1948, and the Mahatma is the crucial figure, though not the most important one, in the picture. During the few minutes when we catch a glimpse of the old Indian who plays Gandhi (and who bears an uncanny resemblance to him), we're entitled to assume that the producer-director, Mark Robson, is giving us the truest possible statement of the facts—in short, history. If so, what value are we to place on the remaining nine-tenths of the film, which is a combination of romantic balderdash and cops-and-robbers, carried out by actors in brown-painted skins? I am shocked at being asked to oscillate between observing the last hours on earth of a very great man and observing a young Hollywood actor paying court to a haughty society matron and, just before he murders Gandhi, going to bed with a good-hearted prostitute. If Gandhi is supposed to be real, what am I to think of the conventional cold matron and that hand-me-down prostitute? If the matron and the prostitute are supposed to be real, how can I possibly believe in Gandhi? To make matters worse, Mr. Robson has given the picture the tone and pace of a thriller. Again I am offended, for the death of a great man, and especially the murder of a great man, is in some sense a sacred event, implicating all of us. Surely it isn't to be directed as if it were "Odd Man Out" or "The Lady Vanishes."

Among the actors caught in the unlucky intricacies of "Nine Hours to Rama" are Horst Buchholz, José Ferrer, Valerie Gearon, Don Borisenko, Robert Morley, and J. S. Casshyap. Of these, Mr. Casshyap, who plays Gandhi, is outstanding and



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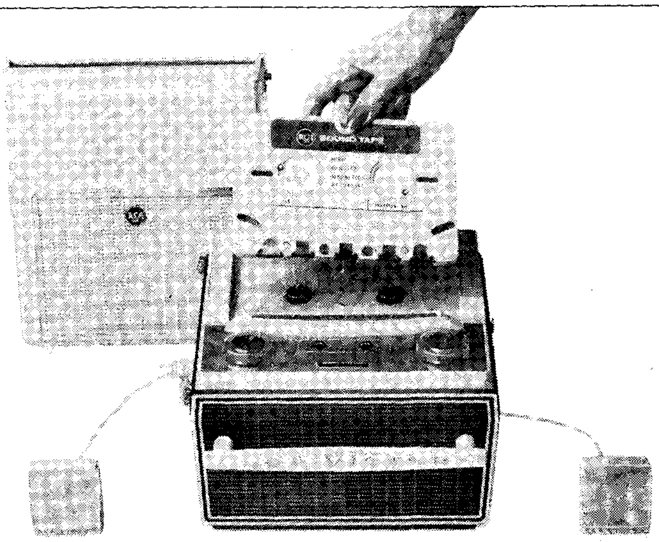

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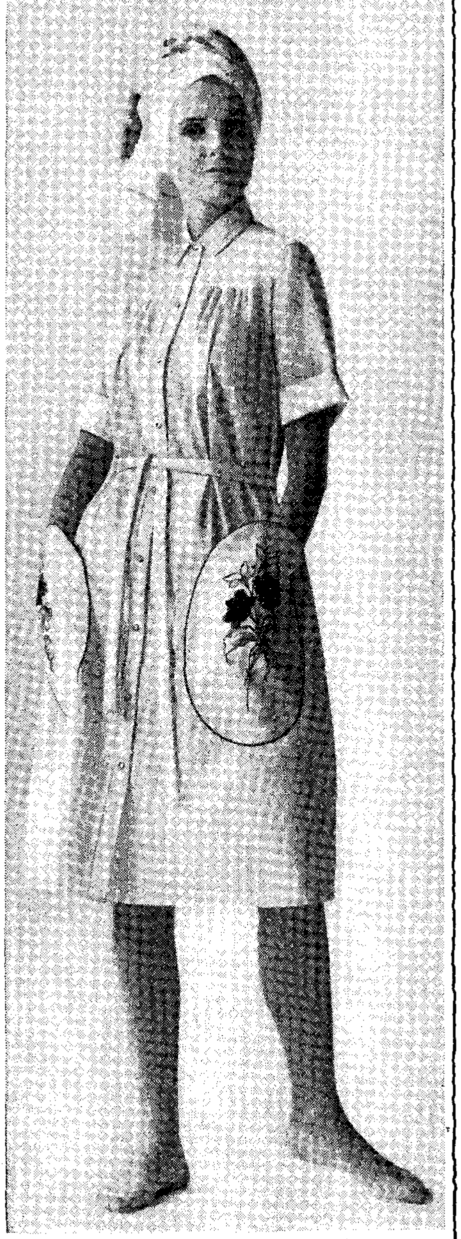

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Mr. Ferrer is believable. The rest are simply who they are.

"MONDO CANE" *comes to us from* Italy, and its title can be freely translated as "A Dog's Life." The handiwork of a young director named Gualtiero Jacopetti, it's an altogether revolting movie, based on quite an ingenious notion. Having assembled, as if from the files of a host of far-flung anthropologists, a collection of radically disparate documentary bits and pieces, none of them more than five or six minutes long and all of them remarkable for extremes of either beauty or ugliness, Mr. Jacopetti has juxtaposed them in such a way as to make them seem to embody a profound truth—or, rather, several profound truths. Such truths, for example, as that there's no accounting for tastes, that nature is red in tooth and claw, that revenge is sweet, and that man is vile. This last truth is plainly Mr. Jacopetti-Savonarola's favorite, and I must say that he draws up what looks like a powerful indictment of our sins and follies. In Taiwan and New York and Hamburg and Tokyo and Hong Kong and Pasadena, we are the beasts that betray our fellow-beasts. We dote on dogs and eat them. We reverence cattle and slaughter them. We make the deaths of our dear ones occasions for drunken feasts and squabbles over money. True, how true! It is all there on the screen, and the camera doesn't lie. Yet, little by little, we begin to suspect that Jacopetti-Savonarola is enjoying himself. What he has composed isn't an indictment after all. It is a sick love song, and the loved object is pain. —BRENDAN GILL

•

Wattenburger said the cynical attitude toward our tradition of patriotism is national in scope emanating primarily from our college and universities. He said "forces seeking to destroy our country by mental and spiritual attrition" are being aided and abetted by what he termed "liberals who, eerily clad in the lambent garments of intellectual half-life, carry a darkened lantern of emasculated knowledge emitting the dim and feeble beams of shreds of fragmented truths."—*Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.*

They've just come from a costume ball and they're tired, that's all.

•

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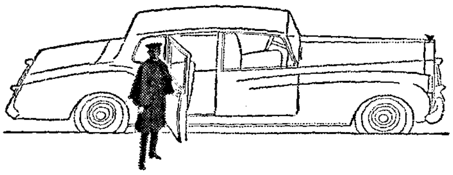

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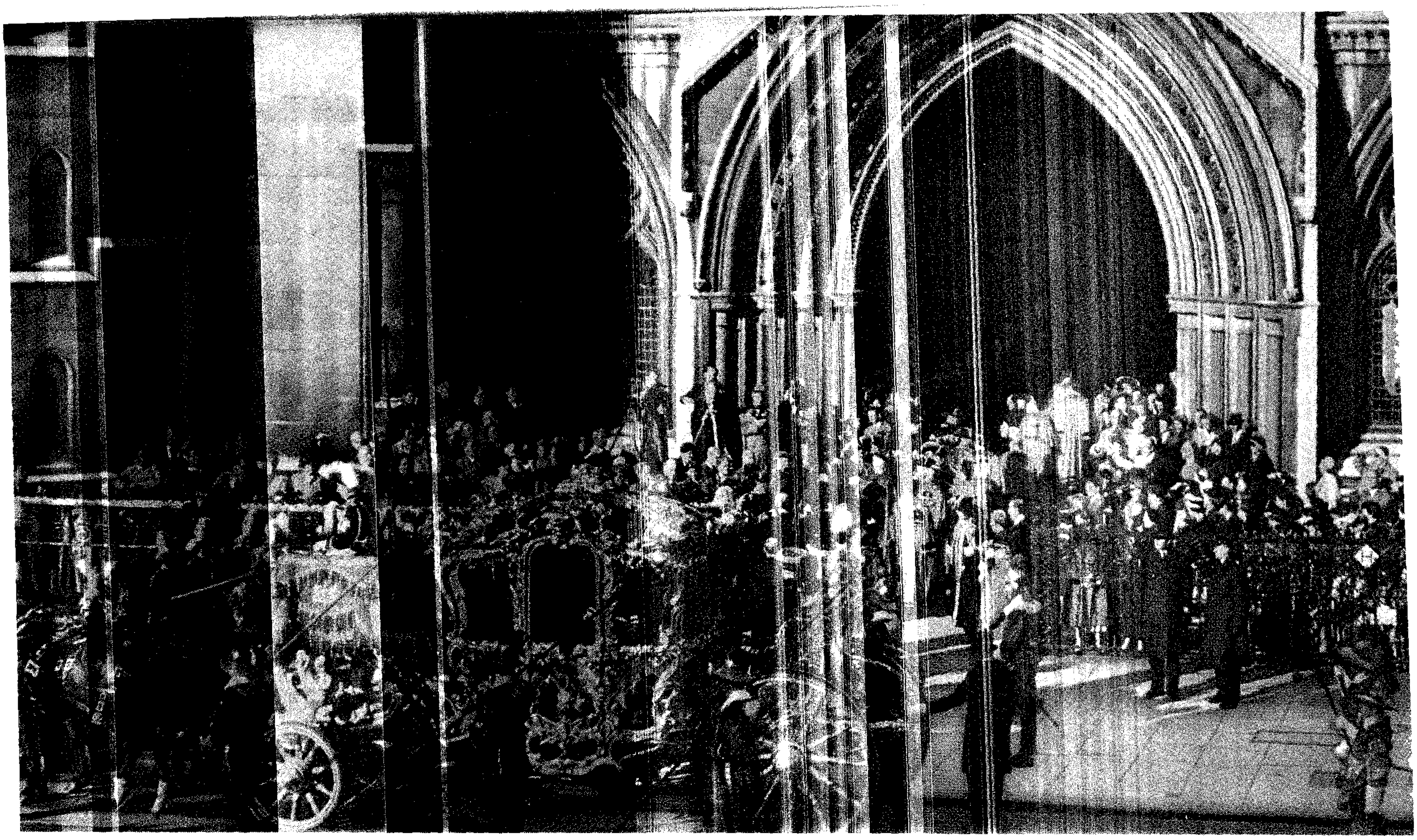

[illegible] yor's carriage arrives at London's [illegible] Courts. [illegible] Fall events.

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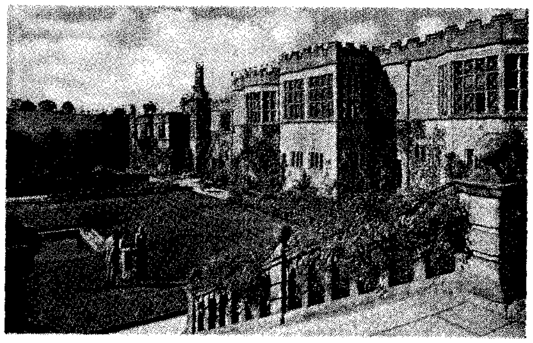

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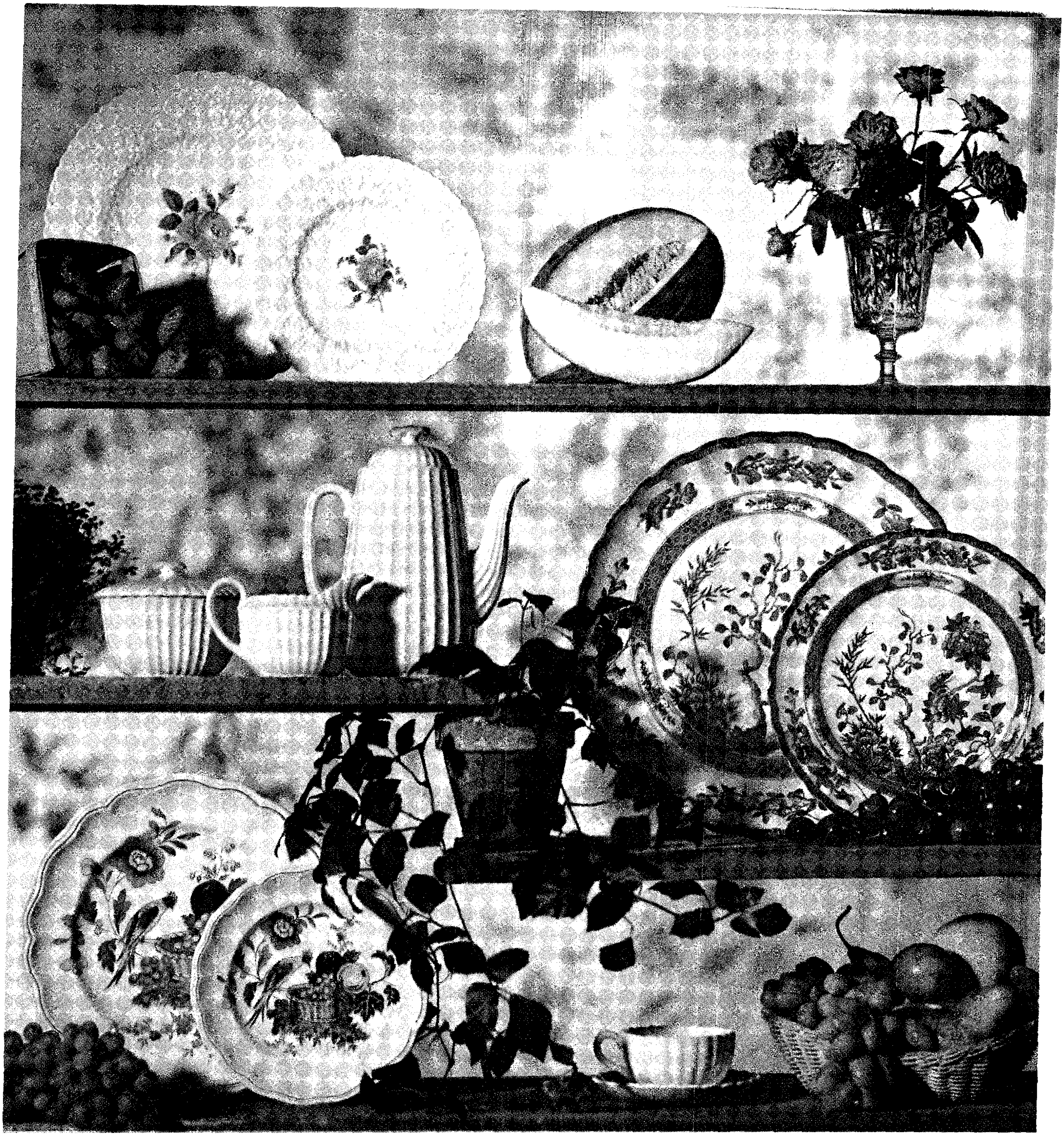

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THE SPORTING SCENE

THISTLES AND ROSES

IN the late autumn of 1823, a youngster by the name of William Webb Ellis, a pupil at Rugby School, in England, while engaged with a throng of his fellows in a muddy game of football (or soccer, as it is known in the United States), yielded suddenly to an uncontrollable impulse and, grabbing the ball in his arms, in direct contravention of current practice, ran with it in the direction of the opposing goal. While considerably less world-shaking than comparable impulses that I can think of—the young Freud sitting bolt upright in bed, the young Hitler reaching for his first copy of Nietzsche—the young Ellis's spontaneous act has certainly kept succeeding generations of British sportsmen on their toes, for what he was doing, unwittingly, was inventing the game of Rugby football (known familiarly, through that curious verbal device of English schoolboys, as Rugger). I doubt—*pace* the playing fields of Eton—whether games have ever done very much specifically to change the course of history; what they have done, at best, is to make the passing of history considerably more pleasant, which is what brings me to young Ellis, for he has certainly done quite a lot for *my* life, and goes on doing it. Although I confess to having a fairly indiscriminate appetite for almost all forms of sporting contest, Rugby is the one—I suppose because I played it with zeal for some fifteen years—that can send my blood racing around at a furious clip. Although I have been out of the Rugby circuit for some years, I recently dipped back into it nostalgically on a quick trip from Geneva (where I am living at the moment) to London in order to watch England play Scotland—a contest that always involves not only my enthusiasm for the game but the shades of my tartaned ancestors as well.

From a sociological point of view, Rugby makes an interesting study, if simply because it not only has *not* swept the world during the hundred or so years of its formal existence but has stayed mostly confined to what its initiates call the Home Countries, meaning Scotland, England, Ireland, and Wales. Moreover, it has remained the chosen game of very specific social groups—public schools and universities, the Scottish Border country, the Welsh mining areas, and the English industrial north. The only other European country that has taken up the game on a national scale is France (though not with the same addictive ferocity), but in the world at large Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, spurred on by nostalgic colonists, have pressed the game exuberantly to their muscular bosoms and regularly send touring teams to play the Home Countries. There are also Rugby enclaves in Rumania, in Argentina, on the Eastern seaboard of the United States, and, oddly, in Japan. What is most astonishing, however, is that Rugby has stayed an almost wholly amateur game in the Home Countries, except in the North of England, where a breakaway form of the game, Rugby League, is played on a professional basis. All over the British Isles, on damp Saturday afternoons, on nearly deserted pitches, scratch games spring up for their own sake, played at a headlong, puffing pace and watched by no more than a small knot of spectators, most likely relatives of the players. Lawyers and farmers may go on playing for their local clubs into their late thirties, with no reward beyond the rich camaraderie that has always surrounded the game; it is noticeably habit-forming. The games themselves are endlessly replayed in rambunctious pubs on mellow Saturday evenings. Misty-eyed old men tell over their playing past, down to the last kick, and even now I can remember, in alarming detail, headfuls of these sporting occasions. The high points of the Rugby season, which runs generally from September until April, are undoubtedly the international matches—each season, the Home Countries and France all play each other once, to decide the international championship—and on those towering Saturdays anybody with Rugby in his bones lays down his tools and makes for his national shrine, weak with expectation and suitably grave.

When Ellis first broke tradition in such a headstrong way (his momentous violation is commemorated by a granite slab set in the "Doctor's Wall" at Rugby School), such other schools as Harrow at first took a dim view of what they termed "Rugby's football," but curiosity gradually got the better of them, and one by one they decided to try it for themselves. The "handling game," as it came to be called, was soon well under way. Private clubs were formed, and eventually, in 1871, teams representing Scotland and England met for the first time, in Edinburgh. They have met almost every year since. In that first game, which Scotland won, there were twenty players to a side, instead of the present fifteen. The rules then were fairly sketchy, but thereafter the game evolved steadily, changing its scoring system and adding new laws, to the point where players nowadays complain that it has become too intricate and old men shake their heads and avow that it is certainly not the game it was in their day.

In essence, Rugby is a combination of kicking, passing, and running, played at top speed and with considerably more continuity than American football. Of the fifteen players on a side, eight are forwards, who do most of the heaving and groaning, and who combine in a pack to heel the ball to the backs at their rear, who are spread strategically across the field in an open line. No forward passing is allowed. The game runs on until some infringement is called, whereupon the forwards form up in a scrum—a tight, muscle-bound clump of sixteen men. The ball is popped into the middle of this ruck by the scrum half of the team that has been infringed upon, and, once heeled back by one pack or the other, it is flung out laterally to the standoff half, the pivot of the side, who can either run forward with it, passing it out to his centers or wingmen, or kick it for-

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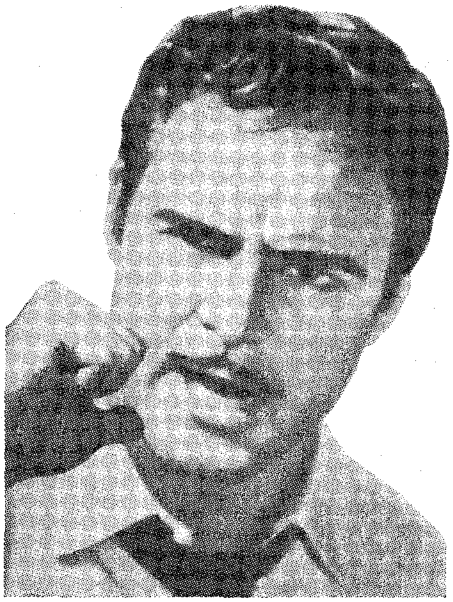

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ward to gain ground. The variations are endless, but in recent years the game has been foundering, mainly through a propensity of some teams to concentrate on keeping their opponents from scoring—a spoiling, negative kind of game that can make for a boring afternoon for the spectators. To compare Rugby with American football is fruitless; as Cocteau says in another context, they are alike save in everything. The main thing about Rugby is that only the man carrying the ball may be tackled, but there is still no lack of opportunity for the forwards to sail into one another. At its extremes (depending often on the weather), a Rugby match may be either a slow, seething maelstrom of struggling bodies or a fast, electrifying open game, swishing all over the field.

The pursuit of this season's international championship had been fairly topsy-turvy, partly because of the viciousness of the winter, which all but eliminated the game for a period of six weeks and reduced the games that were played to cautious endurance contests. On a frozen pitch in Paris, Scotland managed, against all expectations, to beat France by a lucky bounce in the breathless last second. Then it beat Ireland luckily and lost to Wales unaccountably. (Expectations in Scotland have not run high since the war, owing to a series of teams that have played, as one old warrior of my acquaintance put it, "like an uncooked haggis.") England, a little unsteadily, had managed to win two out of three games. The match between England and Scotland, as a result, would emphatically decide the championship; in addition, the two countries have a private trophy—the Calcutta Cup, presented to them in 1878 by the Calcutta Football Club—which, I found from my records, England had been holding since 1951.

Almost any contest between England and Scotland is likely to be played out with a good bit more fire than the game itself demands. According to Sir Walter Scott, the Scots and the English fought a total of three hundred and fourteen battles prior to the final Parliamentary union between the two countries in 1707, and if union had not taken the edge off their quarrelsome contiguity, they might have gone on long after that, for they were united in name only and have remained thoroughly separate in culture and temperament. When I was a boy in Scotland, our playground war games, apart from occasional ventures into the alien mythology of the Far West, were

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all reënactments of wars against the English, and had, of course, a predetermined result. Sometimes we were lucky enough to get hold of a real English boy, poor fellow, and force him to recant at penknife point. Names like Bruce, Wallace, and Bannockburn were sheer music to us; there was no doubt in our minds about who the Enemy was. The Scots have never quite hated the English as the Irish did and do; they have instead hung on to a kind of lip-curling contempt for them—an earthy, blunt-spoken, snorting disavowal of all things English. But, in truth, what riles them most of all is that the English not only do not hate them back but, from a lofty, withdrawn, worldly distance, hardly seem to notice them at all, which drives the surviving Scottish Nationalists into a frenzy of parochialism. (Whereas Scottish branches of national institutions are known as The Royal Scottish Society, The Scottish Rugby Union, and so on, their English equivalents are called, blandly, The Royal Society or The Rugby Union, and to some bloodshot Scottish eyes the "The" seems always to be underlined.) At any rate, an antipathy does exist, its true nature something between a joke and an incompatibility kept alive by accent and background—irritating to some, laughable to others, but real enough to deserve to be called an antipathy and to lend a sharp edge to sporting occasions.

ON arriving from Geneva, I caught up with the Scottish team the day before the match, as it was having a pre-game knockabout on the St. Paul's School playing fields, in Kensington. The players threw the oval ball about, stopping now and then in clumps to talk over a point and jogging round the edges of the pitch to warm up. From the sidelines, a cluster of officials watched keenly, and I noticed among them some of the now bald heroes of my school days. I hailed one of them, an old friend, and he came over to speak to me, still watching the players out of the corner of his eye. We talked over the prospects for the next day, and watched the ball sail occasionally between the goalposts.

"We have hopes, naturally," he told me, "but it's hard to say, because almost every game this season has gone the wrong way, and there's no point in guessing. Of course, against England they'll pull out the last bit of energy they have. They're always much more keyed up for this game than for any of the others. I don't know—it's

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just something in the blood. Last night, we were all entertained at the House of Commons by the Scottish Members of Parliament, and tonight the team goes to see 'Lock Up Your Daughters' and then turns in early. I remember the first time I played England—I don't think I had an hour's sleep the whole night. I had bagpipes playing in my veins."

The Saturday of the match, I left my hotel in the morning with a pleasant tingle of expectation—a tingle that was certainly sustained by the weather, for London drowsed in a light-yellow spring sunshine and smelled headily of spring, a spring that has never been more welcome. The doors along the street gleamed with brass and bright paint, the flower stalls were bosomy with daffodils, the errand boys whistled, there was not an umbrella in sight. I stopped to let a crocodile of chattering schoolgirls pass in front of me, and then I bought a sheaf of morning papers at the corner shop. London seemed lazily unaware of the day's fatefulness—a thing that would never happen in Edinburgh, where the morning before the English match feels like a small preliminary to the Day of Judgment. I retired into the Jester's Bells at opening time to read the prospects for the afternoon. Those who dared to predict leaned toward an English win, but for the most part the papers were fairly philosophical about the game, hoping that it might be open, fast, and constructive, unlike the dismal precedents of the season. "THAT 'SENSE OF ADVENTURE' NEEDED AT TWICKENHAM," said the *Scotsman* blandly. (Twickenham, eleven miles from London, is the English international ground, turned by schoolboys into "Twickers.") Most of the London papers pinned their hopes on the performance of the English captain and standoff half, R. A. W. Sharp (initials are as precious to Rugby men as nicknames are to baseball players), since Sharp in the past had shown himself to be one of those natural geniuses who turn up only rarely in any game and around whom the hope of the miraculous happening always circulates disquietingly. His opposite number, the Scottish captain and standoff half, had the name of K. J. F. Scotland, a fact that has disturbed sportswriters for the past few seasons, since they have had to invent devices to distinguish between him and his country. I read through innumerable statistics, the gloomiest being that Scotland (the country) had not won at Twickenham for twenty-five years.

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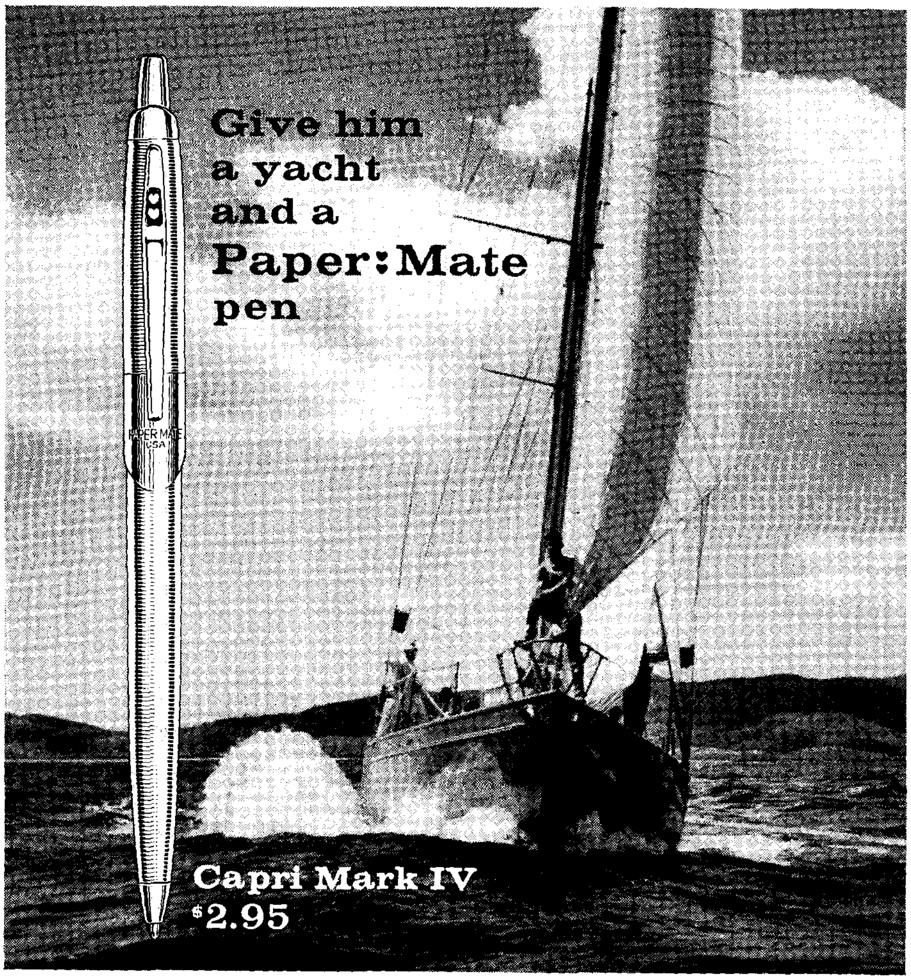
sport at the bar to his tweedier neighbor.

"Afraid not," replied the other. "Said I'd go hunting."

I glowered at him.

To get out to Twickenham, I caught a special train from Victoria, sharing the compartment with some red-faced hearties who were dwelling on their dwindling days of Rugby glory—English, of course. I sneered inwardly and kept silent. We roared through the smoky but sparkling suburbs and then stepped out at Twickenham station to walk the half mile to the ground, muffled and expectant, sniffing the wind, carrying rugs, flasks, and binoculars, fighting our way past the hoarse-voiced barkers selling thistle and rose favors. I bought a program and made my way to my seat. (In some forgotten trunk I have a sheaf of fading programs saved from my boyhood, but, I realize now, I had no need to keep them, for I had committed them to memory at sight.) I settled myself beside two Englishmen who were contemplating their strategy for the afternoon's play, feeling superior and aloof. Fifteen minutes until kick-off.

There is nothing quite like the taut interval before a game begins, and that afternoon Twickenham tingled with a suppressed thrill, and smelled of damp crushed grass and pipe smoke, in a delicious, airy mixture. The sun shone scintillatingly down, the flags on the sidelines fluttered ("Too much wind," muttered my neighbor fiercely), and the St. George's Cross and the St. Andrew's Cross fluttered in defiant contradiction from the high stands. As we prickled with expectation, a kilted Scotsman broke free from the crowd and teetered across the field to try to plant a bunch of thistles on the goal line. He was caught by two thundering policemen and ushered off, while the Royal Air Force Band played away brassily and a certain stirring began around the players' tunnel. Then suddenly, to a flurry of photographers' flash bulbs and a mighty, swelling roar, the Scottish team burst out on the run, throwing the ball to one another, neat in their white shorts and navy-blue jerseys embroidered with the thistle. The players jiggled up and down to warm themselves, and the crowd kept busy identifying them by number from the program. There was a buzzing pause, and then, to an even more momentous roar, out came England—all in white, with the rose on their breasts—led by the loping, fair-haired Sharp. The loudspeaker announced that the teams would be presented to the Prime



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Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, and the crowd hooted and booed in great good humor; they had for the moment stopped caring about the Common Market or anything else. The teams lined up, and the Prime Minister came out to shake their hands, looking as benign as ever.

"I suppose he's for Scotland," said my neighbor. "He's a Scot, y'know."

"Well, if *he's* for them, they're bound to lose," replied his companion.

Mr. Macmillan went back to his box, the players broke formation, and the band struck up the national anthem, freezing them all at attention. As it died away, a great, nonpartisan roar went up, and the little referee, from Wales, whistled the players up for the start. My scalp tightened.

ONCE any game has got under way, it is difficult to keep a precise memory of it, especially a game like Rugby, where the moves tumble over one another with no breathing space in between for sizing up. From the moment that Scotland (the man) placed the ball to kick off for Scotland (the country), I fell into a kind of daze of excited attention, for even as the ball hovered and dropped and the Scottish forwards poured on top of their English counterparts, it became clear that the mood, the weather, and the vociferous excitement would carry the players to extravagant heights. From the first grunting scrum, the ball came flicking out on the Scottish side, and was passed along the line to a wingman, who was promptly upended by a desperate Englishman.

"Scotland!" screeched a high, quavering tenor in the wind.

"Come on, England!" urged my neighbor tersely, in reply.

A long forward kick by the Scottish backs landed the ball within a couple of yards of the English line, and the Scottish forwards, standing shoulder to shoulder, waited to jump for the ball as it was thrown in to them. They jumped, there was a dive and a scurry, a piling on of white jerseys, and then the sharp *pheep!* of the whistle. It was at once drowned in the roar that followed, for, sure enough, a Scottish player was over the English line, lying emphatically on the ball. Eight minutes, and Scotland had scored. We waited tensely for Coughtrie, the tall Scottish scrum half, to kick. *Thump!*—and the ball flew high and true between the posts. Five points to nothing. Two hats disappeared in a swirl of wind. My companions were frowning and muttering.

We were off again, and as the ball

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shot back to Sharp, my English neighbors gulped with expectation; he was caught, however, and whirled round a Scotsman's head, and the ball was joggled loose, disappearing ultimately under a stalemate of forwards. Scotland had it again, and now pressed into the English half of the field, only to lose it, but in a flash it was heeled back, and as the incarnate Scotland caught it on the run, he let loose a mighty drop kick that climbed, hovered, and fell over the bar before the crowd found its voice. Scotland: eight points. England: nothing. Phew!, I thought.

From a scientific and tactical point of view, Scotland might have been justified in closing the game up there and then, concentrating on smothering any chances that came England's way, but it was apparent that they had their tails up and were as full of exuberant excitement as the spectators, for the ball bobbed all over the place, with each team pouncing on the other's mistakes and the game seesawing from end to end of the field. A Scottish penalty kick scraped the post on the wrong side; my neighbor mopped his brow. Scotland thundered up to the English line but was driven back by a long, slanting kick. England darted through the middle and was heartily thumped to the ground. Then one of the English wings kicked ahead and was lucky enough to discover the ball bouncing back directly into his hands; without pausing to marvel, he raced up, handed on to two attendant forwards, and England had scored in the corner. Its faithful fullback landed a magnificent kick from far out, and I watched the indicator flash up five points for England. Anxiety came back into the game, but the players hardly seemed to notice it. By the time the whistle went for half time, I felt I needed the break as much as they did.

"Your side is playing jolly well," my neighbor said to me. I suppose he must have guessed my allegiance from the fact that I had been on my feet screaming on several occasions. "But it's still anybody's game," he reassured himself. "You've rather squelched Sharp, that's the trouble. Still, can't grumble. Fine game to watch."

During half time, I fell into meditation, watching the players as they stood in gesticulating knots, half lemons in hand. Scotland as a team was running on a mixture of enthusiasm and hope; England was anything but acquiescent. Why do we get so excited over games, I wondered. In forty-five minutes, it would be forgettably over, but my blood was still thundering and the various

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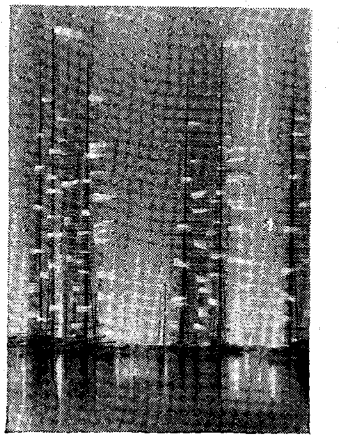

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boyhood selves lurking in my head tied their bootlaces and got ready to do battle. A goose feather floated down out of nowhere in the sunlight, and the whistle went again.

This time, with the teams turned around, it was England that seemed to be setting the pulse of the game, with the hustling wind at its players' backs and ragged holes beginning to show in the Scottish defense. Scotland looked to have lost the edge, and it was my neighbors who were on their feet now, shouting in a most un-English way. Then, after the game had been going five minutes, came its single miraculous moment—the inspired happening that the Scots had secretly dreaded and the English had hardly dared hope for. From a good position inside the Scottish half of the field, the ball was suddenly whipped back to Sharp. Up until then, he had been seriously discomfited by ferocious Scottish attention; in this moment he shook off his unease, made as if to pass to his inside man, thereby throwing the pounding Scots in the wrong direction, and took off with his long, leaning stride, seeming to glide through a gap in the middle. He raced up to the Scottish fullback, faked another pass but held firmly on to the ball, and wriggled through a couple of last, desperate clutches, to fall over the Scottish line. It happened as quickly as an indrawn breath, and there was a stunned second of silence before the delight of it dawned; then the crowd, English and Scots alike, roared with sheer astonished joy. England was level, and it remained for its fullback to kick the ball infallibly over the bar to put it ahead, ten points to eight. Sharp had taken the game suddenly to a memorable height, and it was some time before the players got used to being on the ground again. Everything for a while looked half-hearted. My neighbors appeared to be praying silently. I went on hoping, but I no longer had the confidence of belief. Following a period of general muddification, the Scottish forwards tore in like tanks and the backs hung about greedily on the hunt for a loose ball, a dropped pass, but the conclusion was always logical, never magical. "Five minutes!" muttered my neighbor through clenched teeth. A blue jersey shook itself free on the right, but a white arm reached for its flying ankles, and down it went, amid a many-throated sigh of disappointment. The clock hand hovered, the sun disappeared behind the tall stand, the ball hung in the air, and the whistle blew. We stood up, sighing, mostly with content. I shook hands

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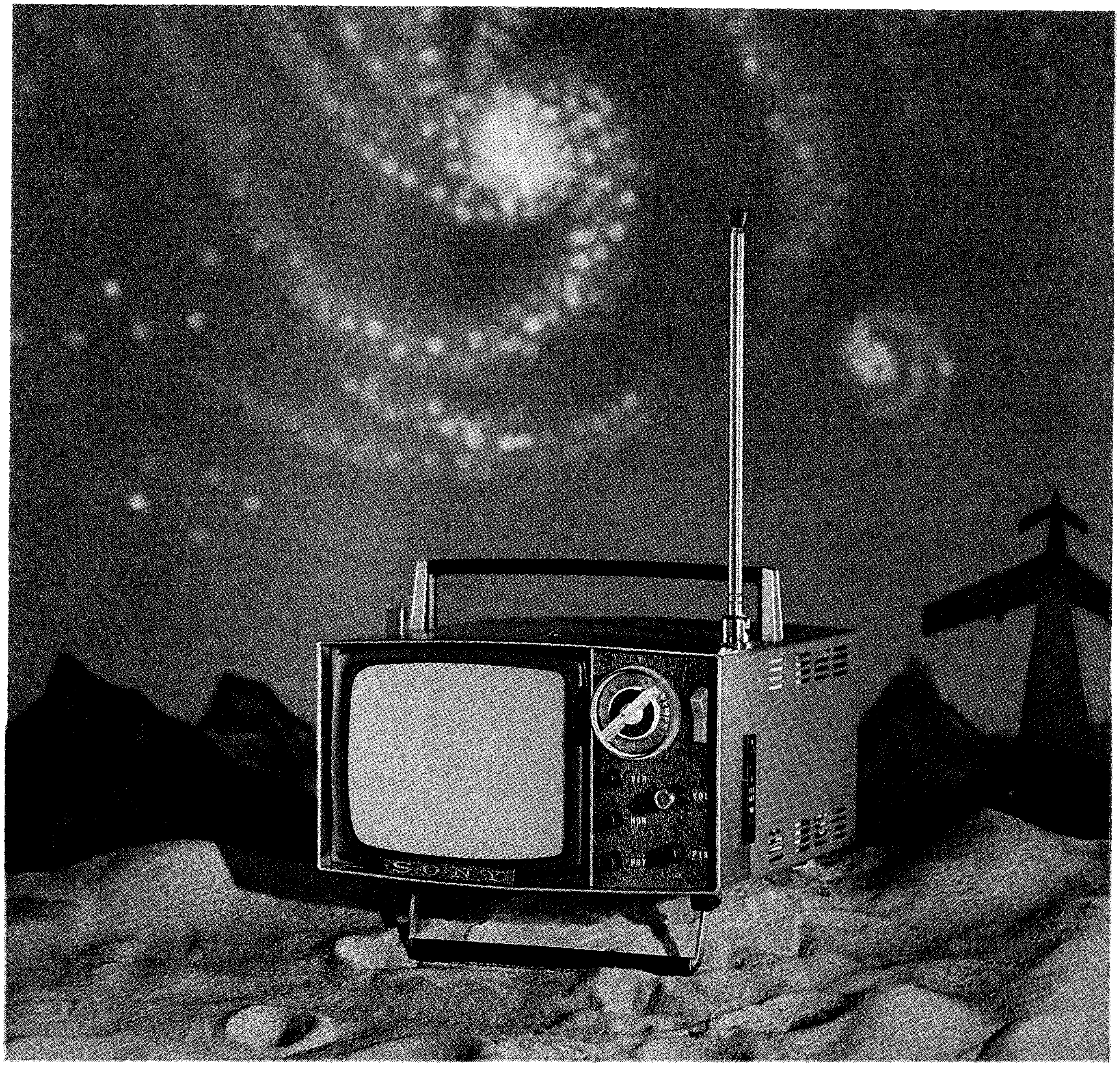

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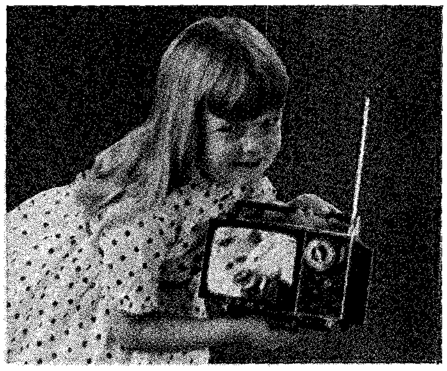
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with my neighbors. Schoolboys invaded the field as the players trooped wearily to the exit. The Scottish team stopped in a bunch to applaud Sharp, looking at him warily, as though doubtful that he was human. Loath to leave, I wandered across the emptying pitch; it looked forlorn. "Is that all?" something in me said, but, considering the transitory nature of miracles, I felt myself lucky to have been there that afternoon.

I FOUGHT my way back into London in the company of a trio of bibulous Scotsmen and a delighted, white-haired old English stalwart, who kept telling us we had seen history made. My countrymen would have none of it. "A flash in the pan," they kept saying, between bottles. (According to an address given by a Mr. Michael Craven in Cambridge in 1893, Rugby football is "the fascination of the devil and twin sister of the drinking system, and without the latter it would have a job to succeed.") Nothing they said, however, could dim Sharp's moment—or, indeed, any point of the lyrical afternoon. It led me to reflect on all the jumbled games of my past, separate and yet identical, mountainous in prospect, a clutter of statistics in aftermath. "I remember 1938, when Wilson Shaw did to us what Sharp did to you today," said my snow-headed friend. I remembered it, too; in fact, I could have recited the name of every player to him, and even the name of the referee. But I was only too well aware that after a liquid evening among players and officials, and after the speeches, the congratulations, the reminiscences, the purple prose from the Sunday papers, we would all—Scots, English, Sharp, the referee, and I—be back in an inglorious present in which miracles had a hard time happening. "Here, Jock, have a nip," said the Scot on my right, holding out a bottle. I thanked him, and drank to the afternoon.

—ALASTAIR REID

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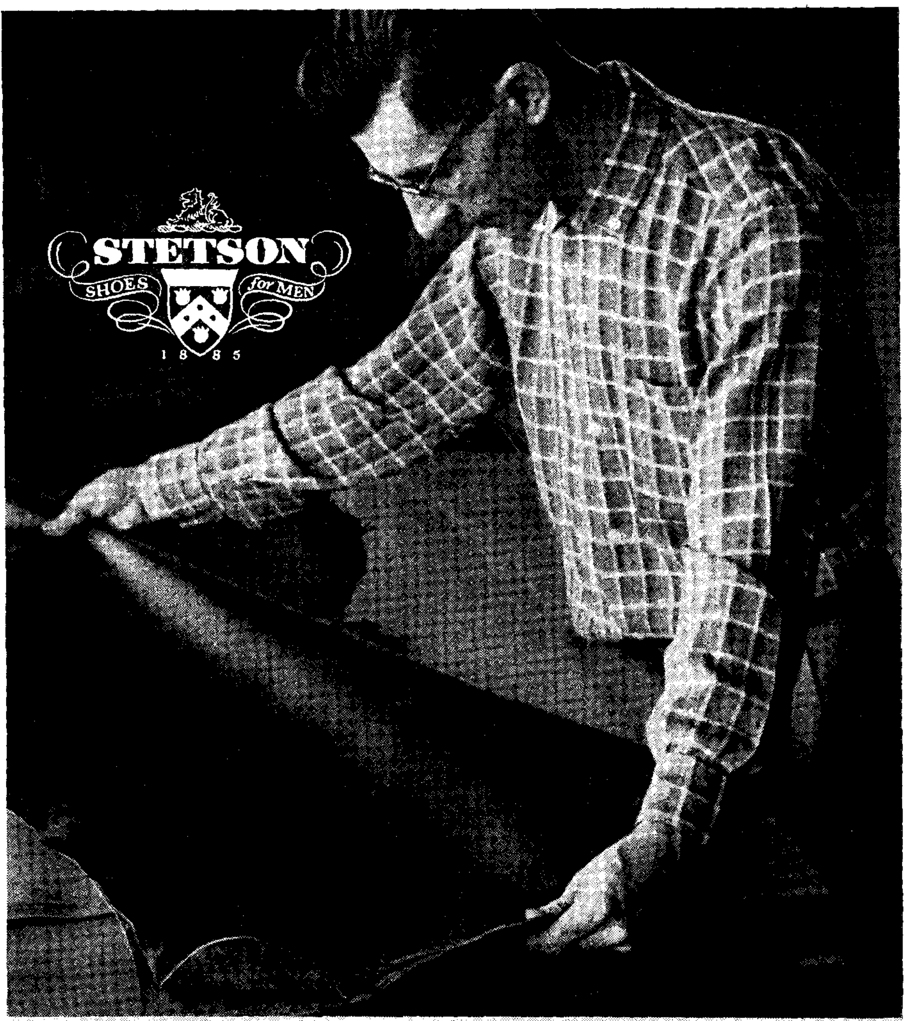
If the above be management of the news, then it is an honorable and open form of mantions of a personally disgruntled and embittered old pro in the privilege of accepting or management but ludicrous for in the field of news is not a magazine, what this Administration is really distinguished rejecting. Despite the fulminamismanagement.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

It's the printers who really manage the news.



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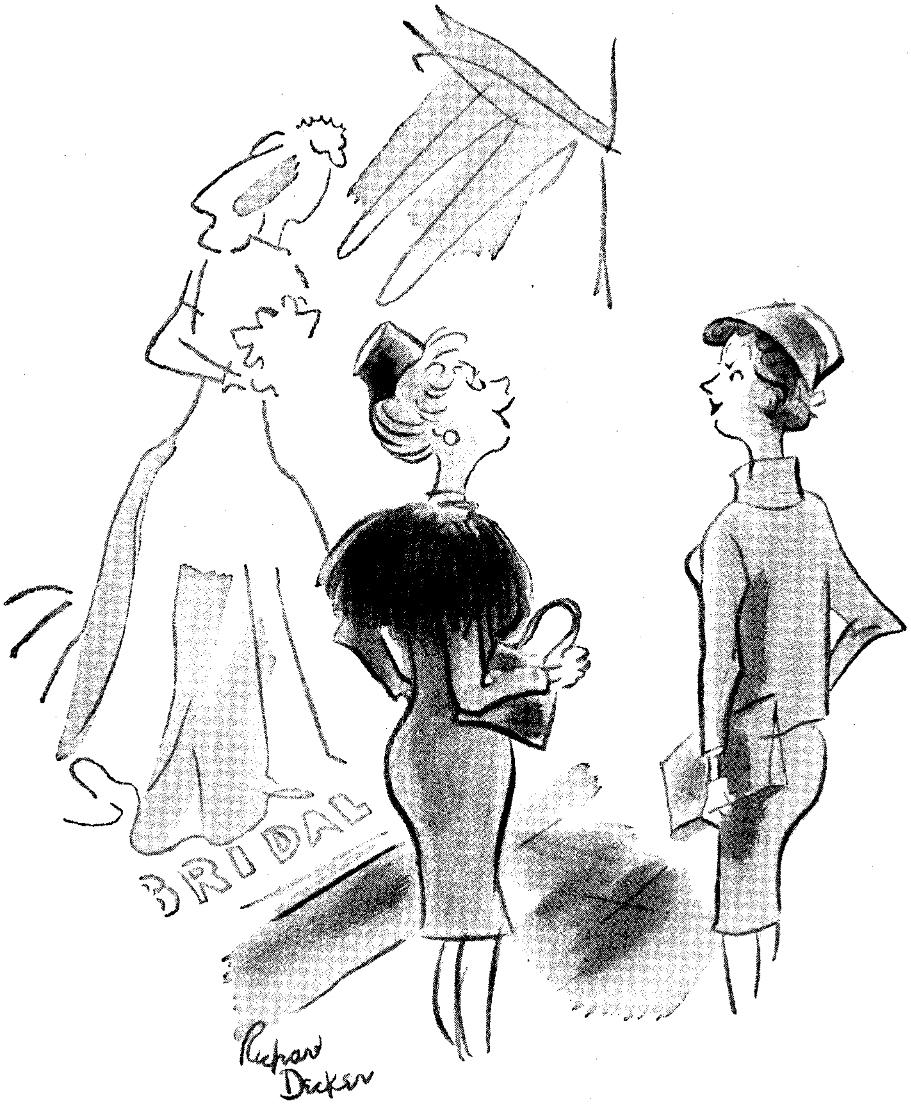
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THE newly arrived French and Italian couture has been celebrated in both ringing words and antic photographs. My own comments are more random. One of them is that Ohrbach has collected unto itself over fifty models (the coats and the suits are especially great) that are meticulously copied at moderate prices, even though many are made of the original fabrics. So you can emulate the "rich and fashionable jet set" (and I quote) who go down there and buy them and wear them to Europe, where these elegants (that's a quote, too) are photographed in all the best places in their "original" Balenciagas. Saks Fifth Avenue, which wavers wildly between being Francophile and being Francophobe, has a stupendous collection of the immortal Chanel suits (most of them executed by Jablow and Seymour Fox) at prices from around $200 up to around $450. In the custom field, Chez Ninon, as always, has managed to unearth models that are passed over by less subtle buyers—examples by Capucci and Courrèges, Balmain and Griffe—as well as stuff from the more lionized designers, and the shop also has some utterly winning creations of its own, notably suits. One is a snug gray wool with a little peplum and wide lapels; another, for evening, is a short white zibelline with a full skirt and three tailored bows down the side of the trim, sleeveless bodice. Bergdorf Goodman's made-to-order department has the benefit of Ethel Frankau's eye for designs that are not run of the mill (lots of them come from Laroche), and B. G.'s Odna Brandeis went wild among the Paris milliners and brought home some astounding hats, the most astounding of which is that ubiquitous nun's coif by St. Laurent—in white organdie, flaring vastly, and with what amounts to a royal nun-such cascade of lilies of the valley down the back. Bergdorf takes the English couture seriously, too, presenting quantities of suits from Cavanaugh, Hardy Amies, Stiebel, and so on in bright or pastel colors. This is true irony. For years we called dowdy the British love of pinks, blues, and lilacs for all day, even in tweeds, and now look—the whole world is wearing pastels, and most of the wearers don't have that dazzling English complexion. The new English cut, however, derives from Paris and New York, so the clothes are lithe instead of looking sturdy and weatherproof, as of old.

I ALWAYS get a belt out of Bob Bugnand's clothes, and that is what he gives to plenty of them. They're designed and made in Paris to your measurements. This season he is inclined toward swagger seven-eighths coat costumes. A white tweed with big lapels and big single-breasted black buttons is piped with black braid and vehemently nipped in by a belt of black patent leather, and its black tweed skirt shows a bit below the hem of the coat; a banana-beige wool has a plain round neck, three big carved black buttons down the front, two more buttons in front of the shirttail curve at the hem of the coat on each side, and a belt—again black leather. And there are others, in charcoal-and-white striped flannel, with up-and-down tucks at the waistline as a preliminary to That Belt. Bugnand, too, can go head over heels in color, as with a surah dress that is rude pink at the top and bright green below; the skirt is accordion-pleated. The tweed coat that is its companion is sporty, with a hint of a hip-level waistline; above this it is pink, with pink buttoned pockets, and below this it is green, with green dittos. Then comes a cardigan coat in navy jersey with a Kelly stripe and a red one inside the closing; the cowl-necked dress for it is of white jersey with two-inch stripes of Kelly, navy, and red massed in a line down the front. When Mr. B. gets away from belts, he becomes not only



"All I can say at the moment is that he and I have engaged in useful conversations."

oval but ovate indeed, especially in dealing with coats that balloon wide in the middle but curve in close above and below. Vast amounts of welt seaming go around them to see to it that they keep that egg shape. A real triumph is composed of very broad horizontal bands of tobacco and black wool. The sleeveless dress is in horizontal stripes, too, in perfect alignment with the lining of the coat—alternating black and tobacco surah, all with white polka dots. The skirt is gathered. Among the short evening dresses is one that starts with a Belafonte sort of white shirt (it's of double white organza, though) whose décolletage plunges all the way to a cummerbund of dark-green silk. Staron's crinkled black cloqué sprinkled with pink and white daisies makes the round skirt. White organdie (it looks so fresh and sassy that I'm glad it has graduated from mere girliness) is the stuff that a dance dress is made on. Its bell skirt is eight tailored tiers, and the plain, strapless bodice has a black velvet band around it at Empire height. When he turns to formal length, Bugnand goes in for prints with widely scattered bouquets on them. One, of white crêpe with bouquets in pinks and mauves, is bloused down to the high green velvet waistband, then falls straight to the floor, and kimono sleeves add to the Oriental look. His evening specialty has always been beading, and his clothes, cut on mannish lines, gleam and glisten. The jacket of one suit is cut like a blazer, but it is all orange sequins on organza, with zigzags of rhinestones running around it at wide intervals; the slender skirt is sequined, too, but the lumberjack blouse of the dress is of pale-orange chiffon.

Elizabeth Arden's new designer, Oscar de la Renta, started as an apprentice with Balenciaga, and the Master's training is legitimately evident (there are thousands of designers who are simply copyists) in his collection of highly feminine clothes, which is what one would expect at Arden. (Everything is both ready-to-wear and to order.) Dresses of beige wool with a high welt seam just under the bust are accompanied by an orange scarf and a hat of beige straw with a mushroom brim. (The Señor likes to be complete about everything, and the hats are his very own.) For evening, he's done a short charmer, in yellow-and-white printed chiffon, with a slim underskirt that is all flat pleats. A sheer panel floats loosely in back from the shoulders, and there's a front panel that is pulled in by

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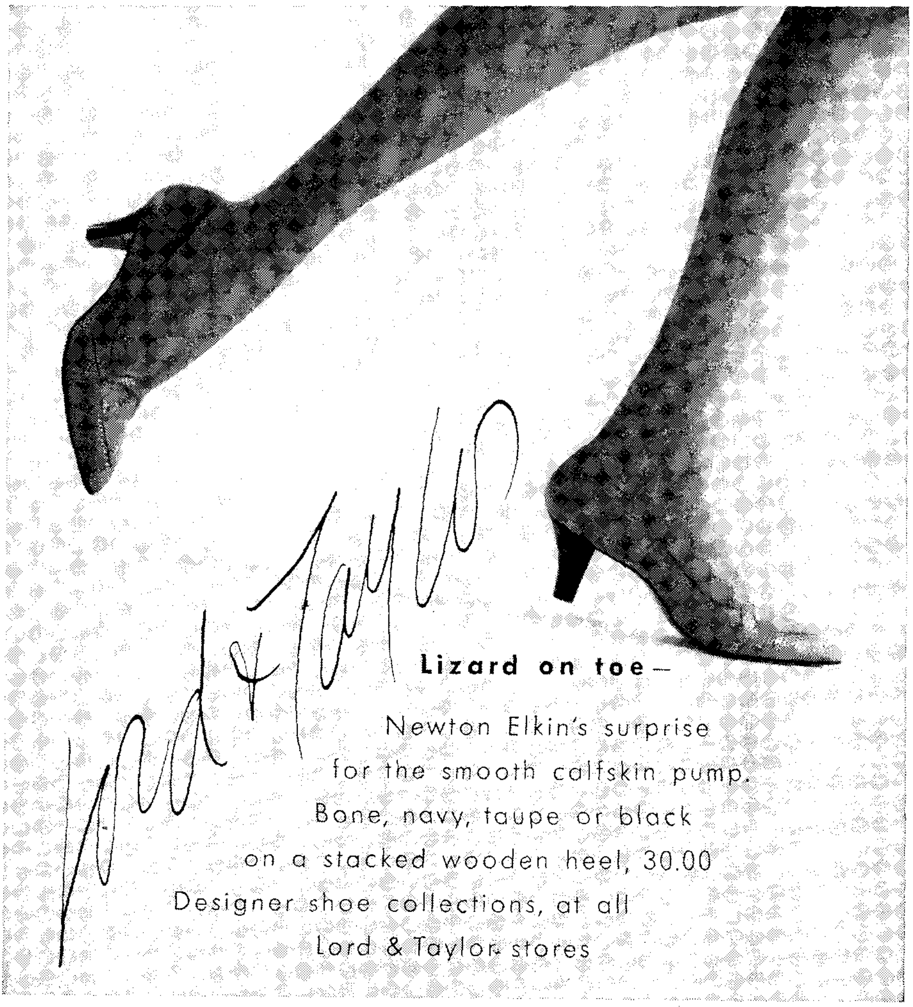
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a sash. Simple black theatre dresses may be accompanied by bristling wigs, one of them entirely of taffeta coq feathers. He's a daring young man with color; purple-and-orange printed chiffon makes an unlined peignoir coat with a hood cowl, and the dress beneath is draped up to a bow on the breastbone. This is called The Sheik. He breaks away from the fashion rules of '63 with seven-eighths capes that are sort of kite-shaped in back—very wide below the elbows, with slits for the arms, in a dolman-poncho fashion. A tour de force is his reversible cape of brown and white wool with a standup collar and one button at the throat. This is shown over a white wool dress whose garter-shirring waistband rises a bit in front. He also does a cape like it in black organza over a skimp of a black organdie dance dress that is entirely covered with black embroidered scallops and little braid balls. In white, this decorated organdie makes a glorious slender evening or wedding gown. Another departure, for day this time, is a suit coat of pale-blue tweed that has the air of a hip-length straight jacket in back; in front, attached panels make it resemble a seven-eighths-length coat. (I can't understand the purpose of this coat length; it looks as if your dress was showing.)

ASTOUNDING things are happening to Bergdorf Goodman's own designers—Curiel of Milano and Newman of New York Ciudad. Ready-to-wear is their province. Bernard Newman has always been in favor of the understated little black dress or costume ("Black keeps a store in the black" is in his script). Now he has burst into color, so the staff hastily says to all comers, "We also have it in black." Dozens of cowl necklines are here, the most exaggerated of which involves a dance costume of red chiffon. The cowl drape on the coat goes down to the hem in back, and the sleeveless dress has crossed bands through the fitted midriff, which is below the now almost inevitable raised waistline. (I have complained before that high waistlines are fine for meagre figures but that up-and-down gathers below it are not at all kind to figures that approach portliness.) This one can be ordered in many colors—and we also have it in black. There are delightful day dresses. One of brown Dupioni has horizontal blue, green, and white stripes on the bodice and a stole to match. My dearest love, though, is of turquoise silk with a black spider-web pattern. The boat-

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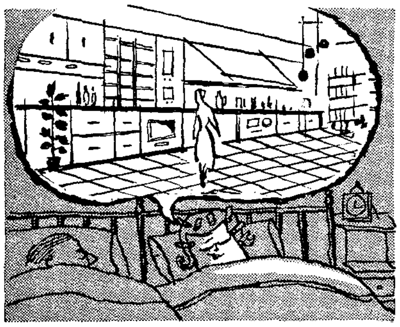

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necked top is sleeveless, but there's a stole *with* sleeves, in hug-me-tight fashion. Among Newman's many twin prints is a yellow-and-green surah with a V neck and with apron panels of chiffon over the skirt. For formality, I particularly cherished a costume shown in shrimp—a wool bolero and a chiffon dress with a harem drape from the side front that loops just above the hem in back.

Signora Curiel used to be bizarre and frantic almost to exhaustion; now she does calm and *soignée* things in black (we also have them in colors, I assume). To an appealing little black crêpe day dress with a patent-leather belt at the normal waistline is applied a white vestee with lapel detail; the skirt is small box pleats. The pleats are there because Curiel is a restless designer who's fond of motion, so pleats and loose panels are all over the place. Pleats appear on, say, a dance costume of navy georgette to edge the tiny cape and to make the hem of the string-strapped sheath. A sleeveless dress of organdie in a floral print (blue, turquoise, and white) has a skirt that is wholly pleated, and fluted outward at the hem. In Curiel's panel vein are a couple of black-and-white dresses that are startling without being overwhelming. One of silk has a horizontally striped bodice with a pointed collar; the underskirt is also striped, and panels in black-and-white checks flutter over it. The other is a smashing cotton in a geometric pattern, with a brave front-and-back panel lined with the red silk that makes the casual drape at the neck.

THE better mousetrap still has pulling power, and the proof is Ed Baynard's shop, at 322 East 59th Street (it happens to *be* the size of a mousetrap, at that), for even in such a remote part of the world it has accumulated a group of young but grown-up women (ages around thirty to forty-five) who want custom clothes with effortless ease, understatement, and moderate price. (Four fittings it takes to get that effortless look, and $150 or more.) The cheese that Mr. B. uses as bait is nothing but good tailoring and beautiful materials—no braid, no buttons, no trimming. Since his customers supply their own radiance, they like to wear murky, grayish, sludge colors and even black. Shifts slither down the body with but two seams (and *invisible* ones) to the high waistline, and he is masterly at imparting a soft, bloused look, arching a bit at the center front, to simple dresses. One green wool, whose top is on a

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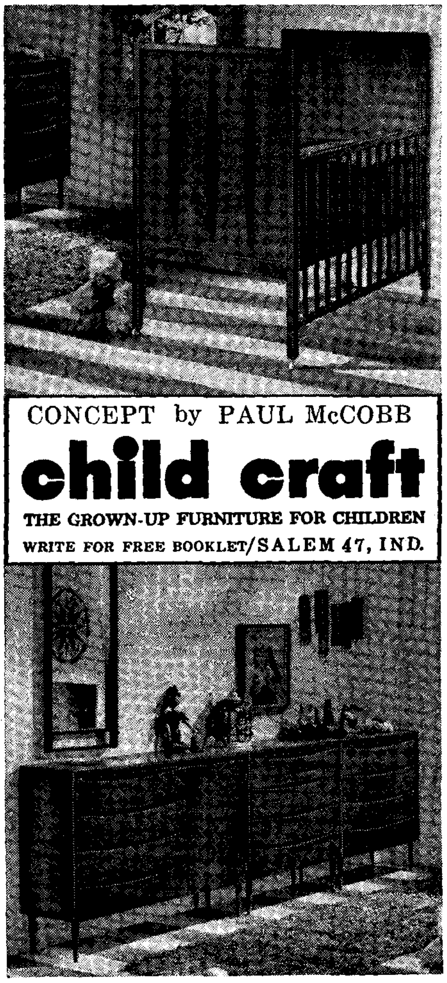

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slight bias, gets this treatment, and so does a suit of a tan, airy British gabardine. Its straight skirt is all strip seaming (up-and-down seams two and a half inches apart, a device he loves for all sorts of clothes). A very long slender jacket is part of this scheme. Then, in response to requests for clothes that can run (not walk) a noon-to-4-A.M. gamut, comes another very long jacket, of charcoal wool and quite stark, and fastened with hidden snappers. The dress, of the same wool, that belongs under it has a halter top, that charming bloused front, and practically no back; the bias skirt, of the same wool, is slightly flared. Baynard, I'd say, is mostly for tall, slender, broad-shouldered women. He operates by appointment only, because he just has to make room for people. Plaza 2-0180 is the way to do it.

Betty Metcalf has chosen April 15th, Internal Revenue Day, for the première of a brand-new custom shop, at 779 Madison Avenue (66th), which also has the young and vital woman in mind. She is noted for giddy at-home clothes, such as a spiral column that is solemn black silk through the supple middle but otherwise, both above and below, a seethe of rust and red and black and white diagonal streaks. There is also an at-home ensemble of polka-dotted surah (black on white) with a halter neck and a full, gathered skirt that goes to the floor in front. The shock comes when the wearer turns around; then one discovers that the skirt is actually just an apron and that the slimmest possible slacks are all that is visible in the rear. Miss Metcalf is noted, too, for her sports things. Currently useful are her slender slacks with tops of China silk that are like a jockey's blouse—divided into different colors (as many as five) or two shades of a color, and the sleeves full, and the whole thing bloused on elastic at the waist. Somehow, this small shop has managed to acquire bolts and bolts of fabrics, mostly in patterns no one else has. An imported terrycloth has wide tiger stripes—wide orange stripes (is there a Princeton man in the house?) and tiny black and white ones. And for daytime there are classic separates—skirts and jackets and coats and overblouses—in a commodious selection of Jacquard cottons, Dupionis, and (particularly) tweeds in colors that are absolutely dazzling. (For that North Cape cruise now, or for September and thereafter.) Quantities of nubbly tweeds are around, some of them two-color—such as bottle green with rasp-

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berry pink—and some of them plain, in lighter weights and in either of the coating colors. White tweed with a huge muted pistachio overcheck (an inch across) and white or pistachio plain wool are involved in a slender dress with a collarless coat and a mammoth, separate turtleneck collar. Everything is to order, with one fitting; suits are around $250. It's stimulating to see Miss Metcalf on the loose again.

IF this and the two preceding essays don't equip you for going on the loose yourself, I shall simply withdraw to the porch of a country hotel and rock (not roll) the rest of my life away.

—LOIS LONG

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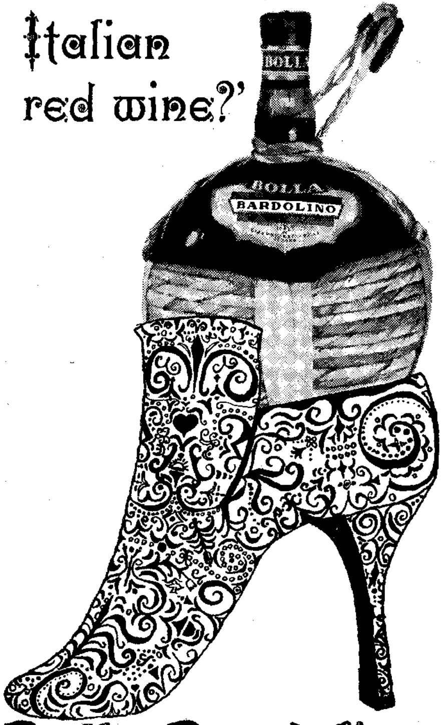

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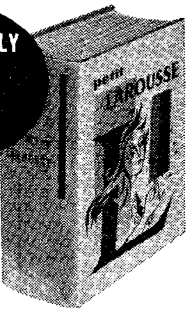

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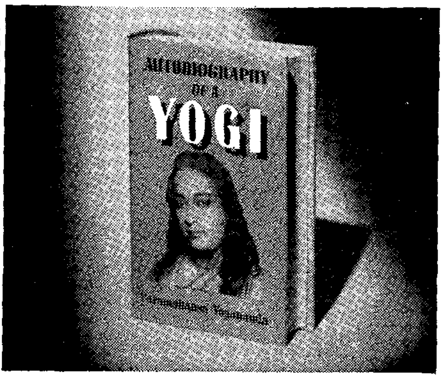
THE RACE TRACK

Oops!

THE defeat of Crewman by Debbysman and Bonjour in the Gotham Stakes last Saturday was the most noteworthy item of the week at Aqueduct. In fact, the Gotham was the most thrilling race of the meeting so far, what with Debbysman coming up in the stretch to win by a neck from Bonjour in the last few strides, and Crewman finishing only half a length behind. The chief object of interest at saddling time was Crewman, who has grown into as handsome a three-year-old as you are likely to see all season. (Never Bend is a pinup picture horse, too, of course, but of an entirely different type.) Bright chestnut in color, Crewman is a big, powerful colt, at least sixteen hands high, with good length for his height, and with straight hind legs and a fine, intelligent head. Though it was his first start since he won the Garden State Stakes last November, George Widener, who owns him, thought him sufficiently forward in his training to win, if he had the stuff. Well, the fittest runner proved to be Debbysman, who is quite a nice colt but just isn't comparable to Crewman, either on looks or on last year's record.

At the beginning of the race, Bonjour and Crewman appeared to have things to themselves, going to the front immediately and stepping the first quarter head and head in 0:22⅕, the half mile in 0:44⅖, and six furlongs in 1:08⅕. (The track mark for six furlongs is 1:09.) But as they ran out of speed—the last quarter was clocked in 0:26⅖—you could see Debbysman, who carried eight pounds less weight than they, overhauling them. The time for the mile was 1:34⅗, a second slower than the track record.

Obviously, Crewman wasn't fully tuned up, and Shoemaker, who rode him, didn't press him in the last furlong, so, taking into consideration the work he will do between now and the Wood Memorial, a week from Saturday, he should be in absolutely top form. As you've probably heard, Crewman wasn't nominated for the Kentucky Derby or the Preakness Stakes; his objective is the Belmont, which Mr. Widener won last year with Jaipur. As for Bonjour, I fear he is a bit of an in-



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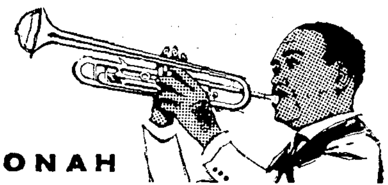

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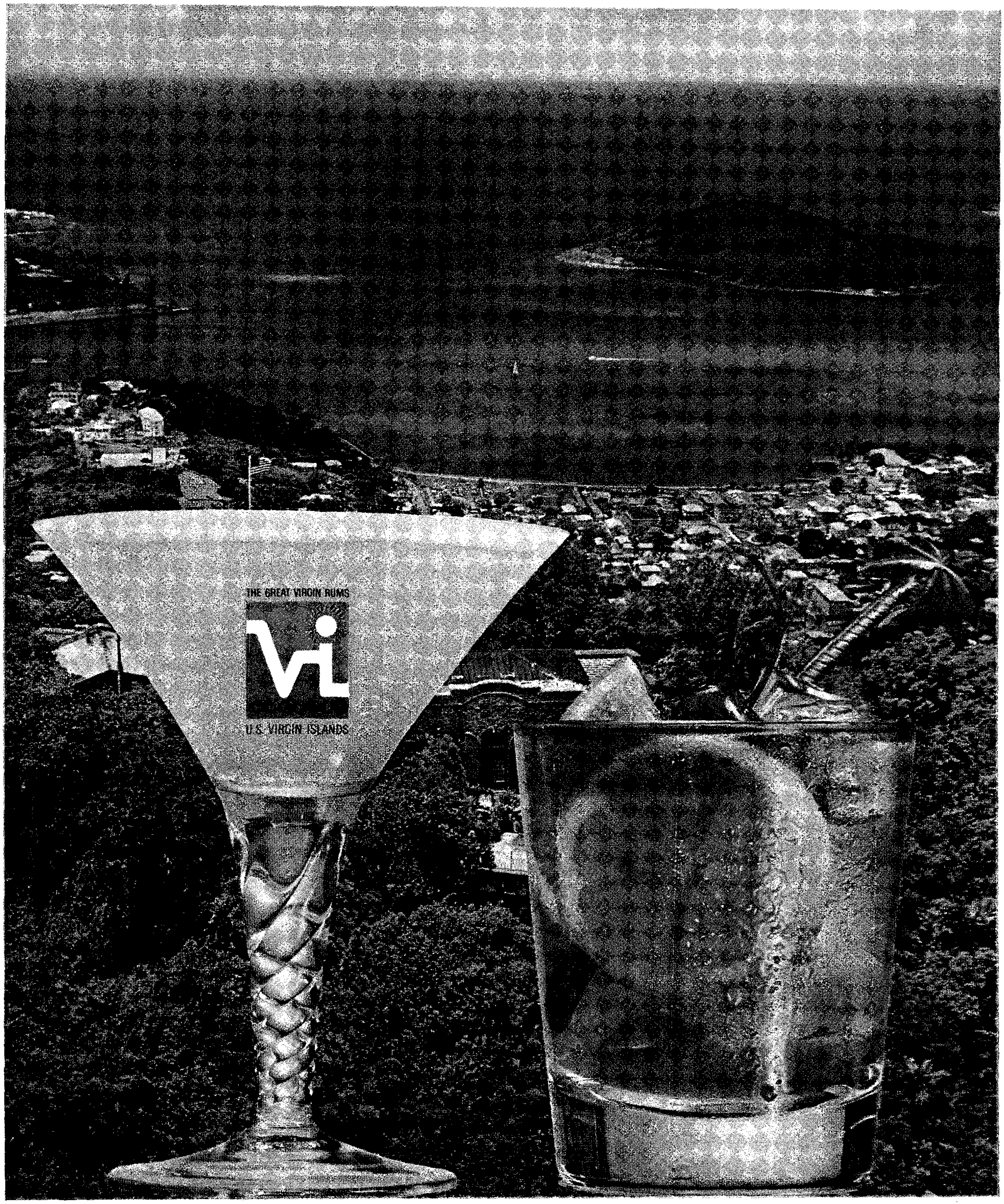

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and-outer. If he had run in the Bay Shore Stakes a few weeks ago the way he ran in the Gotham, he might well have won it, instead of being beaten by Jet Traffic. And I suppose it is denigrating Debbysman to say it, but no colt with a name like that is going to win a classic. While we're on the subject of three-year-olds, horse watchers at Aqueduct became rather excited the other afternoon over the performance of a colt from the Greentree Stable named No Robbery. He won his race by several lengths, but he really beat nothing. I suggest that you reserve judgment on him.

WELL, the Big A nearly had its first five-million-dollar day of the season last Saturday, when $4,989,505 was tossed into the tote. No doubt the 55,061 customers kept buying mutuel tickets to keep warm. I don't remember when a program was so long-drawn-out. I daresay the management wanted all the Last-Minute Louies to get their bets down. The ninth race must have been run well after sundown.

SCRIBBLES ON AN OLD MUTUEL TICKET: Horseplayers who like sprint races should have gone to Fort Erie, one of my favorite tracks, across the river from Buffalo, last Saturday. Six of the seven events for three-year-olds and older horses were at five furlongs, and the other was at five and a half. . . . Smart Deb, that fast but flighty filly, is up to her old tricks. In her first start of the season, a race against colts at Gulfstream Park the other day, she bolted across the track about a furlong from home, much the way she did in the Astarita Stakes at Aqueduct last autumn. This time, however, she didn't interfere with anybody, and went on to win by eight lengths. . . . The B.B.C.'s telecast of Ayala's victory in the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase, which was repeated by WABC-TV last Saturday, gets full marks from me.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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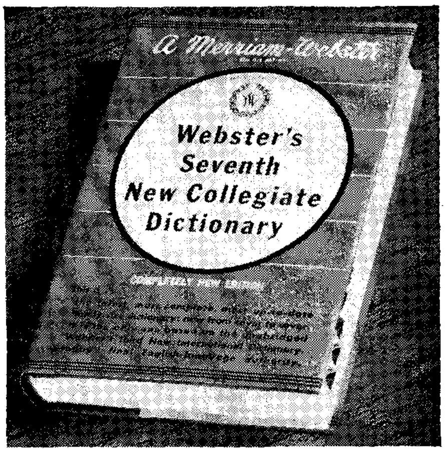

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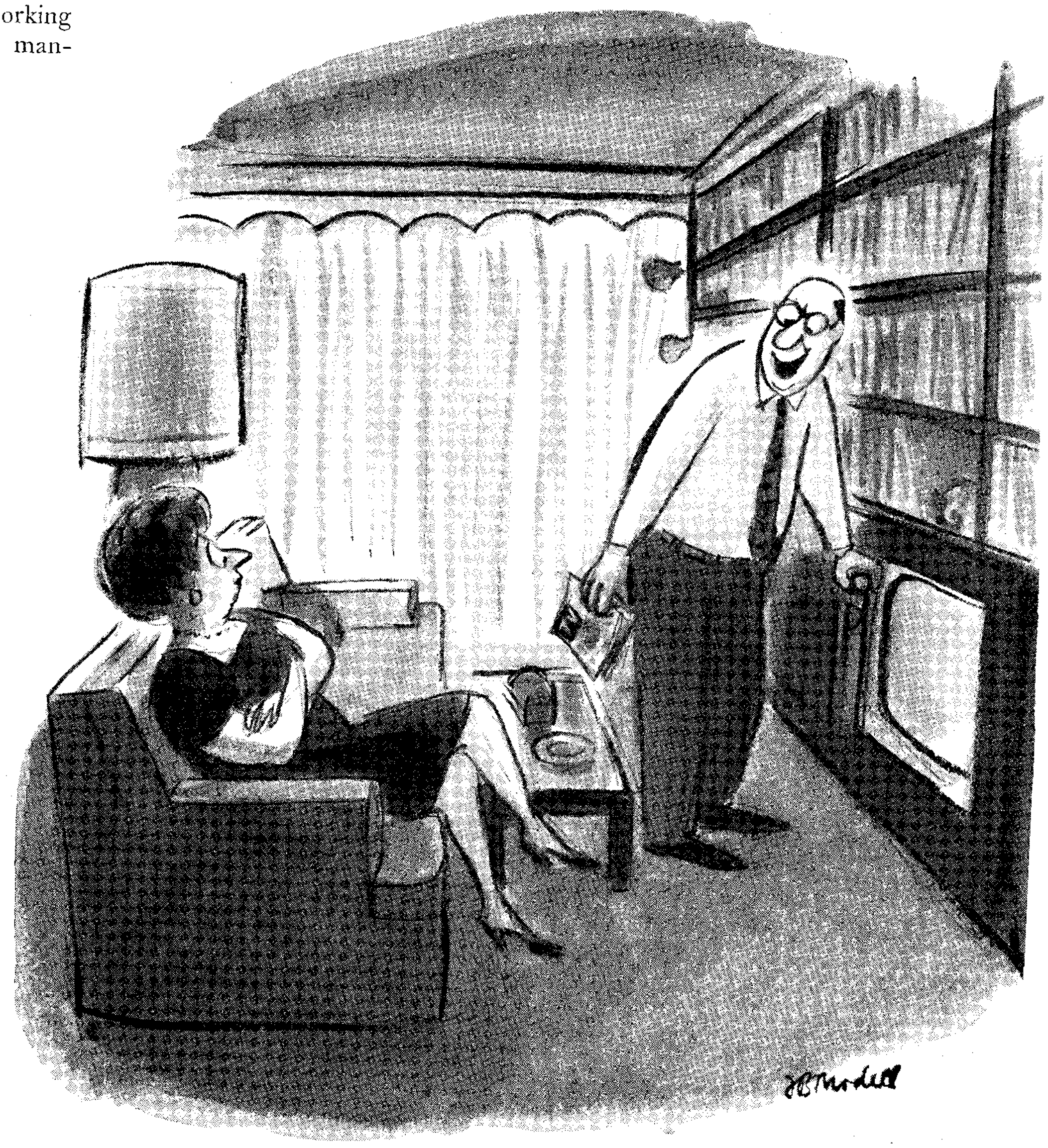
BOOKS

Arcadia, Pa.

The conscious use of myth in the novel presents a unique problem—it inverts the normal process of artistic endeavor. The author normally strives to *create*—out of topical material—a new myth, an archetypal personality or situation. Don Quixote, Falstaff, Swann, Raskolnikov, Joseph K., and Captain Ahab all entered the literary imagination as new themes of almost mythical proportions, upon which authors of lesser stature than their creators could play minor, unconscious variations. Thomas Mann, however, working deliberately within the legend of Joseph and his brothers, managed to infuse an old myth, in its own time and form, with new poetic life; Joyce, working within the legend of Ulysses, managed not only to adapt an old myth to a contemporary situation but to forge a new myth—the trials of Bloom—within the structure of the old. When John Updike, in "The Centaur" (Knopf), tells the story of a Pennsylvania high-school teacher and his adolescent son in terms of the ancient legend of Chiron and Prometheus, he manages to achieve a few of Joyce's effects and some of Mann's: the Greek legend acquires at his hands new poetry, and the American father and son can stand, as modest contemporary archetypes, on their own. Chiron, the most learned and innocent of centaurs, was wounded in his cave by a poisoned arrow intended for another centaur, who had disrupted the boar hunt of Heracles. The undeserved wound would have tortured Chiron through eternity had he not sacrificed his immortality to expiate the sin of Prometheus, who had stolen fire from the gods and given it to men. Zeus rewarded Chiron for his sacrifice by placing him among the stars, as the constellation Sagittarius.

In Mr. Updike's Pennsylvania town, Zeus becomes the omniscient, lecherous principal of Olinger High School. Chiron is George Caldwell, an unlucky, well-meaning general-science teacher and the father of Prometheus—Peter Caldwell, whose affliction is a skin disease, psoriasis. By making Prometheus the son of Chiron (in the legend, the fire-stealer is a Titan, son of Iapetus), the author takes his first liberty with the myth, and he takes many others: with time (the novel covers four consecutive days, in the course of which a week somehow elapses), with the seasons (the story takes place in January, but one scene in mid-novel occurs on a spring day), with the laws of narrative (sometimes we are in Olinger, sometimes in Arcadia), and natural probability (an otherwise ordinary French class, under the direction of a fine teacher, is made to chant an outrageous grammatical error in uncorrected unison).

But the inconsistencies are deliberate. The author sheds his self-imposed mythical form whenever it impedes rather than heightens his narrative, and the narrative becomes surrealistic whenever it deviates widely from the myth. What is remarkable is the ease with which Mr. Updike modulates from the key of myth to the key of fact. The novel consists, after all, of stories framed within stories: the outermost frame is a reminiscence of boyhood told by the adult Peter Caldwell to his Negro mistress, who lies in bed beside him; this tale in turn contains a sociological document within the obituary of a citizen, George Caldwell, of a rural Pennsylvania community; the document encompasses an allegorical poem that recounts the sufferings of a devoted



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pedagogue who finds himself a man above the waist, an animal below. The fiery gift that the boy Prometheus has stolen from the gods is Peter Caldwell's artistic talent. His punishment is twofold: he is chained by his inhibitions to the rock of his adolescence, and he is racked by a sensitivity so acute that it takes the form of allergy—the skin disease. His experiences are also twofold: his high-school girl friend Penny opens for him the Pandora's box of his own sexuality, and his father's sacrifice precipitates him from youth into adulthood. The arrow George Caldwell receives from one of his students is poisoned with hatred and disillusionment; his suffering is an inability to cope with the pragmatic problems of daily living. His redemption occurs through a sexual encounter with Aphrodite as Vera Hummel, gym teacher. And his metaphoric "death" lies in the complete sacrifice of himself to the profession of teaching.

This outline makes the story appear complicated enough, but Mr. Updike imbues it with such richness of observation and detail and constructs it with such skill that it acquires an elaborate parallelism; novels about teachers are usually remarkable for their reticence on the subject of teaching (it is presumably too trivial and boring an element of the teacher's life to deserve treatment), but Mr. Updike manages to play no less than five distinct variations on the theme of pedagogy (the first lesson concerns the theory of evolution, the second the myth of creation; the third consists entirely of mathematical drill, the fourth of the tutoring of a dull girl for a quiz in geology, the fifth of commentary on a bright boy's faltering translation of Vergil), and each rings so fresh and true that the reader wears a continual smile of assent and revived memory. Of the longest and most ambitious scene one can give only a superficial inventory. Within the lecture itself: five billion condensed years of the earth's history. Throughout the classroom: the rape of Io by Zeus, and of a flirt by a centaur; the blowing of a bubble by a gum chewer in the first row, and the flight of a paper airplane from the hand of a prankster in the last; the eliciting, by the teacher's sheer will, of a correct answer from a reluctant student, and the teacher's restraint, by another effort of will, of the flow of wrong answers from an overeager one. The whole scene is so symmetrical and its sense of reality so strong (Mr. Updike summarizes the standard American classroom situation in one short aside: "Mute faces marvelled and mocked") that the author

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can permit himself any number of extravagantly daring touches—as the lecture approaches its climax, "all of the boys in the room began to hum . . . the air was filled with a hovering honey of insolence," and five minutes before the end of the class, a boy releases a bagful of live trilobites upon the floor and "one of the girls, a huge purple parrot . . . plucked a small one up . . . crunched it in her painted beak and methodically chewed." The scene degenerates into madness, but it is the genuine madness that descends, at the end of the hour, upon the classroom of the imperfect disciplinarian, and it is the controlled madness of the stylist who is in perfect command of his effects.

The reader's credulity is repeatedly stretched until he is sure that he has been drawn irrevocably into the realm of myth, only to have Mr. Updike, with a particularly astute observation on life as it is, restore him to the realm of the real—the domain of Poseidon becomes, with the words "In the great tiled chamber . . . a barking resonance broke everything into fragments," a Y.M.C.A. swimming pool; the world of Pan reverts, with the precision of the author's ear for the small-town adolescents' idiom, to a high-school gymnasium during a basketball game; Venus speaks of Diana ("tittering around the woods with a pack of Vassar freshmen whose so-called virginity not a doctor in Arcadia—") and becomes only a rather catty Olinger beauty. The author modulates as easily from fact to myth—Dr. Appleton lays his stethoscope on his desk, "where it writhed and then subsided like a slain rubber serpent," and we are instantly in the world of Python and Asclepius; Chiron spits into the dentist's little whirlpool and evokes Charybdis; the schoolboy Johnny Dedman displays his skill at the pinball machine in Minor Kretz's luncheonette and becomes Daedalus, the genius of the labyrinth in Minos's Crete; a reference to the bulls on Johnny Dedman's pornographic playing cards arouses Minor's anger, and it has clearly reawakened memories of the Minotaur. Chiron thinks, in the presence of the garagist Hephaestus, "These Olinger aristocrats . . . they forced a favor on you and that made them gods," and we are left in mid-transition between the mythical and the actual, between Olinger and Olympus.

All through the novel there is a delicate symmetry and balance, and the story seems a fragile and colorful mobile suspended in slow rotation. In his farmhouse Chiron has two clocks—one

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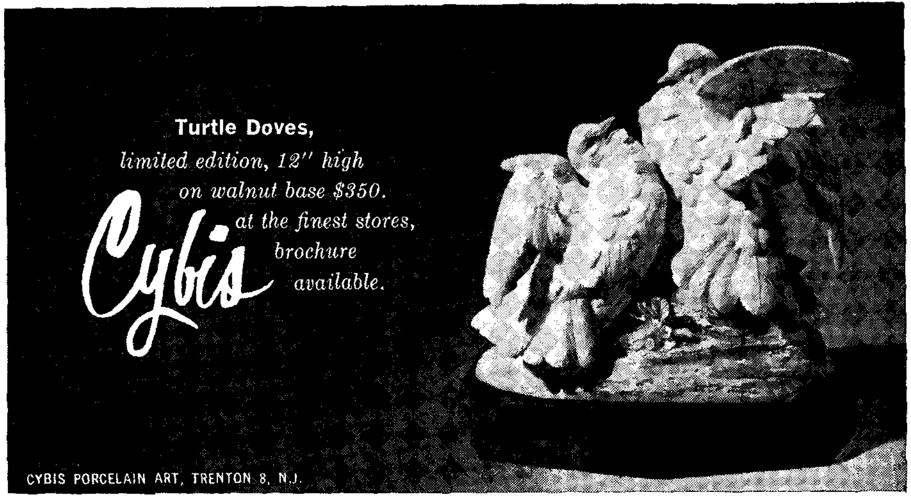

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antique, metallic, measured, given to him by his wife's father, Kronos; the other electric, plastic, hurrying, bought at a discount by himself. Chiron supervises two athletic events—one a swimming meet that his team loses, the other a basketball game that Olinger wins. His car is twice stalled—once by a failure of its internal mechanism, once by the external operation of nature in a snowstorm. Both Chiron and his son have one imagined sexual encounter (Prometheus dreams of Pandora, Chiron remembers a meeting with Aphrodite in Arcadia) and one actual seduction (Prometheus's is explicit but incomplete, Chiron's is complete but only implied). Father and son spend two nights in country households—one their own, which is affectionate, discordant, impractical; the other the household of Aphrodite and Hephaestus, which is smooth, practical, loveless. They encounter two homosexuals—one, Hermes, in their car; the other, Dionysos, in the street. Each scene or event of the narrative is set off by another, until the balance appears almost forced; what saves the symmetry from becoming monotonous is the accuracy of Mr. Updike's observation and the richness of his prose. A dissolute tramp's voice "scribbled; maybe it was a laugh;" a stalled car's reviving engine, "like a slapped baby, coughed;" from the basement of the Y.M.C.A. "drifted the patient *ga-glokka, ga-glokka* of a ping-pong game;" a boy touched a dog and "the texture of her throat was feathery, the top of her head waxen;" a sip of overheated coffee in the morning "seared my sense of taste away;" and on a winter's day "in the far distance the wooded hills still showed as blue and brown, but the tints were weak, as in the prints of an etching taken to clean the plate."

Mr. Updike's facility is not limited to the communication of sights, sounds, and textures; his psychological observations are acute almost to the point of aphorism. "The first impulse after a humiliation," he wrote in one of his early stories, "is to look into a mirror," and in "The Centaur" he says, of homosexuality and adolescence:

> I felt, as long as my love of girls remained unconsummated, open on that side—a three-walled room any burglar could enter.

The scene in which Prometheus self-consciously reveals his skin disorder to Pandora (she has already noticed it) is psychologically sound and truly moving. Prometheus has all the adolescent shame and pride in being different, and the

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shyness and insistence of one who confides; Pandora displays the mixture of forgiveness and contempt in the loving receiver of repellent confidences. The dialogue, trite and poetic, rings absolutely true.

IT is not surprising that Mr. Updike should have chosen in this novel to reconcile a naturalistic story with a myth; even in his earliest stories it was clear that the author's greatest literary gift was his command of metaphor:

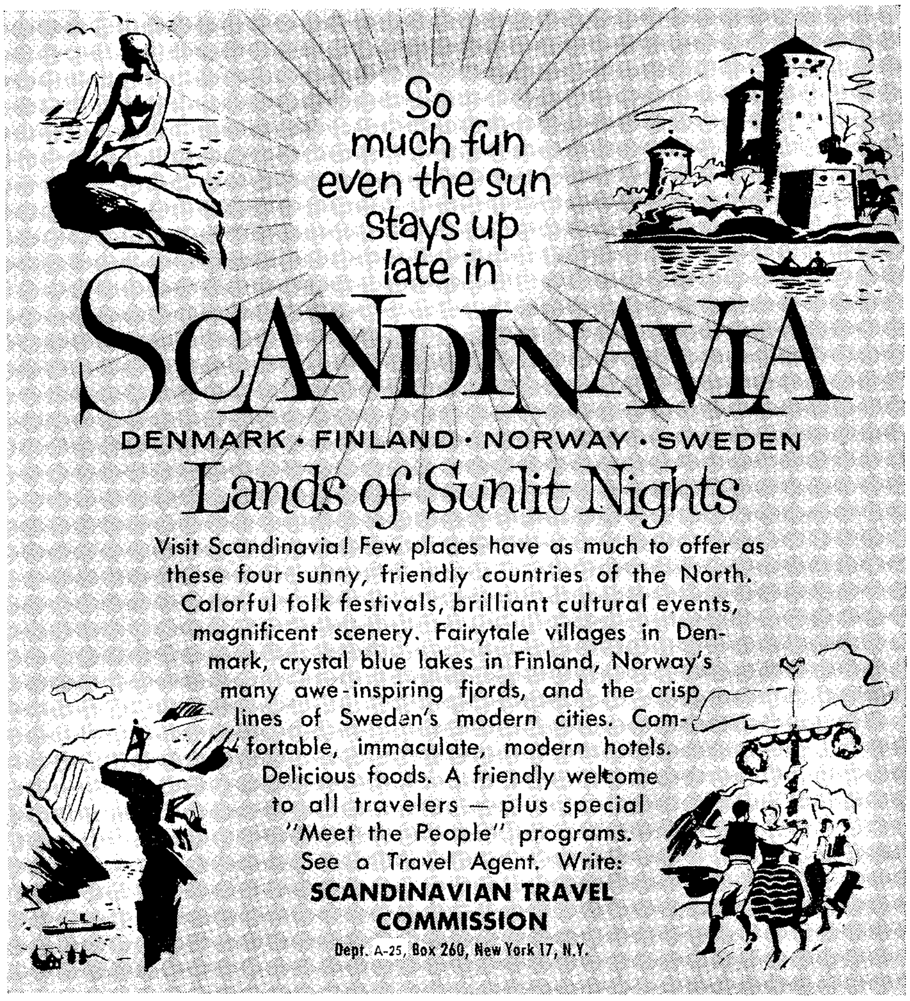
> He smiled at this foible and carried his smile like an egg on a spoon into the living room.
>
> As the months passed harmlessly, James's suspicion increased that the city itself was poised to strike.
>
> Behind him the bus doors closed: pterodactyl wings.

Most of these metaphors were ornamental—decorations of the author's prose style rather than elements of his point. A few, however, were functional, pivotal, and sustained. In the story entitled "Dentistry and Doubt," for example, the characteristic postures of two men in the face of their uncertainty (the patient reacts to doubt by quoting from a seemingly reliable source of faith, the dentist reacts by filling a tooth, which is the very real source of pain) were summed up in a single image:

> Outside the window, two wrens, one by pretending to locate a crumb and the other by unobtrusively flicking a real crumb away, outmaneuvered a black bird.

The reader could accept this passage as the key to the story, or he could reject the metaphor and appreciate the story all the same. A later piece, "Lifeguard," left the reader no choice. Mr. Updike had discovered or fancied a similarity between the guardian of physical life on the beach and the pastor of physical life in the world, and if the metaphor failed to take hold in the reader's imagination as it had in the author's, the whole story was meaningless. The narrative turned upon an image, and succeeded or failed with it. So does "The Centaur," with the additional complication that the novel's theme, the myth itself, is already—almost by definition—metaphoric. The novelist is not so much creating an image as adapting one.

The novel has its faults. (So, on a scale commensurate with the grandeur of its scope, has "Ulysses.") Mr. Updike is occasionally carried away by his joy in naming and enumerating objects, cataloguing flowers in a garden, or inspecting the sweepings of corridors, with a minuteness that serves to display his stylistic virtuosity rather than to accel-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HEARTLESS

Blaise Pascal, the Seventeenth-Century scientist, mathematician, and philosopher, wrote that "the heart has its reasons that the reason knows not." And so it has. There is evidence around us every day of the prevalence of the heart over reason, tradition, obligation, and other considerations. And far be it from us to decry the influence of the heart.

But if there is one place where the heart does *not* belong, it is the stock market. There is no room for sentiment in investing, no greater folly than falling in love with a stock and sticking with it through thick and thin.

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Romance is wonderful in its place, but its place is not the stock market.

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erate his narrative. He insists too firmly on the saintliness of Chiron; the centaur's ineffectual righteousness is carried to a degree just short of tedium. There are characters in whom even the author appears to lose interest: Ocyrhoe, Chiron's daughter, is merely mentioned, near the beginning and the end of the novel. And sometimes the shifts of scene within the narrative are jarring; the reader perceives a grinding of formal gears. Mr. Updike has, moreover, appended an index of characters that is superfluous (the reader can identify the major mythical figures without benefit of an index) when it is not pointless (the characters are listed only under their Olympian names) or utterly artificial (Mr. Updike has gone to bizarre lengths to establish mythical heroes in minor characters that simply cannot support them). And, finally, the figurative-literal structure of the novel is, after all, a tour de force, with all the sense of strain that such an ambitious venture implies. But novelty in the arts is often heralded by tours de force, and the patterns of the English novel appear to be undergoing a change. "Pale Fire" was fully as drastic a formal innovation as "The Centaur," with the difference that Mr. Nabokov was able to cover, in his ironical fashion, the sense of strain—slyly to erase, as it were, his serious literary footsteps behind him. Mr. Updike does not take cover in irony, and his novel is delivered to the critics in all the vulnerability of its seriousness. "The Centaur" is a fine, rich work ("resonant," in Mr. Updike's phrase, "with metaphor"), and its faults are minor in the light of its achievements.

—RENATA ADLER

•

Captain William J. Campbell, 31, selected Saturday as a candidate for the United States manned space program, was born in Chicago and is a graduate of the 1949 class of Niles Township High school. He lived at 706 Lincoln st., Glenview.

Campbell, an air force career officer, will train in the aero-space research pilots' course at Edwards air force base, Cal. He is one of 15 officers picked to be future astronauts.

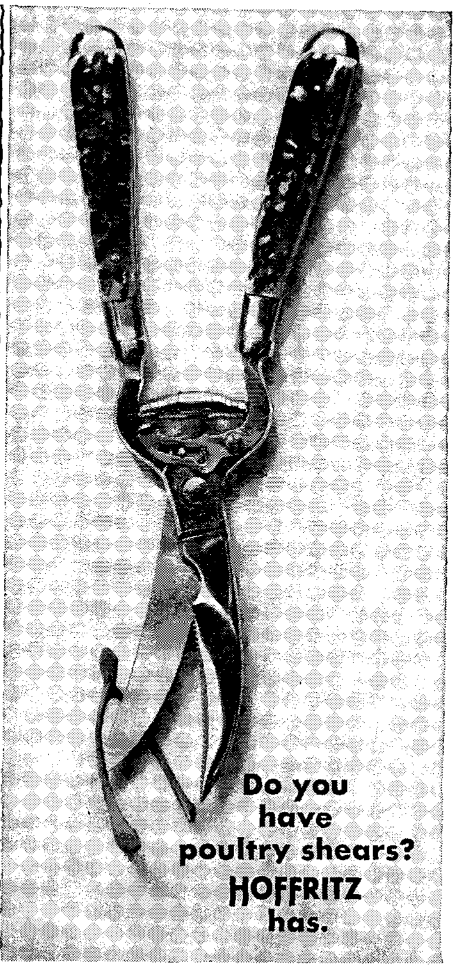
They were selected last month by the village board and 14 home owner groups. —*Chicago Tribune.*

Let's see Russia top that!

•

DETROIT, MICH. (AP)—A YOUNG POLICEMAN, PERPLEXED OVER MAN'S TROUBLES AND TRAGEDIES, IS PUTTING ASIDE HIS GUN AND BADGE TO BECOME A MINK.—*A.P. news dispatch.*

He doesn't know what trouble is.



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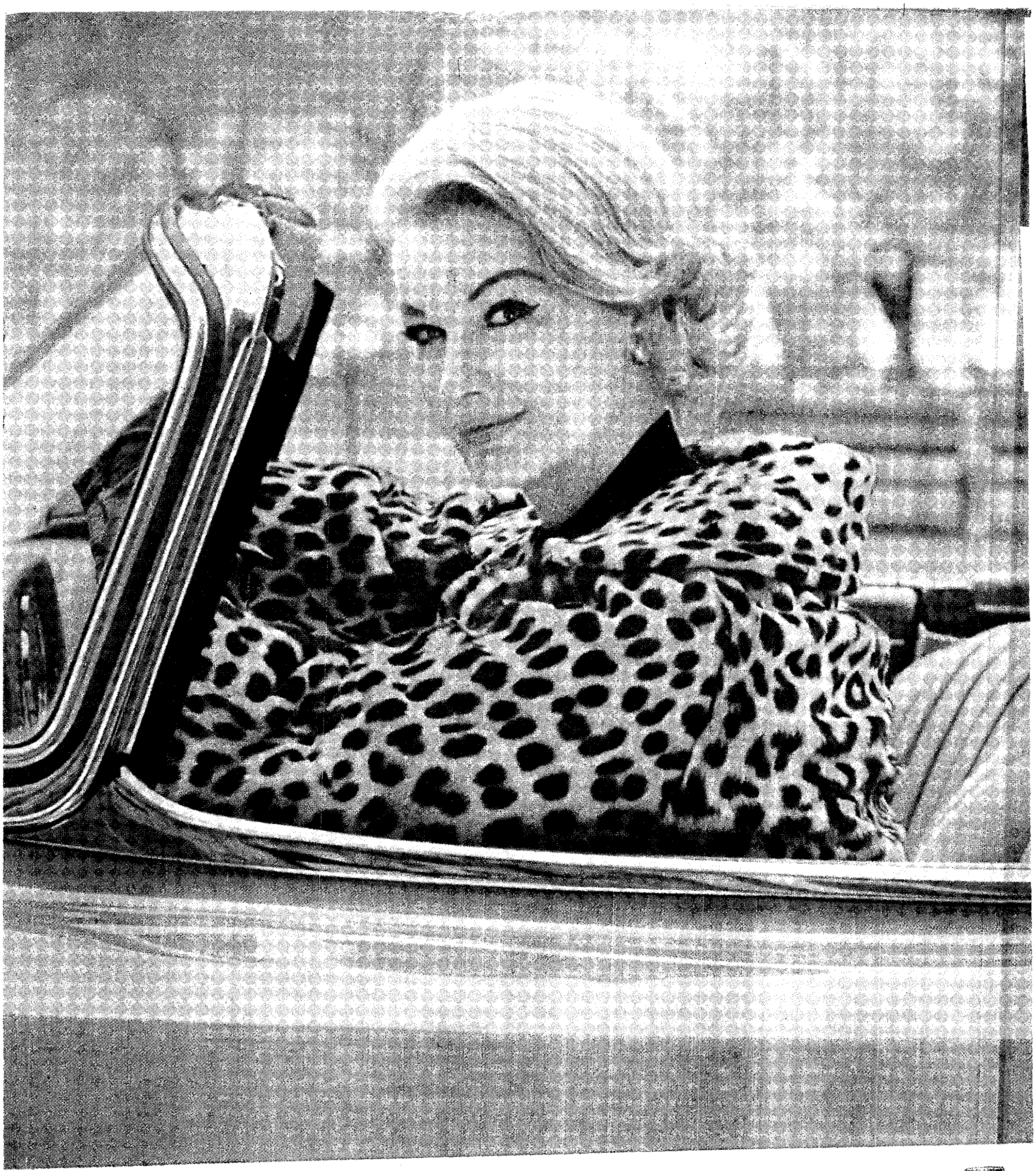

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